

OCTOBER 1906

TEN CENTS

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

EDITED BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



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Good morning!
have you used Pears' Soap?

Guten Morgen!
Haben Sie
Pears' Seife
benutzt?

Bon jour!
Vous êtes-vous
servi de
Savon
Pears?



Ohayo
"Pears"
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wo otsu-
kami nari
mashi-
taka?

おはよう
ペアーズの
シャボン
を洗った
か

Buenos días!
¿Se ha lavado
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Jabón de Pears?

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OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.
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F. B. Chandler
1906



WHEN GOD STOOPS DOWN

By Frank M. Comrie

Out in the forest, neath the trees,
Where tall pines sway in whispering breeze;
Out where the oriole sings his song,
And sunshine streams the whole day long,
God stoops down and whispers.

Out in the open, neath the sky,
Where stars shine bright far up on high;
Out where the moonbeams gently fall,
And evening's hush is over all,
God stoops down and whispers.

Out on life's highway, drear and brown,
Where wearied men have fallen down;
Whene'er you utter words of cheer,
And help to make *one* life less drear,
God stoops down and whispers.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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NUMBER ONE



Affairs at Washington *By Joe Mitchell Chapple*

WITH the cool of autumn, the Washington contingent returns, tanned and "sea-sunned"; political skirmishes accelerate as the cold weather approaches. The winter months promise exciting times. The legis-

lation of the last session has been "seasoning" in the public mind and the coming presidential election adds a fever of speculative interest. The chart of American politics seems to have changed within the last dec-

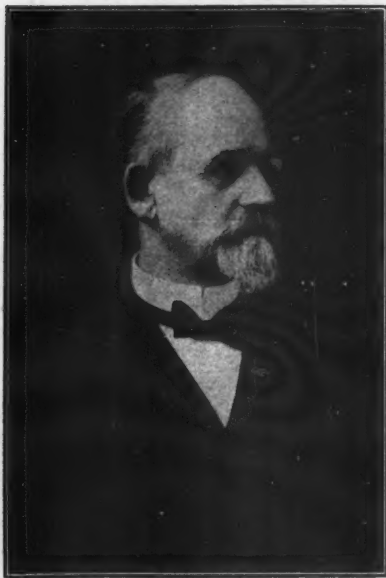


THE FRIGATE "CONSTITUTION" AS SHE WILL APPEAR WHEN RESTORED

ade, and precedent no longer counts in prophecy. With the established idealism of a united country, sectionalism, or rather "statism," counts just as much as ever in the choice of "favored sons" as candidates for the presidency.

The Agricultural Department reports unparalleled bumper crops from all sections; the Department of Commerce and Labor records unusual industrial activities and 1906 is certainly chronicled as "a golden era of prosperity" in the history of the nation. As one grim philosopher remarked, standing before the mint.

"It will keep the darned old machine



CONGRESSMAN ELIAS S. HOLLIDAY

a-hummin' to just make money as fast as the farmers produce the valuers."

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This wave of prosperity has much to do with a revolution in political campaign procedure, distinctly visible in the fall elections. Early in the campaign, Chairman James S. Sherman of the Republican National Committee, as well as Mr. J. M. Griggs of the Democratic National Committee, were concerned with the serious proposition of campaign funds; in view of the fact that it is

tacitly illegal and unpopular for the corporations to contribute to campaign funds, some new way of solving the problem of campaign expenses was accentuated.

Early in the campaign Mr. Loudenslager of New Jersey, secretary of the Republican Committee, started his "Dollar Clubs." A simple idea, which soon became very popular, and not only served the purpose of securing contributions from the voters, but awakened an interest in candidates that otherwise might never have existed. After all, it is natural that the average individual should have a keener interest in matters in which his money is invested. As a result, the problem of expense has been shifted from the shoulders of the corporations and the sinews of war are furnished by the individual. The "Dollar Clubs" not only provided contributions, but created an effective organization. Each member is provided with a text-book, a souvenir at least of the campaign, and every individual becomes in fact a member of the Congressional Campaign Committee. It was surprising to see how enthusiastic the dollar supporters from some districts were, and in many places the subscribers of the dollars worked as a publisher would in building up a large subscription list.

The manner and methods of the congressional committees this year were strictly business-like.

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Of course there was a pyrotechnic oratorical display here and there by the heavy artillery, but in the main the campaign was conducted on approved, modern business principles. The congressmen themselves were often surprised to see how many friends they had among the investors in the Dollar Club, for the loosening of the purse strings is usually a substantial evidence of friendship. While the total expenditure is rather meagre compared with that of previous campaigns, the work of the fall elections of 1906 is certainly creditable to Congressmen Sherman and Loudenslager of the Republican Committee and Chairman J. M. Griggs and his secretary, on the Democratic side.

I dropped in at the Republican headquarters in New York on one of those hot, muggy days, and found Congressman Loudenslager with his coat off, hard at work. The stream of visitors were greeted in a genial way, while

the battery of stenographers was busy on dollar letters. The secretary was looking sharp after the "circulation interests" of the Dollar Text Book. The splendid manner in which he conducted the congressional campaign confirmed the endorsement given him year after year in his own district; for if there ever was a genial, wholesome, pushing, aggressive member of congress, it is none other than the New Jersey congressman with the long German name.

The direct and candid manner in which the president gave his unstinted rewards of merit to congressmen whom he felt deserved them, had a great deal of influence in the past campaign, which old campaign methods could not overcome, even with the strong flame of local factions ablaze. It was a delight to look in upon the smiling face of Congressman Sherman and see the pleasant way in which he and Mr. Loudenslager surmounted many trying obstacles during the hot summer days. Chairman Griggs unleashed the energies and abilities for which he is admired by colleagues. In a short time they will all gather again in Washington and talk over the incidents of the campaign. The work has shown that the people are equal to furnishing contributions to support their convictions and to a large extent, relieve the corporations of that responsibility. The membership of the Dollar Club is evidence of general prosperity. Voters in all parts of the country, subscribing their mite toward the support of their principles, is a favorable indication of wholesome politics.

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EVERY time I meet Congressman Holliday of Indiana in Washington, I feel as though I had seen an old friend. He has such a kindly, genial way about him that I do not wonder his constituents love him. Indiana born—he spent his early life on a farm, and passed through stirring scenes in a fighting Kansas regiment, during the times of the Civil war. He gives one an idea of that solidity and substantialness which befits an ideal congressman and inspires confidence. In fact, it seems as though almost every good type of American may be found in the halls of congress today.

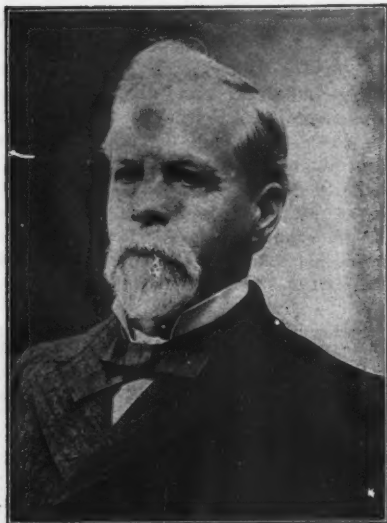
If I ever wanted to go to anyone for business advice, Elias S. Holliday would be a man whom I should choose. While slow

and deliberative in demeanor, one has an intuitive feeling that he is one of those men who always come to a wise decision, and who carry out firmly and deliberately-formed purposes. Mr. Holliday is a lawyer, and if he were to drop down anywhere and put out his shingle, he would soon attract a large number of clients, for he is one of those persons of whom you would choose to seek advice. He is one of those men who gain confidence and in whom it is well reposed and never betrayed.



CONGRESSMAN HALVOR STEENERSON

Mr. Holliday seems to fall naturally into the category of a gentleman of the old school, and in conversing with him one is charmed by the courtliness of his manner, and impressed by the fact that all he says is flavored with that judicial, candid fairness which should characterize an ideal judge. If the Hoosier litterateurs are in search of an attractive type for the "Gentleman from Indiana," they will find him in Elias Holliday. Indiana born—Indiana reared—he is a true representative of the Hoosier state in his intense love for everything that pertains to his home and home state.



CONGRESSMAN JOHN F. LACEY

CURIOUS how time brings its changes, and how, drifting here and there, we find old friends. Years ago, late on a Winter's afternoon among the snow-covered hills of the Gogebic range, while looking at the iron mines, I made the acquaintance of E. A. Hayes, then a pioneer in the development of that district. At that time, I was preparing an illustrated edition concerning that country, and the work then done led later to the growth of my ambition, magazine publication.

Years have elapsed since then, and a short time ago I saw this same genial, wholesouled, hearty friend, but this time we met in the halls of Congress, where he gives effective representation to far-off California. The delegation from the Golden State have a faculty of hanging close together for the interests of that imperial commonwealth, and Mr. Hayes is imbued with the same spirit. Without any specific ambition in that direction, he found himself elected to Congress for San Jose district, which includes picturesque Santo Mayo, Santa Clara and San Mateo, as well as a portion of San Francisco.

Everis Anson Hayes is a Wisconsin man by birth, and may well be termed "a good citizen" for he is deeply interested in the public welfare. He is a man of diverse experience—has been engaged in fruit raising as well as

mining, and now, with his brother, publishes the San Jose Daily Mercury. A close student of men and affairs, Mr. Hayes has given much study to the emigration bill and is interested in naturalization.

I had a chat with him in his office in the Bliss Building, where he was transacting his congressional business with the same methodical and comprehensive appreciation of detail as when managing the Gogebic mine or running his fruit farm. His initial term in Congress has been one marked by success, and one of his notable efforts was his earnest plea for the postal clerks, made last Spring, which showed a great deal of research into his subject, and much careful consideration of the necessities of the clerks as well as of the rights of the public and the government.

Mr. Hayes is interested in many subjects. He delivered a speech on the exclusion of the Japanese from this country, which excited a great deal of comment. He was active in



CONGRESSMAN E. A. HAYES

helping to secure the \$2,500,000 relief for San Francisco in the recent disaster, as well as other endowments for warehouses, offices and docks for the use of the army, and transportation service at Fort Mason, San Francisco, and he also took up the matter of giving California five per cent. on the sale of its public lands,

which is now law. It seems singular that California has not hitherto had this privilege, granted to the sister states throughout the union. Mr. Hayes has also done good work in the local ship-building interests, and as a member of the committee on Banking and Currency has aided in securing the passing of a bill allowing banks to lend ten per cent. of their surplus, as well as of their capital stock—a convenience to the banks as well as their customers. Few new members have been more active in important measures than the member from San Jose.

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WANDERING about the deserted corridors of the Capitol in the summer time, one cannot but wonder what all the busy men are doing; and among these Major Lacey must certainly be classed, for the veteran of Iowa is a most industrious congressman.



CONGRESSMAN H. OLIN YOUNG

Major Lacey is a Virginian by birth, but enlisted in an Iowa regiment in '61, and served until September, '65, running up the line of promotion from private, to corporal, sergeant-major, first lieutenant, and assistant adjutant-general. He served as the adjutant-general of an independent army when, in



CONGRESSMAN T. E. BURTON

1865, it mustered forty thousand strong on the Rio Grande. His first staff duty was with Brigadier-General Samuel A. Rice. Later, after General Rice was killed, he served as adjutant-general for Major-General Frederick Steele.

After the war, Major Lacey began the practice of law, and has since had a wide experience in all kinds of legal work. As author of Lacey's Railway Digest he is well known. This work contains all the railway cases in the English language. As chairman of the committee which investigated the Clayton-Breckenridge case, he was present at the examination of thirteen hundred witnesses in Arkansas.

At the expiration of his present term, Major Lacey will have served sixteen years in congress, and few men have been occupied in so many branches of legislation. He has been active in safeguarding the miners' interests, and secured the passage of a bill for their protection while working in coal mines in the territories. The Mine Workers of America honored Major Lacey with a vote of thanks for this legislation.

As chairman of the Lands Committee, Major Lacey has traveled far and wide over the country and effected important legislation, involving the setting apart of one hundred million acres of public lands for forest.

reserves. Several bills for the protection of national parks, including the Yellowstone, were drawn up by Major Lacey, and his twelve years' chairmanship of the Public Lands Committee has been fruitful in securing legislation for the protection of all great natural objects of interest, such as the Yosemite, Crater Lake, Wind Cave, the Petrified Forest, Mesa Verde Cliff Dwellers Park, Mount Rainier, the Sequoia and General Grant Big Tree Park, whose loss might almost be classed as a national calamity.

eliminated the disastrous litigation incidental to land openings.

His bill for the allotment of Indian tribal funds among the intelligent and educated Indians, was heartily supported by President Roosevelt, Secretary Hitchcock and Commissioner Leupp, and is likely to become law. It has passed the house.

Major Lacey's work has been practical, and the archaeologists of the United States are generous in their appreciation of what he has done toward the preservation of abo-



THIS IS ALL GOLD—AND IT GLITTERS. \$1,200,000, PART OF WINTER'S CLEAN-UP, BOUGHT BY THE MINERS AND MERCHANTS BANK OF NOME.—See "Nine Years in Alaska"—Page 97

At the request of Attorney-General Moody, and in aid of the Insular Committee, Major Lacey prepared the forestry, mineral and public land laws of the Philippine Islands. His work indicated careful study and consideration of the tastes of the people for whom the legislation was prepared, and was enacted into law in almost the exact form in which he arranged it. Major Lacey has also prepared bills for the opening of many Indian reservations, which became law, and his provision as to land drawings has largely

original antiquities in various sections. His service on the Pension Committee was also a marked success, and his wide acquaintance with old soldiers all over the United States has been invaluable in settling over 10,000 claims which came to his attention. Not the least of Major Lacey's achievements, is that championship of Alaska which has greatly aided in securing for her the right to have a delegate in congress.

With a career of such widely varied and successful achievements, it is not to be won-

lered at that his speeches have been of deep interest and are widely distributed over the country. In the coming months, many of them will go abroad as campaign documents, supporting the protective policy.

President Roosevelt's appreciation of Major Lacey is evidenced by the following letter:

"OYSTER BAY, N. Y., July 16, 1906.

"My dear Mr. Lacey:

"Certain gentlemen interested in the preservation of the forests of this country, and also interested, though to a less degree, in the preservation of the wild life of the country, and the objects of natural and historic interest which

intelligent and disinterested public service to see such a career as yours has been in congress. It has been my privilege to be closely associated with you and to watch the many different ways in which, without any hope or expectation of personal reward, you have rendered efficient public service. I give utterance to the feelings of very many men when I express to you my cordial thanks and extend to you my earnest good wishes.

Sincerely yours,

"Theodore Roosevelt.

"HON. JOHN F. LACEY, M. C.,
Oskaloosa, Iowa."



RAILWAY BUILDING IN THE ARCTIC. TERMINUS OF THE NOME ARCTIC RAILWAY, EXTENDING ONE HUNDRED MILES INTO THE INTERIOR—See "Nine Years in Alaska"—Page 97

should be kept unharmed for the sake of those who come after us, have written to me expressing their deep sense of obligation to you for all that you have done in congress to further these matters. They have spoken to me of presenting some memorial to you, so that their sense of appreciation may be put in permanent form. I do not know whether this will be done, but I sympathize so cordially with their feelings that I desire to take advantage of this occasion to write you and say how much it means to any man who believes in hard,

EVERY time a school boy is interrogated as to the source of the Mississippi river, he promptly responds—despite the opinion of some explorers—"Lake Itasca." This lake is in the Ninth congressional district of Minnesota, but the fact that it contains the source of the Father of Waters is not its only geographical distinction. It embraces the Red Lake, the largest body of inland water in the United States, and the American part of the Lake of the Woods, to the so-called Northwest Angle, extending nearly forty miles into Canada. This lake is said to be the most picturesque on the continent

containing no less than fourteen thousand islands. The Red river of the North constitutes the western boundary, and the "Valley" of this river embraces one-half of the area of the district. This "valley" is, however, so level that, to the observer, it appears almost entirely flat. The soil is alluvial and of the very richest character, but on account of the level character and the scarcity of natural drainage outlets, is often subject to overflow. The question of drainage has therefore become one of great importance in this region, and millions of dollars have been spent under municipal and state authority in providing drainage ditches and canals for drainage outlets. Mr. Steenerson, who represents this district in congress, has introduced a bill appropriating the proceeds from the sale of public lands in the non-irrigation states to form a drainage fund; to be used as a revolving fund in aiding reclamation of swamp and overflowed lands. It will be remembered that by the so-called reclamation act, all the proceeds of the public lands in the arid or semi-arid states were appropriated to irrigation, and the position of Mr. Steenerson was that, as reclamation by drainage was economically at least as feasible as by irrigation, there could be no reason for not giving this government aid. The bill was amended in committee so as to apply to Minnesota alone, where the government is directly interested as trustee of ceded Indian lands. These lands, which are of the richest soil, have hitherto remained unoccupied and useless. How to turn them into fertile farms and homes for a prosperous people has been the great question to be solved. It looks as though a solution of the riddle has been discovered by Mr. Steenerson, who has done good work for his constituents—a fact which probably accounts for his having been re-elected without opposition to the Fifty-Ninth Congress.

I first met Mr. Halvor Steenerson at the banquet of the Periodical Publishers' Association in Atlantic City, and it was delightful to converse with a man so thoroughly well informed on the subject recently under consideration, and in the management of which he has made a pronounced success. It is believed that Mr. Steenerson's drainage proposition will open up almost as large an area of valuable farm lands as has been secured in other districts by irrigation.

The Minnesota congressman from the Ninth district also actively interested himself in the immigration and naturalization bills which attracted so much attention through the closing days of the last session, and it was on his motion that the house refused to increase the head tax from two dollars to five dollars, and considerably liberalized the proposed provisions as to naturalization, in which matters a great and growing state like Minnesota is naturally deeply interested.

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THE Census Bureau in Washington is a perpetual fountain of information, and the curious thing about it is that the information obtained there is constantly increasing in interest. Whereas, heretofore, the census was only taken once in ten years, and the office then abandoned, it is now a very important office, under the able management of S. N. D. North, who has no peer in this specialized profession.

I was much interested in looking over documents regarding cities having a population of from six to twenty-five thousand. I noticed several details concerning them; in 117 there were no liquor sellers; in fifty-six of these cities the license amounted to \$1,000 or more, and in Carthage, Missouri, the yearly liquor licenses came to \$2,400.

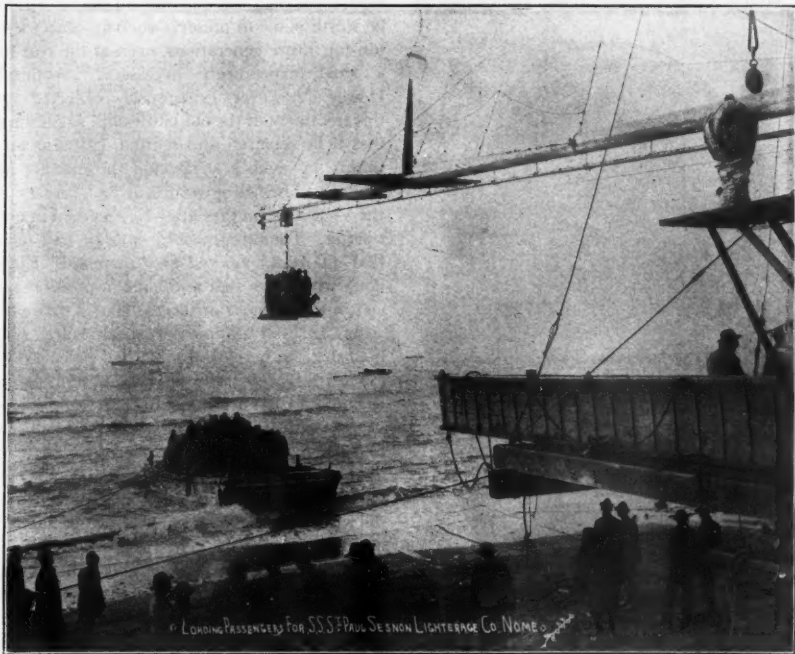
Looking at another part of the report, I discovered that Northampton, Massachusetts, has the largest number of books in its public library—over 138,000 volumes. Brookline, Mass., stands second, and Bangor, Maine, third. Five cities—all but one of them in New England—reported libraries of over 40,000 volumes. The largest number of readers, according to statistics, is to be found in Braddock, Pennsylvania, where the circulation for the year was over 187,000. In Northampton the circulation was 169,000 per annum, and Elgin, Illinois, comes next with 155,000.

There is a striking difference in the character of the general expenditure in the smaller and larger cities. In those cities whose population numbers almost 24,000, the expense of policing is in excess of the cost for fire protection; while in the smaller cities the protection from fire costs one-third more than police protection—so that whatever way you put it, police and fire are pretty evenly balanced, on the whole.

ANOTHER singular fact which census reports emphasize, is the difference in the expenditure for schools now and in the last century. In 1804, the sum assigned for the education of the poor of the city of Washington was not to exceed \$1,500 per year, while in 1880 the school fund amounted to \$80,000. Improvement in the schools of Washington has been marked since 1874, when the government of the city was vested in congress—only four years after that date

ters were sent out soliciting subscriptions for the educational work and suggesting the advisability of having children taught at the capital. These letters give a refreshing picture of the character and temperament of early congressmen:

"The parent who sends his son to Washington, will find for him, in the person of his representative in congress, a guardian and friend, who, during a large portion of the year will be his associate, will observe his



LOADING PASSENGERS AT NOME, ALASKA.—See "Nine Years in Alaska"—Page 97.

specific appropriations were made. It is notable that for many years the free schools were not a success, probably because only the children of the very poor were allowed to attend free, those who could do so paying five dollars per quarter. No taxes on property were then levied for school purposes, and, until 1862, negroes were excluded from Washington schools.

Despite the limitation as to funds, and the humble character of the school buildings in those early days in Washington, circular let-

ters progress in his studies, superintend his morals and perceive the real condition and character in the seminary of this pupil, and, from time to time, satisfy parental solicitude."

In 1865, when the veteran armies of Virginia under Grant, and of the West under Sherman, were reviewed on Pennsylvania Avenue by President Johnson, the secretary of war and other dignitaries, the scholars of the Washington schools must have made a pretty picture, as they stood by thousands on the north side of the Capitol and in the park,

giving wreaths and flowers to the soldiers as they marched by.

It is probable that an American citizen of even that comparatively recent date, would be surprised to learn that the per capita debt of these modern cities of under 25,000 inhabitants is \$27.79, the total amount being \$155,000,000, or about one-fifth of what it costs to run New York City, with its population of 3,700,000; proving conclusively that the larger the city, the greater the increase pro rata in its expense.

Mount Vernon, New York, stands out in



CONGRESSMAN GEORGE EDMUND FOSS OF CHICAGO

this list of cities as having the largest debt per capita, \$107.15, but even this high ratio is nothing compared with that of Boston, \$148.45, and of New York, \$143.42. In all that list of cities, I was interested to notice that but one was free from debt, and that was Morristown, New Jersey, the home of Mr. McCall, of Mutual Insurance fame.

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IT was a remarkable scene enacted in connection with committee work when George E. Foss, chairman of the Committee on Naval

Affairs, rose in his seat—when the Naval Appropriation Bill was almost ready for submission to the House and said:

"There is one more item which we should insert."

"What is it?" inquired his colleagues.

"An appropriation of \$100,000 to restore 'Old Ironsides'."

The chairman went on to explain how it had been advocated that the Constitution, lying in Boston harbor, be taken out and used as a target for modern battle ships, the committee-men apparently not considering that it would be worth while to preserve such an object lesson for future generations, even at the cost of a small expenditure necessary. Admiral Dewey, however, vigorously objected to this treatment of the old battleship, suggesting that it be repaired and refitted, citing as authority for such a suggestion the manner in which the British government had preserved the Victory, a century after Nelson died in her cockpit. The admiral told how he had seen that old vessel moored at Portsmouth, England, with every spar and mast in position—a continual reminder of the battle of Trafalgar.

As Mr. Foss continued to speak, it was evident that the hero of Manila had at least one earnest advocate, who afterwards took pains to find out what it would cost to fit "Old Ironsides" for exhibition purposes. Mr. Foss told the committee that he had learned that \$100,000 would be sufficient to restore the Constitution, so that it would look almost as it did when Commodore Hull was its commander in 1812.

It must indeed have been gratifying to the chairman, at the conclusion of his plea for the old ship, to have his suggestion embodied in a unanimous vote, and it was thus that "Old Ironsides" was saved to be an object lesson in patriotism to thousands of young Americans for many years to come.

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WHEN the word is passed around the corridors or galleries, or it is known in the cloak room, that Burton of Ohio is speaking, a large audience will soon gather about the seat of that distinguished congressman, whose ability has been recognized from the time he first entered Congress.

Mr. Burton's service on the Rivers and Harbors Committee brings him into prominence when the "pork barrel" is being rolled.

A man of unimpeachable integrity, he shows a wonderful comprehension of all the details of canal construction, and when he delivered, during the last session, his famous speech on the Panama Canal, he brought to light the mass of information which he had collected in his work as chairman of the Rivers and Harbors Committee.

A little brusque in manner, a little blunt in speech, his conversation is as direct and concise as his public speeches, and his idea is evidently to convey information rather than to indulge in flights of rhetoric or flowery platitudes.

During the recent session Mr. Burton's work has so broadened as to become of international importance, and the Buck-eye State may well be proud of the career of the stalwart representative from Cleveland, who never fails to awaken interest in any subject which he takes up.

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IT may not be highly original, but I find a great deal of pleasure in the summer months in looking up the various speeches made during the previous session. As I read them over, scenes and incidents of the days when they were delivered come back, and it seems easier to get at the real meat of the matter—the carefully prepared information which various congressmen have compressed into speeches that now form part of the great mass of public documents.

Americans always admire a man who has the courage of his convictions, and H. O. Young of Michigan is certainly a man of that type. His striking personality, dark complexion, earnestness and energy, aptly symbolize the upper peninsular district which he represents, and he seemed especially fitted to carry on the gallant fight against the wave of legislation which swept "free alcohol" into a foremost place in the deliberations of congress and made it law.

This was a serious matter for Mr. Young's district, where over 15,000 people were then supported by the wood alcohol and allied industries in which \$20,000,000 of capital was invested. This by-product has added much to the wealth of the country during recent years.

The section of Michigan represented by Congressman Young includes large areas of timbered land, much of which is fit for lum-

ber, but the cost of lumbering and then getting the product to the market could not be borne unless aided by some other manufacture. As the congressman said,

"The present age prospers on what the last age wasted. So the owners of these lands cut them clean. The pine and hemlock and maple timber that is fit to manufacture into lumber is so manufactured. The cedar is made into railroad ties and telegraph poles and fence posts, and the waste timber, the partly decayed, the tops, the crooked pieces, and all it will not pay to make into



GOVERNOR-ELECT FLETCHER D. PROCTOR OF VERMONT

lumber, is cut into cordwood, and at the kilns converted into wood alcohol, charcoal and acetate of lime, and then the charcoal is used at the furnace near the land from which it was produced, with which to smelt iron ore into pig iron, and all these varied forms of industry are carried on together as one business. Each branch of this industry is necessary to the success of the whole."

The speaker pointed out that it would be impossible for either of these industries to be carried on alone with profit, though now a large number of men earn a livelihood in

these various ways. Mr. Young adds, "This is the business that this House proposes to wipe off the industrial map in the chimerical hope of making alcohol from potato peelings and cornstalks and any old thing that contains starch or sugar, at a price which will permit its use for light and fuel and power."

Mr. Young contended that it was impossible to manufacture alcohol at such a price that it could compete successfully with gasoline and other coal oil products for light, heat and power. So the general public and the farmer would not be benefitted one iota. Yet it would destroy the wood alcohol business of Pennsylvania, New York and Michigan; as grain alcohol is suited for all purposes for which wood alcohol can be used, and can

and aroused a great deal of comment. The representative from Michigan has always been insistent in looking after the local interests of his district and state, claiming that this is what he is in congress for. He maintains this view, irrespective of the popular tide of prejudice which often covers the real wishes of the people in regard to legislation affecting commercial interests, and probably few congressmen stand for more diversified interests than Mr. Young, representing, as he does, the picturesque Soo, the shores of Lake Superior and the great iron and copper mining industries—with all of which he appears to be personally and convincingly familiar.



HOME OF GOVERNOR-ELECT PROCTOR OF VERMONT

be produced and sold cheaper—if the tax is deducted—it must drive out wood alcohol.

"To give a bounty of five cents a gallon on denatured grain alcohol, so that it may be sold at a price to compete with petroleum products" means—as any ordinary observer may see—to destroy an existing industry in order that the bounty of the government may build another upon its ruins. Mr. Young declared his belief that farmers will continue to turn corn into hogs and beef, rather than into alcohol, and made an earnest plea for the protection of wood alcohol, which, after all, is a perfect substitute for grain alcohol for all uses except drinking, and has this merit that it cannot be used as a basis for whiskey making.

Mr. Young's speech on the Philippine tariff also bore upon the same subject, though from another point of view. It was in the interest of the protection of home industries,

NEARLY every congressman has a pet project, which blossoms early in his political career. John W. Gaines of Tennessee is a type of Southern congressman who, by his own efforts, in teaching and doing farm work, has made his way to the front. He graduated in medicine in 1882, but never practiced. The next day after his graduation he resumed the study of law, and began to practice that profession in Nashville in 1885. He was elected to congress in 1896, is now serving his fifth consecutive term, and was, without opposition, recently nominated for the sixth. He has had opposition for the democratic nomination but once since 1896.

He began and led the fight, now on, against the tobacco trust, and the "free pass abuse," just successfully concluded.

A few years ago Mr. Gaines commenced a crusade against "filthy money," called by some "tainted money." His bill provides that all the paper money, (issued by the Federal government) which is ragged, filthy, possibly infected with disease, or otherwise unfit for circulation, shall be replaced by new bills, the government to pay the transportation, by mail or otherwise, both ways, and the very small cost of reissue. Under the present law, the holder of this money must pay all transportation charges, which are so high as to be, in fact, prohibitory. Inland sections of the country suffer much for want of clean money. Cities near the treasury or sub-treasuries do not. The national banks are now required to maintain their bank issues in proper condition, at

their own expense. The government, for itself and the people, should keep all Federal issues reasonably clean and in proper material condition. Appropriations for this were made by congress along in the seventies and eighties. It has been shown to the house committee that paper money carries disease germs. It is stated that money is often taken from the bodies of dead people, is found hidden or is carried in places calculated to make it filthy, and then used again. Several recent cases of violent disease of the face, eyes and hands have been traced to counting tainted money. But whether it carries disease or not, the government should give the people clean money. Our money is used in the Philippines, a hotbed of contagious diseases of the worst type. It is left in the filthiest dives abroad, where our people and others buy relics and curios, and of course this money returns to the country again. The cost of this reform would be comparatively small, especially after the first stock of filthy money was called in and reissued.

Mr. Gaines has worked up great interest amongst the bankers and people throughout the land, and the proposition is most favorably considered by the committee and congress, and may find its way to the calendar by next March.

Mr. Gaines, the representative of the Nashville district, the home of Andrew Jackson and James K. Polk, is a genial Southern gentleman and has been prominent in the councils of the Democratic party, state and national.

o o o

IT WAS on a beautiful summer day that I found myself within an hour and a half ride of Highland Mills, in Orange County, New York, and made up my mind to call on Senator Platt. Passing by delightful scenes, as we dashed through picturesque hills, past famed Tuxedo, I found myself at Highland Mills. Here I soon made the acquaintance of "Uncle Billy," who drove me over to the hotel, and during the ride gave me a history of Highland Mills, from Revolutionary times to the present day. Uncle Billy is an ardent admirer of Senator Platt, the man whose genius for organization has been so often and so successfully demonstrated. Go where you will, in New York, you will never travel far with-

out finding some of his loyal and enthusiastic supporters.

Uncle Billy confidentially pointed out to me a short cut to the house, and planned for my return on the milk train, if I did not linger too long talking with the senator.

"You will have to climb that fence and hedge," he said.

"Well, the fences and hedges are not so formidable," I remarked, and listened carefully to his further directions for my "cross-lots" return. On reaching the hotel, Uncle Billy pointed very proudly to the Stars and Stripes in front of a distant mansion on the hilltop, informing me:



CONGRESSMAN JOHN W. GAINES, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

"That's where you will find the senator, and a mighty good man he is, too."

I was left to pursue my way further over fence and hedge, and follow a gravel path. Upon an eminence overlooking the hills and valleys of Orange County, I found the home of the senior New York senator. Two great Newfoundland dogs greeted me in a rather effusive manner, and a little French bulldog eyed me suspiciously. However, these demonstrations appeared to be all made in

a friendly way, and I went on in peace.

Senator and Mrs. Platt were at home alone, enjoying to the full the rest of the summer days. Flowers abounded in all the rooms; even the simple, ox-eyed daisies of the fields found a place, and everything was suggestive of comfort and repose. On a broad veranda overlooking the great panorama, typical of the Empire State, Senator Platt spends many of his vacation hours. Not far from his home is Newburg, where Governor Odell is located. When the senator remarked that in the interests of harmony



MRS. THOMAS C. PLATT, WIFE OF SENATOR PLATT

he and his old-time opponent, Governor Odell, had "made up," it seemed like an earnest of his sincere interest in the future success of his party.

That night we took a delightful drive to Turner's, over picturesque country roads, past the place where President Palma of Cuba lived for many years, and established his school for boys. Here, in fact, one might say that the Cuban republic drew its first breath, and the residents of this part of the state pleasantly remember the kindly, genial man who lived among them for so many years

as a pedagogue. He laid down the pointer and ruler to take up his work as president of the Cuban republic, of which he had dreamed so long amid the beautiful hills and valleys of Orange County.

Senator Platt keeps in close touch with the political situation in the state, and with the general trend of national events. In the many years that I have known him, my personal admiration has constantly increased as I became better acquainted with the man who has made himself a power in the political councils of the nation.

Mrs. Platt is a charming hostess, and it is likely that, even during the restful days of summer, and despite the fact that it is a ride of an hour and a half from the city, the home of Senator Platt will be the scene of many an important conference, which will mold the political strategy of the campaign of 1908.

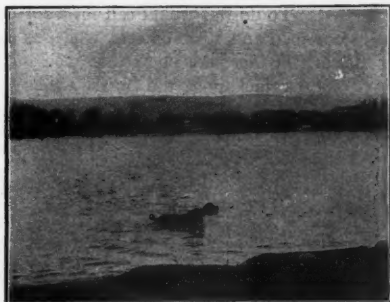
As I sat talking of days gone by with Senator Platt, it was difficult for me to realize that he was the sturdy and loyal colleague of Roscoe Conkling, who resigned his seat in the senate rather than be disloyal to a friend, and whose battles-royal will always remain an interesting chapter in the political history of New York. Roscoe Conkling's invulnerable courage and fearless fighting qualities arrayed against him some formidable enemies, but the attributes which won his battles are in themselves commendable—the foresight which led him to bide his time, to bring into action terrible invective, scathing sarcasm, and the other resources of his remarkable personality.

And here I was, talking with the colleague of this famous character in history, the man who served with him through many a hard-fought fight, fearlessly meeting the tide of opposition rather than be unfaithful to his friend. The one great quality which impressed me in Senator Platt was his patience—always ready to wait coolly and quietly, abiding his time, and never forgetting a face or a favor. Those who have ever had correspondence with the senator will remember another characteristic—his delightful letters, and the kindly words which he has indited from time to time, during the heat of political battle are highly prized by his friends.

In our drive along the rural roads, with views of beautiful and historic scenes everywhere before us, and the scent of new-mown

hay heavy in the ambient air, it was fascinating to talk with such a man—a very veteran in the great affairs and chief conflicts of American politics, whose every word and phrase suggested new view points—new angles—ever invaluable to the young man who has his way to make in the world. Senator Platt's opinions are interesting; among other things, he says that he would

CONVENIENTLY located on the floor of the House is the committee room on military affairs, where for ten years past Major John A. T. Hull, of Iowa, has presided over and directed the deliberations of one of the most important committees of the house. During the Spanish-American war there were busy times in this room. The major is a man who is thoroughly posted on the Philippine



VIEWS OF SENATOR PLATT'S HOME IN HIGHLAND MILLS, NEW YORK

advise young men to keep out of politics—a suggestion which ought to have some weight, for if there ever was a man who knew every move in the modern political game, it is the senior senator from New York.

Whatever may be determined as to Senator Platt's politics and policy, I must say that I have found him one of the most interesting personalities in public life. His half century of experience in the affairs of the nation, and his personal acquaintance with many prominent men, have given him opportunities for a wise discrimination and a catholic viewpoint such as have fallen to few other American politicians.

situation and armed with information obtained by personal investigation. Since his installation as chairman, many effective changes have been made in the management of the military affairs of the nation.

The improvement in the organization of the artillery corps is of special importance, and the great difficulty has been in securing competent men. Recruits for the coast fortifications and artillery corps must possess the highest grade of intelligence. It is now claimed that the artillery is practically on the same basis as the navy, for the guarding of the coast is as important as the protection of the high seas by our ships of war—yet the pay in the navy department is much higher than that in the artil-

lery corps, which partly accounts for the difficulty in securing men. Hearings during the last congress revealed the necessity for reorganizing the artillery corps.

During the Civil War, with the old smooth-bore guns in use, the same amount of skill was not needed as is now required in the complicated modern machines. I was surprised to learn that there are not enough men to protect the coast, detailing one relief to each gun now mounted. To do this would call for a force of 41,000 men and 1,700 officers, while, as a matter of fact, there are but 14,000 men and 651 officers, including the field artillery.



CONGRESSMAN JOHN A. T. HULL OF IOWA

Eighteen thousand enlisted men are authorized by law but with present pay cannot be enlisted. The fact is that the country has been going ahead at a rapid rate on coast defences, without making suitable provision for manning them. As Colonel Harrison, of the artillery corps, has remarked: "An artilleryman cannot be improvised, and when he is needed he is required instantly. He is not a commercial article and cannot be bought 'ready made'."

The matter of advance in military organization may be judged by the appropriations for it, which show an increase of from ten to forty millions since Major Hull assumed the

chairmanship of the committee. In connection with this work, Major Hull has made a thorough and systematic study of every phase of the military situation of the nation. Our experience of the sudden demand which arose at the time of the Spanish-American war, shows the desirability of being prepared beforehand, and the word adopted by President Roosevelt, "preparedness," is one which is kept constantly in mind in the work of the military committee.

o o o

WELL do I remember the first time I met Congressman Brick of Indiana. It was at midday, in that alcove, where the Indiana delegation gathers to discuss matters during the lunch hour in the house restaurant.

Congressman Brick enjoys a good forename, and when the announcement is made in his district that the Honorable Abraham Lincoln Brick is to appear there is always a keen interest in the event, for as one of his constituents has facetiously said:

"Congressman Brick is a brick all the way through, and he has the real 'Abe' ways."

He hails from South Bend, Indiana, famous for Oliver plows, Studebaker wagons and automobiles. Mr. Brick is a worthy successor to Schuyler Colfax, who at one time represented this district, and later served as vice president. While Abraham Lincoln Brick is not one of the pyrotechnic orators, he is a worker, and is depended on when something is to be *done*. As a member of the appropriations committee and other important committees of the house, he is making a name for himself as a man of achievement and forceful influence.

One of the most gratifying batches of correspondence I receive, are the numerous letters which come from our readers suggesting that I become acquainted with "our senator" or "our congressman." "We want you to know him," they say, "because he is a man whom we love and admire for his achievements and sterling qualities. He is truly representative."

This certainly applies to the representative from Indiana, who in the immortal phrase of Abraham Lincoln, for whom Mr. Brick is named, is giving earnest and effective support to "the government of the people, by the people and for the people."

THE KING OF TIGRE

By Charles Warren Stoddard

Author of "South Sea Idyls," "Islands of Tranquil Delight," etc.

CONGRESS SPRING, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA

IT IS a fine and wonderful romance, this *Shadows of Shasta*. Over in England they call it *Life Among the Modocs*, for there they are a rather literal people, and the reading public—chiefly subscribers to the great Mudie Circulating Libraries,—might easily mistake *Shadows of Shasta* for the title of an epic poem and leave it quite alone.

To tell the truth, it is a kind of epic in prose, and such prose as is more poetical than many bits of verse that are advertised as poems. Mount Shasta is, in a certain large sense, the real hero of the romance, and in the first line of the first chapter of this *Unwritten History*, as it is called on the title page, the marvelous mountain towers before us "lonely as God, and white as the winter moon!" All that is told of in these glowing pages takes place among the mingled shadows and sunshine that equally glorify the slopes of the unrivaled mountain.

The American edition of the *Shadows of Shasta* is illustrated; there are numerous full-page wood-cuts that would make admirable posters for almost any wild west show, and these harmonize with the text, which is written up to concert pitch. But if you have the sedate, pictureless English edition and will turn to page fifty-four, you may read in its large and handsome type as follows:—"I rode down the bank of the beautiful, arrowy Klamat, (misspelled Klamath), with about a thousand peaceful Indians in sight." It is the Poet of the Sierras who is writing and telling the story of his own adventurous boyhood. He adds: "As I rode, I saw a tall, strong and elegant-looking gentleman in top boots and red sash. Up to this moment it seemed to me that I had never seen a perfect man, and I thought, from the dark and classic face, that he was neither an American, German nor Irishman; and vaguely I associated him

with Italian princes dethroned, or even a king of France in exile. He was surely splendid, superb, standing there in the morning sun, in his gay attire, by the swift and shining river; smiling, tapping the sand in an absent sort of way, with his boot. A prince—truly nothing else than a prince! The man turned and smiled good-naturedly as I dismounted, tapping the sand with his top-boot, gently whistling the old air of "49," but did not speak."

You will read anon of the poet-boy, the waif who was destined to achieve a world-wide fame in this wide, wide world, though at that time, he did little else than flaunt his long, flaxen curls in the wind on a thousand hilltops, and kiss his hand to the sun at frequent intervals. He approached the arrowy Klamat where he found a rude ferry and a ruder ferryman. The prince and the poet crossed the stream together and reached the other shore, penniless; they were both the most picturesque of paupers.

"Chalk that!" said the prince, with a superb gesture that irritated the provincial boatman; he protested; a row ensued. The prince, who had recently crossed at this very ferry when he was flushed with affluence, clutched the beligerant barger and demanded a return of the gold which he had so lately scattered with a lavish hand, permitting the ungrateful fellow to retain only his legitimate fee. Verily, virtue is its own reward, and it is better to chalk than be churlish.

The prince and the poet went their way rejoicing; the prince in top-boots, the lad on his wiry mustang. At the summit of the hill they were slowly ascending, another prince appeared. How well the historian recalls him:—"A costly cloak on his shoulders, yellow buckskin gauntlets, a rich, red sash about his waist, where swung a pair of Colt's revolvers, new patent; a great

gold chain—made up by linking specimens of nature's gold together—completed this man's attire. His great hat sheltered him like a palm."

On the instant the new prince rose in his wooden stirrups, jingled the bells of steel on his huge Spanish spurs, and said with unfeigned surprise, "Money, mule, and watch, all gone, and you on foot and alone—Prince Hal! the man of all others!" etc. It was too true. Prince Hal, on the turn of a card at the last camp, had lost everything but hope—and his unrivalled personal appearance. "Ah!" moralizes the poet at this stage of the narrative, "the grand old days are gone; the gay gamblers with their open pockets and ideas of honor!" It is barely possible that they are gone, along with many a Californian custom that is no longer featured in that much-advertised land.

Why need I add what must be evident to all? Prince Hal fathered that golden-haired boy and saw him through a thousand battles with the world; nursed him in sickness, worried him in health—for the indescribable charm of the man of mystery drew the poet by a single hair through fire and water, by night, by day, in season and out of season. And then the prince vanished into space, but reappeared again at intervals, lonely and afar off, like a wandering comet. He was a brilliant, erratic, fascinating adventurer who returns in the final pages of the *Unwritten History*, when the Modoc has ceased from troubling, and the poet and the prince lie down together, and leave nothing to be desired but an extensive sale of this romance of their youth. The poet writes:

"The prince and I have at last pitched our tent for good together. I had told him of my ten-years' battle, just past, and he had recounted his. He had crossed and recrossed the Cordilleras and the Andes, sailed up and down the Amazon, fought in Nicaragua, and at last raised an old Spanish galleon from Fonesca filled with doubloons and Mexican dollars that had gone down in the sea half a century before." What more can be added, save this last word?—"There is a tinge of gray in his hair and a touch of sadness in his face!"

So much for the revelations of the poet, all of which I have borrowed without leave and in defiance of the international copy-

right. Time passed on. Surely it could not be expected that these rovers were to cease at once and forever to sail the seas over. Voices cried to them from the four quarters of the globe, "Come away! Come away!" Invisible hands beckoned them from the dim distance to follow after. Their hearts would not sit still. Finally, they struck tents and were anon lost to one another. At long intervals these ever-restless souls met in their orbits and held communion for a little space. Again they buried themselves in remote seas and trackless deserts, until at last the prince, who, having come into his own, was now a king, made his bed in the best chamber of the Langham hotel, Portland Place, London, W. C.

Now, it so happened that I was at the Langham, and it happened in this wise. Mark Twain and Charles Dudley Warner had finished their collaborated novel, *The Gilded Age*. Mark, who chanced to be in London when the English edition of the story made its appearance, was urged by George Dolby to give a brief course of lectures at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, and thus attract the attention of the public and incidentally advertise the novel.

Dolby was the delightful impresario, with the ornamental impediment in his speech, who twice piloted his intimate friend, Charles Dickens, through the tumultuous audiences that stormed the rostrums of the United States so long as *Boz* read from his own immortal pages. Mark, certainly at that time, in the early seventies, disliked society, yet hated to be alone. He was beautifully alone in his fine apartment in the Langham, though the house was swarming with American tourists who would have passed their lives with him had he only breathed the wish.

We met; I fresh from California, and commissioned to write a weekly letter for the San Francisco Chronicle from wherever I chanced to be. Mark proposed that I join him at the Langham and share his joys and sorrows during the lecture season of eight weeks, and that is exactly what I did. The story of our inner lives has not been told, but it is worth the telling. Ouida was stopping at the hotel just then, it was before she had forsworn England and dedicated herself to the Flower City, the Lily of the Arno. Captain Mayne Reade used to hover about the

place, for there were those within, who had brought with them from the prairies of the West, something of the wild, free charm that fascinated him in his youth, and through the witchery of his pen had in turn thrilled the hearts and the imaginations of Young America and the lads of every land under the sun. There were others, many others, in and out of the Langham at all hours of the day and night—but the greatest of these was the King of Tigre.

One day a page, ablaze with buttons of brass, presented an envelope on a silver salver; it was addressed to me; I hastily broke seal and read:—The King of Tigre begged that I would give him the pleasure of my presence at dinner that evening. What more natural than that I should? The Poet of the Sierras and I had long been friends. The King of Tigre was the patron and the pride of the Poet of the Sierras. Surely we should meet and know one another—we did. It was Sunday; there was no lecture that evening, so Mark and I did not march solemnly down to Hanover Square together and return two hours later to sit up over a sea-coal fire and talk of the old days in San Francisco until the hours were wee and small.

As for that dinner, without more ado, let me confess that there *was* a tinge of gray in his hair, a touch of sadness in his face, and a subtle intoxication in his atmosphere that well became a king—a King of Tigre. His eye was kindly and fond; his massive well-proportioned frame commanded admiration. His low, rich voice beguiled me, and his conversation which was more like a monologue than dialogue, captured the imagination of the listener and led him on from height to height, until the spirit scorned all obstacles and sat perched on the pinnacle of ambition, defying fate.

Does this sound rhapsodical? You would not think so, had you ever come under the influence of the spell-binder. In justice to both parties, let me state that this psychological phenomenon took place before dinner, and was repeated on several occasions when we were both in reasonable and sober mood. To him—the King of Tigre—all things seemed possible. I think, at that time, I must, even against my will, have followed whither he chose to lead me, had it been his pleasure to take me captive. I believe that

his apostles of those days—and they were scores—hung breathless upon his words; that his tribe was swayed by one impulse, like corn in the wind; that at his call his legions would have gathered like storm-clouds; that before his wrath they would have perished willingly for at his command they were prepared to fall upon the land, like locusts, and lay waste cities and overthrow governments and establish new peoples, new customs and new religions.

All this I gathered, and so would any listener have gathered, from the tranquil soliloquy that flowed on and on like a Persian poem, embroidered with metaphor, sparkling with wit, radiant with color and with a music of its own, at once beguiling and convincing. He never boasted of influence or advantage; he never railed at men and things, loading the air with vulgar threats and still more vulgar vituperation. He betrayed no prejudices. He was the personification of power in repose.

During the relation of his romantic experiences—they were as delightful as an Eastern tale—and of the story of his dreams, his hopes, his philosophy of life, it dawned upon me that here was a man capable of doing great deeds, but who was patiently awaiting the hour when he should strike; that it was his supreme wisdom, or possibly his prophetic knowledge of things to come that bade him wait a little, and a little longer, and yet a little longer still.

When we parted in London, though he had, as it were, grappled me to his soul with hooks of steel, there was no chance for an emotional farewell. With a light and graceful wave of the hand, and a smile that was manful and winning, he was up and away in a moment. He had talked of the West Indies and of Mexico as fields of promising fertility; of the wealth that lies untouched about the sources of the Amazon; and of the sea-islands of the South, with their unspoiled, uncivilized races; the races that especially appealed to the sentiment he betrayed at times, and such as he shared in common with every big-hearted, full-blooded, generous soul. I heard of him, and sometimes from him; he was here, there, everywhere; he flitted hither and yon; he was quietly, silently recruiting and strengthening the ranks and the confidence of his cohorts. He was speculating, recklessly it

seemed to me; fortunes were staked on the fluctuations in the market; it was as risky as the turn of a card, and if he lost, he lost all at one fell swoop. This mattered little or nothing to him; the aspect of the man remained unchanged, whether penniless or backed by millions.

I heard he was within reach, later on, in New York City; he was disabled, a prisoner in his chamber in a down-town hotel. When I presented myself at the office of the hotel I was at once shown to his apartment. He was evidently receiving all who called. He was propped up in his bed, a pyramid of pillows behind his back. There he had been lying day after day, reading, dreaming, planning—not only for himself, but for the band of adventurous souls nourished by his inexhaustible enthusiasm, and without which it would cease to be.

I found him the victim of old wounds that from time to time broke forth afresh and compelled him to repose for weeks together. His cigars were delicious. His talk as inspiring as ever. Indeed, I am not sure that he was not more fascinating chained to Caucasus, as it were, with the vultures praying upon his vitals, than when in robust health he went about a strong man among men of strength. Now he was a kind of Prometheus bound; but the spirit was as soaring as ever, as free as when he stood with one foot in sea and one on shore, seeking new worlds to conquer.

Of course he recovered; he will probably continue to recover after a succession of sieges that might lay low his betters, have spent their fury; and he will still wear the bloom of youth when I, perchance, shall have withered and blown away. Later he called upon me at my rooms and fell in love with them. It was the only visible sign of human weakness he ever betrayed in my presence. To be sure, the rooms were dainty rooms; they had been vacated for a vacation season by a pair of self-supporting sisters who had given me leave to rest there until their return to the counting-room. Everywhere in those dainty rooms one noted the feminine touch—so dainty, so exquisite and so impossible to imitate—"the refining influence," I think you call it; it must be real, or it is of no avail. Each nook and corner was like a little shrine; sentiment breathed from the innumerable brackets on

the wall; it breathed with a breath of lavender, from the tidies that bedecked each article of furniture in the place, and from the lace coverings of the bed and from the books and the bodkins and the forgotten sheaf of hairpins that lay under the mirror of the dressing-table.

The King of Tigre came, saw, and collapsed in beauty's bower. One touch of nature, entirely human and feminine to a degree, had conquered him. I believe he would have married on the spot, at the shortest possible notice and on the most reasonable terms. What were kingdoms, principalities, powers, to him, then? Nothing whatever; not even so much as the Havanas we were then lighting at the written request of the young ladies, posted over the mantel and stating that they liked smoke. Kings are but human, after all. We talked of marriage and of monasteries, as bachelors are apt to do. It was a question whether his majesty of Tigre espoused the absent sisters immediately upon their return to business, disbanded his legions, and reigned over a fireside, first floor front—only one block from Madison Square—or gathered me to his bosom and strode into some monastery at the Antipodes, where the gates that clanged after us would waken no echo and imprison no regret.

The question was laid on the table for the moment, the precious moment on which hung the fate of possible princes or padres, someone entered and fell an instant victim of the ravishing recitals of Tigre's king. What was the result? Just what might have been expected. I returned to the family circle with the usual souvenir—a flattering photograph of his majesty, properly endorsed. He and his latest knight went off on a royal skirmish, and to this hour, the day of their return is unannounced, though it may be close at hand.

Why do I betray these confidences? It is not with a desire of gain, nor in the hope of losing reputation. Neither the one nor the other can influence the facts in the case. All that I have said I have said truly, and for the love of the saying of just such things as this. I have been turning the leaves of the fair-haired poet's *Songs of the Sunlands*. Much has it sung to me, and much suggested that he has still left unsung. I find here a leaf that has been diligently thumbed.

On it is my pet poem—one of the several, it may be added, underscored and followed across the goodly margin by a procession of admiration marks. Do you know this poem, I wonder? Let me read it to you—it won't take long:—

KING OF TIGRE

King of Tigre, comrade true!
Where in all thine isles art thou?
Sailing on Fonesca blue?
Wearing Amapala now?
King of Tigre, where art thou?
Battling for Antilles' queen?
Sabre hilt or olive bough?
Crown of dust, or laurel green?
Roving love or marriage vow?
King and comrade, where art thou?
Sailing on Pacific seas?
Pitching tent in Pima now?
Underneath magnolia trees?
Thatch of palm or cedar bough?
Soldier, singer, where art thou?
Coasting on the Oregon?
Saddle bow or birchen prow?
Round the isles of Amazon?
Pampas plain, or mountain brow?
Prince of rovers, where art thou?

Answer me from out the West!
I am weary, stricken now;
Thou art strong, and I would rest;
Reach a hand with lifted brow,
King of Tigre, where art thou?

Where indeed, O! mysterious monarch? Echo answers by picture-postcard: Under the palms, beside tropic seas, lighting the slow-match that shall eventually blow Honduras to Halifax. What though your postmark is cunningly obscured? What though your lines reach me through the cross-scent of several legations? I know your touch and respond to it with the selfsame thrill as of yore.

To you and to yours, greeting! When you pass my way, restless and resistless rover, pause for a moment while I dip my colors; for you are of those who breed romances and without these life were in sooth a howling wilderness!

Someone at my elbow has just whispered in my ear:—“I don't believe the half of this!” Believe it, my sweet child. Believe everything; for only thus do you avoid the risk of some day spurning a gospel truth.

FROM HIM WHO HATH NOT

By Maurice Smiley

IS this the end, Harry?”

The man's hand was already on the doorknob. There were tears on the woman's face. Her hands were resting on the sunny head of the child who was looking from one to the other with wide eyes of troubled wonder. Papa had gone away before on journeys, but mamma had not cried like this, and he had always come back. What did it mean?

The man's hand half turned the knob in a restless, almost furtive way.

“I think it is just the beginning, Della,” he replied slowly. “That is the way I honestly feel about it. Surely you can see it is best that we should live our lives apart. We do not live them together. We are not really married. We have stood before a minister, but we are only bound. It is best for us all;

best for you, best for me, best for—the—little one”—his voice faltered at last.

“I shall always provide for you. I have tried to do my duty by you in that respect at least. You have been content with that in the past. You will not want any more in the future. Why should we both be miserable trying to keep up the farce?”

“Why should we both be miserable?” repeated the woman. “You forget there are three of us. Why should this bright little life be shadowed too? She has done nothing to deserve the stigma you are placing on me.

For an instant the man wavered.

“It is infinitely better,” he said, “that she should grow up without the daily reminder of a shadow between her mother and father. It would embitter her more for us to be to-

gether than apart. You will have your home and your child. What more do you want?"

"What more?" she repeated, bitterly. "I want a great deal more. I want my husband"—her voice took on an intensity that was new to Harold Vane. He had not thought she could feel so strongly. "I married you because I loved you. I—love—you—still"—her voice was very low now. Was Harold Vane learning to know his wife too late?

"I have tried to make you a good wife," she went on, "to the best of my ability. You knew what my capacity was when you married me. Perhaps our marriage was a mistake. Perhaps I made a mistake in believing that mere love was what a husband wanted and would be enough for him. I am willing to admit that perhaps I have not tried as hard as I might to share your inner life with you, but you have never invited me. It has been like an inner room from which I have been shut out. All our married life you have kept me at arm's length, so far as everything but material affairs was concerned. But I am not so deficient as you may think. Give me another chance, Harold, for—the—child's sake."

He was not needlessly cruel. He did not love to wound. Even he, taking himself as seriously as he did, and thinking as he did then that mere love was so very little when it was not added to a spiritual affinity, an intellectual comradeship which he craved in a wife; even he could not tell her the truth. She was his wife in the sight of God and man. She was the mother of his child. To that child he had given all the great father-love of his nature, supplemented by the love which had never really been given to his wife. Her fingers were even then stroking the child's sunny curls. He could not look into her eyes and tell her that he had never really loved her as a wife should have been loved; that another love had come into his life, a love to which he did not dare to surrender himself in thought now, but which had brought about the revolution in his nature. With love, undefined but tangible, in his heart, illuminating as by a lightning flash, the vast gulf which separated him from his wife, and his wife from Helen Morrow, he could see nothing but the travesty of continuing a loveless marriage relation. His wife breathed the valley air, and it suffocated him. He

and Helen Morrow lived upon the heights of life. They breathed an intellectual and spiritual ozone. On the heights sat peace, and like Parsifal, he was setting his face toward peace, where all that was worth while in him might grow unbound, and blossom and bear fruit unblighted, unstarved, unsuppressed.

He could not tell her this. The sunshine on the child's hair got into his eyes.

"What's the use of going over it all again?" he said wearily. Then he snatched up the child in his arms for a moment. Something like rain fell upon the sunny curls, and then the door closed behind him. A woman was trying to comfort a weeping child, a child weeping because papa had gone away, and in her troubled little soul a knife-like intuition told her that he would not come back.

II

A strange desolation possessed him as he took his seat in the car. He thought he could lightly put aside the legal fetters that bound him. His new freedom had not the sweetness which he had thought it would have. Something of the solemnity of the marriage service shadowed his perceptions. "What God hath joined, let no man put asunder," the man of God had said. His sophistry had supplied many arguments that convinced him that he was doing the only thing that was best for all concerned. But somehow these arguments were of a feather's weight, now that the great step had been taken.

He was setting his face toward a new life. He would live on the heights, where Helen Morrow lived. Helen Morrow! Down at the bottom of his dreams slept a thought which he dared not think as yet—divorce—freedom-wasted years reclaimed—happiness long delayed won at last by waiting and suffering. Well, he knew what would be the answer of Helen Morrow to such a suggestion, but he put it from him. Not now; not this year, not next year. A great void separated him from Helen Morrow. One look into her calm, gray eyes would abash the suggestion, that raised itself never so slightly from the floor of his inmost heart.

But today was for suffering. The future would take care of itself. What could he not have accomplished if Helen had been his wife. What children born of love and con-

separation might she not have borne him. He looked back over the wasted years, and his heart grew rebellious at the wanton wreck of happiness.

Lois Hunt was to blame. It was Lois who had compelled him to marry, and it had happened that Della Martin was the woman. Why had he married her? Often and often he had asked himself the question, and he asked it again as the train swept on into the twilight.

Down in his inmost heart, he knew that it was because when he had married her he had known Lois Hunt and had *not* known Helen Morrow. Three women had comprised the tragic trilogy of his life. To Lois Hunt he had given the first love of a youthful genius. To Helen Morrow he had given, secretly, the real, passionate love of his ripened manhood, a love that, next to that for himself, was the most earnest and tenacious of his life. Della Martin he had married. She was a mere incident which chronologically connected the other two events of his life.

Lois belonged to the old days. She had come into his life when his ideals were hardly past the formative stage. It was a time of intellectual excitation which was almost a spiritual ecstasy. He had always sought the highest and best in life, and she was the highest and best that had come into his life up to that time. He was so young then. He smiled as the train thundered on, to think that he could ever have been so very, very young. He did not apologize for having loved Lois Hunt. No man need to do that. But he smiled to think how he had grown away and above the standards of those days, and how small in stature was the pedestal upon which he had placed her. Compared with the intellectual and spiritual eminence of Helen Morrow, it was as a steppile to a star.

But Lois Hunt had spoken the words that had closed suddenly and forever the beautiful door that had opened up to him, through which he had seen the paradise of her soul.

"Another woman must keep 'firm and even step beside your own,'" she had said, referring to a favorite poem. "Do not mar your career by any mistake."

He groaned even now to think of the bitter irony of what she had meant so seriously. He lived on a vastly higher plane now, but if she had married him, he would have es-

caped such a marriage as he had made. His refusal left his heart sore as from a physical blow and his soul weary, wanting only rest. He was like a wounded soldier who longs for only life, resigning himself to the thought of never seeing the old home again, if only he may live, maimed and racked—just live, to see the shine of the sun and smell the flowers. He wanted a nurse. He was lonely. He wanted some friendly hand in his, some kindly voice in his ear. Of course there was never such another woman as Lois Hunt, and there never could be. Why live the dreary stretch of years alone waiting, like *She* for *Kallikrates*, for another?

So he married Della Martin. That was the whole and brutal truth of it. He had not loved her. He was not disloyal to the old love, for he gave her nothing which belonged to that other love. His sophistry went to the mad length of saying, that even this new and greater love that had come into his life was not disloyalty to the woman to whom he had given his name, since he had robbed her of nothing which he would otherwise give to her. Helen Morrow had come into his life at a time when he had learned to the dregs, the bitterness of knowing that "man does not live by bread alone," and that a wife must be more than seamstress, nurse and housekeeper. These can be hired. A literary correspondence had brought them together in a social way, and their intercourse had been confined to such an association. Scrupulously regardful for the amenities, he had never forgotten his outward obligations for a moment, and Helen Morrow would have been more surprised than his wife if she had known the state of Vane's feelings for her.

In Helen Morrow's presence, Harold Vane seemed to breathe an intellectual ozone which was indescribably exhilarating. She stood for all the ideals which he had never realized, all the needs he had ever felt. She spoke to all that was highest and best in him, all that made him long, regret, suffer.

If he had married a submissive, self-effacing woman, he could have domineered over her and his vanity would have been fed at least, even if he derived no benefit from the association. If he had married a vixen, or a flirt or a society butterfly, the very attraction of such a marriage would have struck fire, if nothing more. It was the dull and

deadly level of mediocrity, the dreariness of monotone, that dissatisfied him more than anything else. A certain smug satisfaction in her own sufficiency on the part of his wife aroused a sort of resentment on her husband's part. She would not be domineered over, and she was not extravagant, flirtatious, socially ambitious or provocative in any other sense. But she seemed to regard herself as an ample quid pro quo for the honor of her husband's name and station in life.

Possibly she was more intuitional than he thought, and while not taking him at his own valuation, she had a high if secret respect for his talents. If she had been less secretive in this respect, things might have been better. But he was more to blame for this than she. He had never regarded her as capable of sharing his inner life, and he had never invited her to do so, as she had said. He, on the other hand, was naturally considerate, and he concealed his disappointment for years. She thought he was satisfied, even happy, and her own complacency was fed by his desire to spare her pain.

This was what made Helen Morrow all the more dangerous to them both. As Harold Vane sped toward the metropolis, he told himself that he was going to carve out a name and a place and a life for himself. But down in his inmost heart he knew that he was going to—Helen Morrow.

III

"How does it seem to be a lion, old man?" asked Worthington, cordially, as they shook hands in a lull of the reception. Incidentally the reception was in honor of Harold Vane.

No gathering of the intellectual elite was complete without the new literary star whose latest novel, "The Other Woman," was having a tremendous vogue. In a few short months he had achieved a success, for which others had struggled for as many years.

They had been busy months, however, filled with the toil of the treadmill, the drudgery of the devotee; months full of heart-emptiness, if the truth must be told.

"How does it feel to be a lion?" he repeated. "I feel like a very small lion, to tell you the truth, Worthy. I could roar you as gently as any sucking dove."

There was a weariness, even a despondency in his voice which struck his friend.

There were lines on his face which told something—but not all—of the price he had paid for his success.

"You have been working too hard, old fellow," replied Worthington with the familiarity of both friend and host. "Here's somebody who will cheer you up a bit. Miss Morrow" he called to a passing lady. "You know Mr. Vane, of course. The laurels on the lion's brow are turning to weeds. That's rather a mixed figure, isn't it? Well, leaving the Parnassian heights for the safer if lower plane of the practical, Vane's tired. Perhaps there is so much room at the top that he's lonely. I tell him he would better knock off and turn golfer or chauffeur for a spell. What would you prescribe?"

Then he hurried away at the call of his wife, and Harold Vane turned to Helen Morrow.

"Let me prescribe for my own ailment," he said eagerly. "Give me half an hour in a nice, secluded spot."

As they snuggled into a cosy corner, neither dreamed of the turn their conversation would take. In the course of their literary association they had met frequently, of course. At first Vane had dreaded it—and longed for it. He told himself he was fighting against it, but he was really fighting for it, and now he longed for it without dreading.

In a way that would have frightened him, possibly lowered his self-respect, this woman had been the inspiration of all his efforts, the indefinable goal of all his drudgery. He could not see how it was to come about, but he had a blind faith—and it was strong upon him now, that in some way, in some day, he should have his reward. Something of the faith, or of the fierce hunger in his eyes, startled her, and there was a note of constraint in her voice as she said otherwise quietly:

"Accept my heartiest congratulations, Mr. Vane, on the success of 'The Other Woman.' It is the best thing you have done. May I ask you how long it took you to write it?"

"How long?" he repeated musingly. How long, indeed. All his life he had been living and longing and suffering, and writing that book.

"About thirty-nine years," he replied, almost brusquely, to hide the pain of the recollection.

"You mean?" she said quickly.

"Did you not guess?" he queried, in a low voice. "Didn't you know it is my own story?"

One sudden glance into his face, and then her eyes fell. A new understanding came upon her. Many dark things were illuminated as by a flash. She half rose as though to leave, and the flower she held in her hand was crushed as she sank back into her seat. The flower was slowly pulled to pieces, petal by petal, in the silence that fell between them. It seemed an hour before she again looked at him, and there was something in her eyes that made his heart leap wildly, and then sink with the leaden despair of the—not to be.

"Poor fellow," she said softly, at last.

"Don't pity me," he cried almost fiercely. "I could stand anything but that. I don't want your pity. I want your—"

But a wild appeal in her eyes stayed the word on his lips.

"What character in the book do you like best?" he asked suddenly, almost sullenly. The question took her by surprise and confused her for a moment.

"The best character in the book," she said evasively, "is Vinton. He made the greatest mistakes, but they open the way for the most heroic atonement."

"Yes, Vinton made some sad mistakes," said Vane, bitterly. "The greatest of all was when he—"

"Came here," she interrupted. "That was the saddest and the weakest of all."

"Weak?" he echoed. "Do you mean he should have stayed? Does it not require strength and moral courage to tear one's life up by the roots and begin all over again? Does it not require strength to go on day after day and month after month, loving an ideal which has suddenly materialized in the flesh and not dare to tell her of his love, not dare to dream of what the future has in store? Does it not require strength to walk side by side with this woman he loves and feel the fetters that bind him eat into his heart and never cry out? I tell you, Helen"—she did not notice that it was the first time he had ever called her by her Christian name—"I put all my longings, my aspirations, my heart and life and soul, into Vinton and you call him weak!"

The girl was silent for a moment under the

outburst. Then she said in a calm and earnest voice:

"But you have cried out. You cried out in the book. Whoever 'the other woman' was—" it was a weak evasion and both felt it—

"You know who 'the other woman' is," said the man almost sternly. "You preach sincerity and strength. Why not face facts?"

It was not a kindly speech, and he regretted it as he heard the tremor in her voice as she tried to make it steady. She half raised her hand, as though to forbid him being more explicit.

"I did not know," she said, earnestly and with a sweet sympathy vibrating in her tones, "that matters were as they are," she began. "I pity Vinton from the bottom of my heart, but more I pity Dolly. An unloved wife is the most pitiable woman in all the world." "But Miriam, the woman Vinton loves—the 'other woman'—what of her?" pursued Vane relentlessly.

"Do not make it harder," she said, half pleadingly. "I pity her most of all."

The words were so low he had to lean over to catch them. His heart gave a fierce bound. Did she care? He looked into the future for one, mad, sweet moment. He saw his dream realized. He and Helen Morrow were walking side by side down the years, two united hearts wedded in the indissoluble wedlock of a perfect love. But even as the vision flamed, it faded. Helen Morrow's calm, serene gray eyes were looking into his own. There was no weakness there now, only strength, the strength of an unspoken sacrifice.

"Shall I write a sequel, Helen?" he said tenderly.

"No, you must revise the story," she said. "You will make it a great book, full of the eternal verities of life. Its keynote will be the generous thing, and its motif the magnificence of Duty." Her voice thrilled him. "Vinton must see that fame is but a bauble when bought at the price of a duty shirked. You are not happy," she broke off, abruptly.

The words cut him like a knife. How empty indeed were all his honors. None but his hungry heart knew how empty. He would have gladly exchanged them all for one touch of that little golden head. But a thousand things held him back: pride—his career—his hopes—his dream.

"No, Vinton was not happy," he repeated. "God knows he was not. But he could not have been happy with Dolly"—He could not bring himself to use the first person—"She could not live his life."

"Did he ever try to admit her into his inner life?"

Vane thought of the almost supercilious indifference with which he had treated his wife in all but material things.

"It would have been useless," he said sullenly.

"She loved him, did she not?" The girl's voice trembled in spite of her.

"Yes, in her way," he replied dully.

"She was his wife, was she not; the mother of his child? She had never violated her marriage vows. Vinton married her of his own free will?" she went on, remorselessly.

"Of course," replied Vane, surlily.

"Then," cried Helen Morrow, "by what self-sufficient sacrilege do you play fast and loose with these sacred things? What is more binding than an unviolated marriage vow? What is more sacred than fatherhood? What right have you to cloud that little life that God has given you?"

Almost unconsciously Vane drew from his pocket a tiny handkerchief worked, crudely and lovingly, by the fingers of his little one. A lock of golden hair was enclosed in a tiny scrawl which read: "Papa's Christmas from Vivian."

Helen Morrow leaned over and touched it reverently.

"Vinton must see this," she said softly. "What matters the prating about ideals and aspirations and dreams in the face of—this?

What ideal is higher, what dream sweeter, than the call of a duty, even a hard and bitter duty, bravely and generously obeyed?"

"But—the 'other woman'?" asked Vane, brokenly. "Vinton's life is so empty and barren. He could do so much if Miriam's hand was in his and Miriam walked beside him. He sees life's riches added to them that have. From him that hath not, must even that which he hath be taken away?"

"Hope, courage and duty," she replied gravely, as she arose and held out her hand, "these three. But the greatest of these is duty. Between Vinton and 'the other woman' there is a great gulf fixed. But between Vinton and Dolly there is only a little chasm which Vinton himself has helped to widen and has very largely himself created. It can—it will—it must," she cried, with a fierce eagerness as she withdrew her hand from his and turned away with a sob—"it must be bridged with that."

She pointed to the lock of golden hair and was gone.

It was that moment that Harold Vane took up his burden. It looked like an insupportable cross, but as he packed into his trunk the presents he had intended to send by express, he caught the smell of flowers, and as he lifted the latch of his gate on Christmas eve, he looked at his cross again and behold, it was covered with flowers—the flowers that Helen Morrow had dropped as she turned away.

The door of the little cottage opened and a man snatched up a little golden-haired girl to his heart again. Something like rain fell upon the sunny curls.

Then the door closed behind him.

IN AUTUMN'S HUSH

NOW like a Grecian torch the goldenrod
Lights with its flame of splendor all the air;
And haze of autumn clothes the sky and sod
In robe of beauty fair.

The sunlit swallow circling overhead
The radiant ether ripples with bright wing;
And bees on orchard lips of smiling red
Like murmuring lovers cling.

Calm autumn's solemn hush claims everything;
Only the brooklet flowing deep and wide,
Babbles like nature's dying soul of spring,
And of the April tide!

—Edward Wilbur Mason

THE SACRIFICE

By Caroline Brett McLean

COME, darlin', come," urged the mother. Danny's brow puckered up into a puzzled little frown, as he looked across at her. To him the few spaces that divided them was measureless; he could not understand why Mammy persisted in asking him to do the impossible. Grasping the chair-leg more firmly, he waited resignedly for what he knew was to follow—the abandonment, after a few moments, of the attempt to make him walk, and then his mother's lap for a delicious ten minutes before she again took up her work.

Danny was six years old, and, save that he was smaller, in nowise different from the average boy of that age, but he had never learned to walk. Physicians had declared that there was nothing organically wrong with him. His failure to walk, they could only explain by lack of will to do it. Surgery could do nothing; suasion might do much. So every day in the enforced pause in her work, between the fading of daylight and the lighting of the lamp, his mother would lift him down from his chair, and kneeling at a little distance, with all the endearing words in her vocabulary, coax him to walk to her. But Danny never let go his anchorage on the chair-leg, and his big eyes would be so pathetic as he looked at her, that she could never find it in her heart to chide him, however gently, for his failure to try. In the end she always took him upon her lap and held him close, so that the twilight hour, despite her oft-recurring disappointment, was the happiest in her day.

She had just set him down again and lighted the lamp, when a clattering noise was heard outside, and in rushed a little, old man, apparently in a desperate hurry. Peter always bounced in in that fashion when he came to see Danny, to the latter's unfailing amusement. He did not laugh today, however. Peter had left off in the middle of a most fascinating story yesterday, and Danny was anxious to hear the conclusion. Before

Peter had time to take his breath, he shouted: "What did you do when the bear climbed the tree after you?"

"You know what you were to do before I told you," said Peter. "Did he walk today, Mammy?"

The mother shook her head and Danny hung his for a moment, then he said insinuatingly:

"Aw, just tell me if the bear got you, Peter, that's all I want to know?"

"No, the bear didn't get me, 'cause I walked away too fast. But if I'd never learned to walk," said Peter impressively, "where'd I be today? That's what I'd like to know," and he gazed at Danny with quite appalling solemnity.

But Danny did not take the moral home. He immediately began to clamor for another story.

On Peter's entrance, the mother had withdrawn to her seat, and resumed her work—the "finishing" of cheap, ready-made garments, leaving the two to their story-telling. Peter's supply of stories was exhaustless, and their subject matter wonderful. He had been a sailor, and pirates and wild beasts seemed to have beset his steps. The wild beasts and the pirates apparently did battle on the same ground, but Danny was not critical. Today, Peter excelled himself. Danny leaned forward in his chair, his eyes shining, while, with a wealth of gesture and illustration, Peter related some peculiarly hair-raising narrative. Just when the interest had reached its height, he stopped suddenly with the announcement:

"I'll tell you the rest tomorrow, if Mammy tells me that you tried to walk."

Danny's face fell woefully. He never seemed to remember from day to day, this habit of Peter's, which was his method of inducing Danny to walk. Nor did any remembrance of former obduracy ever prevent him from pleading to be allowed to know

what had befallen the hero. He pleaded now, but with no effect. Peter, buttoning his coat preparatory to departure, said that he should be told tomorrow if he did as Mammy asked him, and went away. When the door had closed behind him, Danny said to his mother,

"I wish I knew what happened to the little boy what Peter was telling me about, no bigger'n me, Mammy, and a croc'dile had hold o' his leg, ready to eat him up. Oh, Mammy, do you think he got away all right?"

His voice trembled on the verge of tears.

"Course he did, darlin'," said the mother eagerly. She did not forget Peter's habit, if Danny did, and the thin little voice pleading to be allowed to know what happened, always pierced her heart.

"How do you know?" persisted Danny.

"Know—why I—I was there," She had not Peter's power of invention, and she looked a little alarmed at this statement, but finding it pass unchallenged, and with some vague memory of the ending of childhood's stories, she said quickly, with more assurance, "An' he married the beautiful princess and lived happy all the days of his life."

That Danny was a little bewildered at this rapidity of action, his face showed, but he said nothing. He perfectly understood the significance of his mother's flying needle, and knew that he must not hinder her by asking questions.

On his way to his room at the top of the house after "fixing" his furnaces for the night, Peter always looked in to say "good-night" to Danny's mother. To-night she looked for his coming with unwonted eagerness. Something he had talked about the other night, had, after much thinking, awakened a great hope in her heart.

She heard his footstep on the stairs presently, and the next moment he came quietly into the room. Not more marked was the difference in his ordinary demeanor when with Danny than in his conversation. The luridly imaginative qualities displayed in his tale to the little lad, had no place in his talk to the mother of what he had seen in the foreign lands he had visited.

"He makes no offer to walk?" he remarked after a little silence.

The mother shook her head. "It seems a shame to tease him," she said. After a pause, she added, looking at Peter deprecatingly,

"He was so set on knowin' what happened to some little boy you was tellin' him about, that I had to make up some sort of a tale to pacify him."

Peter tried to look severe, but failed signally.

"It's oncomprehensible. You'd think he'd make some sort of an attempt," he said unreflectingly. Then at sight of the cloud that came upon her face at his words, he added cheerfully, "but he'll be runnin' round one o' these days with the best of 'em, never fear."

She looked at him eagerly, her needle suspended.

"I was thinkin' a deal o' what you was telling me t'other day—about them pilgrim-places where they cure all manner o' folks." A red spot came out on either cheek, as she gazed at Peter.

"Nonsense," he said almost roughly. In her eager eyes, he read the hope which his unthinking description of a certain old-world shrine had caused to spring up in her heart, as plainly as if she had laid it before him.

"I have twenty dollars in the savin's bank, and if I was to work an extra couple o' hours a day, I might soon have enough," persisted she. "Wouldn't take very much?"

"More'n you or me is ever likely to have no matter how hard we was to work," Peter said. "'Sides that talk o' cures at them places is all nonsense, anyway."

"You said t' other day that folks got cured there," she said piteously.

"They think they does,—and p'raps they does," said he brightening up with a sudden new idea, "but if they gets cured, it's not the places but the prayin' that cures 'em."

It would have greatly surprised some of Peter's cronies to have heard him thus advocate prayer as a means of cure. But the mother's face was so piteous at this sudden dashing of her hope, that he thought only of comforting her.

"Now doesn't it stand to reason, that if prayers is heard from one place, they'll be heard from everywhere?" he said persuasively. "Course it does," he went on answering his own question, "and them pilgrims could save themselves a lot o' money and get as much good, if they was to pray just as hard at home."

The eagerness that had left her face crept back again. She had at all times a great faith in Peter's wisdom, and the confidence in his voice carried conviction to her now. When

he had gone, she went into her bedroom, and holding the lamp aloft, looked long at a print of the Mother and Child which hung over her bed. She had cut it from a Christmas supplement, more for purposes of decoration than for any meaning the picture had for her. Now as she looked at them, the figures took on a new significance. In the round, dimpled limbs of the infant, she traced a resemblance to Danny asleep directly beneath, arms and legs thrown out in all the abandon of sleeping childhood. The mother bent low over him; and the face of the Madonna was no holier with love and tenderness than hers. Oh, if praying could cure him, she would pray, and pray and pray.

And presently, mingling with this pure maternal solicitude, a more complex feeling began to creep in. Danny, child of a father who had deserted his wife after less than a year of married life, was looked upon by a tribe of relatives of varying degrees of nearness, as an exemplification of his mother's folly in marrying late in life, "a fellow who cared only for the bit o' money she had saved." Their half contemptuous pity for Danny as a weakling filled the mother's heart with a speechless indignation. She had closed her door on her nearest relative because, once when Danny was passing through a severe illness, she had overheard her say, "It 'ud be a God's-mercy if he was taken, for he'll never put a fut under him." Now, as she bent over him, lamp in hand, a vision of him running about, active, lithe, no longer to be compared to his disadvantage with sundry supple-limbed, brazen-lunged cousins, came to her, and her eyes went swiftly upward to the face of that other mother in an unconscious appeal for comprehension. The pictured eyes seemed to look back at her pityingly, invitingly, as if in corroboration of what Peter had said. A sense of exultation came over her. She could not take Danny to any of the pilgrim places of which Peter had told her, but this pitying mother would understand her inability and cure him all the same.

The next day, when Peter came in for his half hour of story telling, she asked him in a voice she tried hard to make casual, to mind Danny for a little while, as she had to go out. The little Italian church around the corner was open at this hour, she knew. Often she had idly noticed the shawled Italian women pass and re-pass her window on their way to

and from their orisons. A typical trio were on their way when she reached the street, two of the women old and bent, the third approaching middle-age. Hastening her steps, Danny's mother followed into the church. A dimly burning gas-jet only served to deepen the shadows, but from a recess at the farther end streamed a bright light, and around this recess the worshippers were gathered. A thrill of indescribable exaltation, that seemed to carry her spirit upwards, swept over Danny's mother, as she advanced towards the recess, and the next moment she was among the worshippers, kneeling in adoration.

She came every day for nearly two weeks. With some dim perception of the necessity for "wrestling" and long continued supplication, she daily lengthened the period of her prayers from the few moments which she had been wont to devote to Danny, to the very limit of Peter's leisure. The wave of faith, which had borne her upwards on that first day, sent her home for many days trembling, with a great hope and a great awe, as of one about to see a manifestation of the glory of God. But always Danny would smile at her from his chair, and Peter, rising and stretching himself, would remark, "Well, I must be gettin' along," telling her that her petition had yet failed to reach the throne.

But if her faith was tried, it did not weaken. Her belief in the power of the Blessed Mother to grant her her desire, knew no wavering. The fault was in herself; she did not know how to ask. While she knelt, she could not keep her thoughts or her eyes from wandering. She wondered if any of the women about her were praying for their children, as she was praying for Danny; and she would look enviously at the incessantly moving lips, and the continued murmured undertone of prayer made her feel how poor and ineffective was her one unvarying cry, "Oh, make Danny walk." Amid the many properly clothed ascending petitions, that faltering cry might well be lost. But it was all she knew how to say.

One day, a woman who knelt a little in front of her particularly drew her attention. Her face was not visible, for her shawl was drawn far over her head, but she seemed to be looking at something she held in her hand, and once or twice Danny's mother heard a stifled sob. The woman rose presently, in a quiet, furtive fashion, as if fearful of attracting

attention, and Danny's mother saw what she had in her hand, a wreath of artificial flowers, crushed and faded looking. For a moment she stood undecidedly looking at the flowers, her face working, her eyes full of tears, then she darted into the recess, and when she came out her hands were empty. That crushed and faded wreath was evidently a cherished thing, and she had paid tribute with it.

Danny's mother had watched her intently, and when she saw the empty hands, the meaning of it all came to her in a sudden, illuminating flash. With a quickening of the breath, the thought of her own treasure,—a string of amber-colored beads, which at night when the whole house was quiet, she would take from its hiding-place, looking at it as a devout Christian looks at a peculiarly sacred relic. The string of beads was her sign and symbol of a belief as vital to her as religion to the devotee. When her husband left her, her indignant relatives would have had her believe that he had grown tired of her, that he had never loved her. But in the months they had lived together, he had amply satisfied her hitherto unslaked craving for love. Nearly a year after the wedding day, he had brought home the necklace and as he clasped it about her neck, he had kissed her and told her how pretty it made her look. Less than a week afterwards, he had left her forever.

But the necklace remained, and the remembrance of his caress, of his uniform kindness. These, to her simple mind, more than offset, the fact of his desertion as an evidence that he had loved her. Thenceforth, the necklace became for her a visible embodiment of a happiness, a few months of which had been sufficient to redeem her whole life. Its cessation had not left her desolate. She had Danny and memory.

But now if she had to give up his gift, it seemed to her that the belief which made her happiness would vanish. And that she would have to give it up was the meaning she read in the Italian woman's sobs, her lingering glances, her final rush into the recess, as if to get the wrench over. Watching her, Danny's mother remembered how Peter had told her about the images of the Virgin he had seen in foreign lands, being decked with the richest and rarest jewels. Now she knew the reason of this lavish adornment,—they were placed there in the spirit of sacrifice, a spirit that was demanded of every petitioner without dis-

tinction as to whether his tribute was intrinsically worthless or beyond price, only so that it was his dearest possession.

That night she took the beads from their hiding place and held them in her hand. And something of the agony which a more complex nature would have felt at the desertion of her husband appeared in her face at thought of parting with them. After a few minutes, she put them back again hastily, determinedly. In the vivifying rush of memory which contemplation of the bauble evoked, even Danny's welfare seemed to sink into insignificance.

The next day the Italian woman knelt in the same place, but the shawl no longer shrouded her face. Yesterday, she had been a suppliant, bowed, humble. Now in the lifted, relaxed face and brighter eyes, Danny's mother, watching her dully, seemed to see praise rather than prayer. She could not give voice even to her usual form of petition today. Before the conviction that, until she was ready to offer up her most cherished possession in sacrifice, her prayers were vain, she was dumb.

When she returned home, she hardly glanced towards the window where Danny sat. She no longer expected anything and hour after hour, as she sat over her work, a struggle, such as nothing in her experience had prepared her for, raged in her heart. When at length, very late, she went to her bedroom, she held the lamp up before the picture of the Madonna in a despairing, unspoken appeal for pity. But the eyes that once had seemed to look at her compassionately, now to her quickened imagination seemed hard and cold. Setting the lamp down, she fell on her knees by the bedside and burst into a passion of tears. She had a sense of being hardly dealt with, despoiled; and she sobbed on for a long while aggrievedly, childishly. And then Danny, in his sleep, threw his arms abroad, and one fell on her bowed neck and rested there. She remained kneeling, motionless. The next day, when she entered the church, she carried the beads in her breast.

Peter had not been asked to "mind" Danny more than two or three times, before he divined the errand that took the mother abroad. The feeling of dismay which came to him with the first knowledge, soon deepened into a sense of responsibility, for had he not put the idea into her head. His stories

became more lurid than ever; he coaxed, cajoled, used all his wiles, but Danny would not walk.

One day, at the cost of not a little self-denial, he purchased a sailor's full uniform, in size to fit a small boy, and brought it home. Danny's highest ambition was to be a sailor and emulate the deeds of daring, which Peter had taught him, all sailors delighted in. As soon as the mother had left the room, Peter opened the box containing the uniform, which he had brought in with him, with the remark.

"You remember 'bout that boy that killed the twelve pirates with one blow of his sword?"

Danny remembered. Killing pirates was a favorite diversion with Peter's heroes.

"Well, he wore clothes just like these," Peter held up the garments dramatically, "an' any boy that wears 'em can kill pirates just as easy as wink. What little boy do you s'pose them's for?"

"For me," Danny said with shining eyes.

"Jus' so," Peter paused. Danny was wriggling delightedly in his chair, "Jus' as soon as ever you walk, I'll put 'em on you."

But Danny's face had fallen. He turned his eyes reluctantly from contemplation of the garments which Peter had spread out before him.

"Try," said Peter lifting him down from his chair. "You can do it, if you'll only try. Just a step, just a little, little step; then I'll put 'em on you, and you'll be a sailor."

Danny stood immovable, grasping the chair-leg.

"Try," urged Peter again, and then suddenly abandoning bribery, "Don't you want to make Mammy happy? Mammy 'ud be the the happiest woman in the world, if you'd only walk."

But there was no movement of the tiny figure, and the little lips closed with a tightness that suggested obstinacy. Concerning his failure to attempt to walk, Danny could never be got to say a word. Steeling himself against the disappointment that stole over the small face, Peter refolded the garments and replaced them in the box one by one. He was baffled.

But that night a great idea came to him. Among his acquaintances was a onetime showman, who still retained some of the properties of his profession. Peter chuckled over his great idea. He wondered it had not occurred to him before.

The next day when he entered the room, he carried a bulky parcel under his arm. As soon as he and Danny were alone, he undid the parcel, and, while Danny watched in wonder, proceeded to set up its contents, two battered-looking puppets of different sizes in male costume. When under Peter's manipulation, the puppets began to dance, advancing, retreating, bowing, with movements grotesquely jerky and wooden, Danny leaned forward in his seat, breathless with wonder and interest. To him they were alive, breathing.

And then all at once, they began to fight. At first Danny thought this was part of the play and laughed irrepressibly, but when the smaller was knocked down several times, and finally remained down, under a vigorous pounding, the laugh changed to a cry, and finally to a scream, "Peter! Peter! come quick! he's killin' the little fella."

Peter, who unseen by Danny had slipped behind a chair, pulled the strings madly, and the pounding went on more vigorously.

"Peter," screamed Danny again, "Pe-t-!" the cry ended in a rush. When a second later, Peter appeared, Danny was standing in the middle of the floor, the belligerent puppet limp in his hand, and a look of wonder on his face, the wonder being for the limpness.

"I thought they was alive, and that he was killin' him," he explained blankly.

"But how did you get here?" asked Peter.

Danny's eyes grew big. He looked at his empty chair over against the window, and then at Peter.

"I—I guess I must ha' walked," he said in a whisper.

"Course you walked," cried Peter heartily, and slapped him on the shoulder in true comradely fashion, "a fine, smart fella like you. Now we'll make you into a sailor. Oh, won't Mammy be glad. Let me see you walk again."

He tottered and nearly fell this time, but he did it, over to his chair and back again. Then Peter ran up to his room to fetch the uniform. Oh, but there were fine times in store for the pair, and "Oh, won't Mammy be the glad woman this day?" he exclaimed over and over again, as hurriedly, but with a sailor's deftness, he proceeded to array Danny in the jaunty garb.

She was returning home at that moment, bowed, broken. When with trembling hands,

she had clasped the necklace about the neck of the Virgin, on whose brow still rested the wreath of flowers, and turned hastily away, it seemed as if she had left some part of herself behind. The confidently expected fruit of her sacrifice was forgotten, as she crept home through the darkening streets. Parting with what had been to her a tangible evidence of her husband's love, seemed in some indefinable way to have destroyed her belief in that love.

But when she opened the door and saw the

little figure, brave in its sailor's garb, standing alone and unsupported, her heart gave a great leap. Perhaps, she had not expected such an instantaneous response. For a moment the room seemed to waver, and when, as impelled by Peter's hand, Danny, tottering like a baby beginning to walk, and pausing often, started toward her, everything else in the world faded into insignificance. A wave of joy, sweet beyond anything she had ever conceived, swept over her. With outstretched arms, she ran to him, her face transfigured.

OCTOBER MARSHES

By Ernest McGaffey

TALL heights that swim in misty haze
 A languor keen that haunts and thrills,
 And maples with their sunset blaze
 Set beacon-like along the hills.

Bronze-red, the oaks in silence wait
 By amber waters still and cold,
 Where autumn gusts annihilate
 The hickories' trembling crowns of gold.

Deep down in marshy wilds remote
 The rusting cat-tails serried stand,
 Where ruined lilies idly float
 And summer waves a parting hand.

Round blackened trunks that tower high,
 The withering grape-vine crawls and clings,
 And crisply swishes through the sky
 The hiss of hurrying wild-fowl wings.

So dim, the eye can scarcely trace;
 Like some cloud-fragment of the gales—
 Across a void of stormy space
 A lone blue heron westward sails.

And now, as dusk the marsh-land hides,
 While night's starred bosom throbs and heaves,
 Comes, borne far in on windy tides
 The slow susurrus of the leaves.

GIFT OF THE GODS

By Ruth Merwyn

ISN'T it strange, Miss Bostwick," asked John Eliot, leaning back in the comfortable veranda chair, "that I never met you in New York while you were at school there; but that I had to come down here to Texas to see you?"

"Yes, it is strange," answered the girl, "and especially as there was no other man in New York that I wanted to see so much."

John Eliot made a low bow. "I feel highly complimented," he said.

"You needn't," retorted Dorothy. "Nor does my remark call for such an elaborate salaam. I was anxious not because you were *you*, but solely on Margaret's account. I wanted to see whether I approved of her marrying you."

A look of mock humility came over the man's face. "Do pardon me, Miss Bostwick, for appropriating a compliment that didn't belong to me. Now, that you have taken the conceit out of me, will you please tell me your verdict? Don't be afraid of hurting my pride, for I haven't an atom left. I *know* I'm not good enough for Margaret—I never pretended to be, but I would like to hear your opinion of our engagement."

"Do you know how I love her?" asked the girl.

"Why, I know you were chums at school; and I suppose, like all school girls, you've sworn cast-iron oaths of eternal friendship."

Dorothy flashed an indignant glance at him. "You are entirely mistaken if you think our friendship is like that of 'all school girls.' It isn't. I can't tell you how I feel toward Margaret, and even if I could there'd be no use. You're a man, so you couldn't understand. But I do want to tell you something about it. You see after Mamma's death, my father and I lived here together in the wilds of Texas, until four years ago. Then Papa decided to send me to New York, to Madame N——'s school to be civilized. You can't imagine, Mr. Eliot, how green

and awkward and back-woodsy I was when I went there."

"Indeed I can't," murmured John, "for there's a *limit* to my imagination."

Dorothy flushed an exquisite color under the intent gaze of the man, and putting up one hand smoothed back a refractory tangle of her dark hair which the wind was blowing in charming ripples of disorder.

"It makes me blush even now," she adroitly explained, "to think of my verdancy. And Madame N—— gave me Margaret for a room-mate. It was perfect sacrilege. I don't see why Margaret didn't turn me out." Dorothy's dark eyes grew tenderly reminiscent. "Instead, she took me under her wing, covered up all my stupid blunders, and made life endurable in those first homesick, awful days at school. Why, Mr. Eliot, Margaret is my *ideal*, and I simply adore her."

"She is ideal," assented the man, "and adoration is just the word to use. I always realize my unworthiness when I am with her, and I can't understand how she ever came to accept me. The affair began years ago, though, when Margaret wore her hair in long, flaxen pigtails and we made mud pies together; so, perhaps that explains it. But remember, most worthy judge, you were to tell me whether you approve of our engagement. I await your verdict with fear and trembling, for honestly, there is no one whose good opinion I value more."

"You mustn't flatter a judge." Dorothy tried to look severe. "Besides, you are wasting your breath, for I'm not going to allow anything to bias my decision. Let me see, do I think you worthy of Margaret?" She tried to look critically at him, but the admiring look in his honest blue eyes forced her to turn quickly away.

"Well," she said hurriedly, "I suppose I'll have to approve of the engagement, for I don't know a better man to put in your place."

"May I appropriate all of that?" asked John cautiously.

"Oh, I forgot to consider you financially. Strange a woman should forget *that*, isn't it? I wish you had a million of money, for Margaret has had to economize all of her life. So I hope you'll make a million or two in this oil syndicate. By the way, I had a letter from Laurence this morning, and he said the stockholders in New York were perfectly satisfied with the way you were managing things: that they wanted you to stay here indefinitely. He told me I must keep you from getting homesick."

"Homesick! as if there were any danger of that. I hope Richards is not judging my feelings by his own."

"No, he's not; he wrote very enthusiastically of New York. He is having *such* a good time there. He's called on Margaret several times, and he wrote that he didn't wonder at my great love for her, now that he'd seen her. Has Margaret told you, Mr. Eliot, that I'm to marry Laurence Richards some day?" Dorothy spoke in the tone of voice she would have used to announce her intention of going into the house.

An almost imperceptible shadow passed over the man's face. "No, Margaret has not told me. I wish you all possible joy, Miss Bostwick."

"Thank you. I suppose I ought to blush at your remark, but I've been engaged to Laurence so long, that *really* I've forgotten how. I think his father and Papa made the match when I was asleep in my cradle. They are such friends, you know. As I was the only girl in this region, poor Laurence *had* to acquiesce. It was a case of Hobsons' choice, you see."

"Richards must be a man the gods love." John rose reluctantly. "I must go now, Miss Bostwick. Don't forget our horse-back ride tomorrow. Remember, it's your duty to keep me from getting homesick. Richards said so, and you must entertain me for his sake."

"And for Margaret's sake," supplemented Dorothy.

As the days drifted by, John Eliot came often to the Bostwick house. Mr. Bostwick was a large stockholder in the oil syndicate of which John was manager, which fact served at first, as pretext for his numerous calls. Later he stopped pretending even to

himself that his visits were business ones. Quick, impetuous, loving-hearted Dorothy opened up a new type of femininity to John. Her seemingly marvelous intuition, her subtle responsiveness, and her sympathetic interpretation of all his moods soon grew perilously sweet to him, and he gradually and unconsciously began to reveal to her experiences, hopes and ideals he had never been able to tell calm, conservative, self-centered Margaret.

The story of John's life, as little by little he revealed it, was of absorbing interest to Dorothy.

"Talk of the knights of old," she soliloquized. "Why, their bravery was nothing compared with that of Mr. Eliot. If, instead of having all the money he could possibly spend given him by his father, Laurence Richards had had to make his own way in the world like that, I'd feel as if I never could love him enough to make up for it all. I should think Margaret would just *adore* Mr. Eliot. He's the most heroic man I ever met."

So the friendship which at first John Eliot and Dorothy Bostwick had begun for "Margaret's sake," continued until at last, each began to feel in a vague, indefinable way, that the best gift of the gods was not love, but a companionship like theirs,—strange, bewildering, pulse-stirring.

One morning, several months after their first meeting, Mary, the house maid, rushed into the room where Dorothy sat reading. "Oh, Miss Dorothy," she exclaimed, "there's been a terrible accident at the oil wells. I guess Mr. Eliot is dead, for William saw them carry him into his office on a stretcher."

Dorothy's face went white. Snatching a hat from the rack as she passed through the hall, she rushed from the house.

"I must save him for Margaret. I must save him for Margaret." The words beat time with monotonous regularity to her footsteps, as oblivious of all physical sensation, she hurried along.

When she entered the office, Mr. Eliot was sitting at his desk. "Miss Bostwick," he exclaimed in surprise, "this is a most unexpected pleasure—" Then, catching sight of her face, he threw down his pen in alarm and started toward her. "What is the matter? Something dreadful has happened."

Dorothy sank, white and breathless, in the chair he placed for her. "Are you badly hurt?" she asked.

"*Hurt?* Of course not. What made you think I was?"

"Mary said you were—that William saw them bring you here on a stretcher."

"Oh," exclaimed John, the puzzled look on his face clearing. "I see now. There was a man brought here a little while ago from the oil wells, and William must have thought it was I. It proved to be nothing serious, however, so the fellow went away just before you came."

"Oh, I'm so glad it was all a mistake; so *glad* it was not you," said Dorothy.

A peculiar expression came over the man's face. "Miss Bostwick," he asked, "did you walk all this distance in the burning sun, just because you thought *I* was hurt?"

"Yes, I hoped there'd be something I could do for you."

John Eliot stepped impetuously toward the girl.

"It would have killed Margaret if anything had happened to you," continued Dorothy.

The man drew back. "Must you go now?" he asked, as Dorothy arose to go. "I'm sorry I can't take you home myself, as I have an important business engagement here in a few minutes, but my man has the carriage at the door. May I come up tonight, and try and thank you for this?" He raised Dorothy's hand to his lips.

Dorothy quickly withdrew her hand. "I'll be glad to have you come; but don't try to thank me, please. I haven't done anything to deserve thanks."

When John Eliot reached the Bostwick house that evening, he found Dorothy on the veranda. As she greeted him, she intuitively felt that a change had come over him. Their old, frank friendship seemed in some unaccountable way disturbed. Woman-like, she tried hard to regain the familiar footing, but the strange, suppressed look of the man bewildered her. The conversation grew desultory, awkward; unprecedented pauses occurring frequently.

At last, in desperation, Dorothy suggested their going into the house for some music.

"Don't let's go in," urged John. "I have something to tell you, and I can do it better out here."

"Is it good news or bad?"

"That depends upon your view-point. I don't regard it as good, for it is the hardest thing I ever had to do in my life. I must go back to New York."

"How long are you going to be gone?"

"Forever, I suppose. I must give up my position here."

Dorothy's heart stood still, then began to beat so loudly she was afraid her companion would hear.

"Isn't this a sudden move?" Her voice sounded strangely—even to herself.

"Yes, I decided to go this morning."

A tense silence fell upon the two.

"You know why I am going, do you not?"

John Eliot broke out at last.

"I suppose it is because you are tired of Texas and—of—us." Dorothy tried to speak lightly.

"I am tired—that is the reason I'm going—tried of struggling against my love for you."

"Don't," breathed Dorothy. "There is Margaret."

"I know it," declared John doggedly.

"There is Margaret and there is Laurence Richards, but in spite of them *both*, I love you. I didn't intend to say this when I came here tonight—please do me the justice to remember that—but it's too late now. Why, Dorothy, it seems to me that I've loved you always."

"Mr. Eliot, you must not say such things. For Margaret's sake, we must conquer our feelings."

The admission of the pronoun was too much for the man.

"John," panted Dorothy, "let me go this minute, or I'll *hate* you."

He instantly released her. "Don't think I don't hate myself, Dorothy, for I *do*. I have tried *hard* to be true to Margaret; I've fought against my love for you ever since I first met you, but this morning I found out that I was fighting a losing battle. So I decided to run away. But, Dorothy, isn't there some way out of this confounded muddle without sacrificing *both* our lives?"

"There is no way out." Dorothy's tone was final. "I'd *die* before I would be false to Margaret."

"But—" began John.

"Please don't say anything more," pleaded the girl. "I can't stand it."

The man was silent, his eyes fixed upon the girl's face. The bewildering sheen of

the moonlight shone on the fleecy white of her dress, upon the cameo-like beauty of her face, the dark eyes now soft and luminous with intense feeling.

"I suppose I must go?" John compelled himself at last to say.

"Yes, it's all that is left." The girl arose. "Goodbye, Mr. Eliot."

"Aren't you going to shake hands with me? Remember, Dorothy, this is our *last* goodbye."

The girl leaned against a pillar as she put her hand in the outstretched palm of the man. Then she withdrew it quickly and went into the house.

As John Eliot went slowly away from the house, he met Dorothy's father coming up the walk.

"Hello, Eliot," Mr. Bostwick called out, "going away so early? Here's a letter for Dorothy from New York that I think you'll be interested in. It was brought to my office by mistake this afternoon. Come on back into the house, and wait until Dorothy reads it." He seized John's arm, and without paying any attention to the young man's remonstrances, hurried him into the house.

"Dorothy," he said to his daughter, who was sitting in a chair in the hall, "I have a letter to you from Margaret, so I brought Mr. Eliot back to see if it contained any message for him. Why, girlie, are you sick? You look as white as a ghost," he exclaimed, as he handed her the letter.

"No, Papa, I'm only tired," said Dorothy, With trembling fingers, she broke the seal. As she read the letter, John, who was watching her, was startled at the exquisite flood of color that illuminated her face.

"Excuse me for a minute, Eliot," said Dorothy's father, rising hastily, "I must go and give some orders to William before he goes to bed."

"What is it, Dorothy?" John asked, as soon as Mr. Bostwick had left the room. "What has happened?"

"Margaret and Laurence—have done—as *—we* have," said the girl, "and—"

John Eliot gave her no time for further explanation.

"Dorothy," he exclaimed, "do you realize what that means for us? It means that we are *free*. Oh, sweetheart, isn't it *glorious?*"

STATUES AND HEARTS

By Harriett Gilmore Thames

RUDOLPH woke from his reverie with a sudden start.

The shrill, sweet sound of a bugle echoed through the narrow streets, and floated high over the many-gated, encompassing wall of old Nuremburg to the green-crested hills outside. Swift, on its heels, rose a lively bustle and noisy murmur. The hitherto quiet town was filled with sudden life.

Idle pedestrians ceased their loitering and eagerly pushed their way through the rapidly gathering crowd to points of vantage; doors which had been empty and yawning with long narrow mouths, were now packed with onlookers; while over-

head the low, hanging gable windows flew open, revealing the whitest of caps and the brightest of eyes.

The crowd now became a thick, imperious hedge, and rising from his seat on the step, Rudolph lightly sprang on the back of the massive iron lion that crouched at the side of the door.

"There they are," he murmured. Almost instantly, a shout of welcome rose from the eager crowd. "Ha! Ha! 'Tis the brave boys! Look, yonder they come! Good cheer, good cheer, my sons!" and the fat burgher across the street slapped himself in rollicking mirth.

On they came, a gay procession in scarlet and gold, laughing, jesting, with trumpets blaring and music pealing, while in the center, with measured step, walked the favored twelve, proudly bearing the lighted candles.

The crowded street re-echoed with jest and laughter, for was it not the day of the blessed vernal equinox, the day of feasting and of mirth? Ay, the shop now must close doors at dusk, leaving gay hours for frolic, love and idleness.

So shout, lads; shout!

As they drew near Rudolph, however, they paused with loud cries of recognition.

"Oh, there he is," pointed the bravely attired leader. "Ah, you laggard, where hast thou been? Come on, lad; come on and help give the candles their icy douche in old Peignitz. 'Twill be your last chance; another year and you will have left us."

Rudolph shook his head. "Nay, nay. Urge me not, Berne."

"Out on him," said a laughing, fair-haired youth. "Canst thou not leave sweet Gretel's blue eyes long enough for that?"

A quick flush ran over Rudolph's face, but he was saved from replying by a sudden surge of the fickle train toward a brightly-scarved oriel window a few steps beyond.

His eyes followed them a little wistfully. How joyous they were. For a moment he had a half desire to join them, but—what for? To be black-browed and a spoil-mirth? Not he.

Quickly he turned and entered the open door. The stillness of the house and the cool, dark-wooded room was most refreshing after the dust and clamor outside. With a sigh, he flung himself down on the huge, carved settle. 'Twas good to be alone. The Master, Greta, Adam, Simeon, Ludwig and all the other lads were at the water's edge awaiting the dipping of the candles.

They thought him there, but ah! he had no heart. How could he laugh and jest, with such a weight of foreboding?

"Let's see, 'tis just one week more," he thought, "seven days of worry, and fret, and then it will be over.

"Oh, if I only could win," he murmured half aloud. "How the Master's stern face would soften, and then, Greta—"

Laughing, blue-eyed, he saw her before him; saw the smooth cheek's rosy bloom, the distracting dimple on the dainty chin.

Little coquette, how she had haunted him during the long two years in that hated foreign land, and he had returned to find her still baffling, irresistible. If he only could! He had toiled and labored upon the statue in his chamber above him; but he thought of it now in deep despair.

What chance had he against Ludwig's matchless cunning? He, who had the master's own hand, he thought bitterly. How many times had he seen him with a few careless strokes produce the end for which he had struggled in vain.

'Twas useless to fight against one who had the favor of the gods. But for such a stake! Again he heard old Simeon say:

"Let the matter rest here between you lads, without more contention. The one of you that shall fashion the noblest statue, when you make your masterpieces for your admittance as master workmen, shall have Greta, if she be willing."

And his word was as good as his bond. Stern and just was old Simeon, keeping his apprentices under lock and key as the law demanded, but he had taught them every trick and turn of his trade, and now, waited for the oncoming test with almost a father's anxiety.

Well, he had done his best. He knew his statue would win him the rank of a master of his craft, even praise, at the burghers' council; but against Ludwig's?

He sighed, and, rising, began aimlessly to ascend the tortuous, crooked stairs.

As he paused for breath on the landing, he started in sudden surprise. For he fancied Ludwig's door stood slightly open.

Impossible; 'twas always closely barred, ever since the preparation for the contest had begun. He took a step nearer. Yes, 'twas ajar.

His hand touched the latch and suddenly he was seized with a powerful, overmastering desire. A moment later—he had quickly stepped inside.

II

Across the threshold, he paused a moment in nervous fright, but no sound broke the stillness. The plain, bare room with its neatly-sanded floor, low settle and a few stools lay before him. Outside, through the open window, he saw the gabled, overhanging roof, deep red in color, of the house

next door. Beneath, stretched the gray pavement of the narrow court, while circling and wheeling in the sunshine were the glossy, white doves.

Impatiently he turned. He was seeking something. Ah it must be there and he strode quickly to a curtain which roughly screened the corner behind the door.

He pushed it almost fiercely aside, then stood in speechless silence, for before him on the rough block was a masterpiece in marble. Majestic in its cold beauty, the faultless features struck a chill to his very heart.

"Great God," he moaned, and closed his eyes in overwhelming pain. He was lost; unerringly he recognized the truth. Breathing heavily, he saw his dreams, hopes and heart's desire crumble and vanish like a mist before the sun.

And then, a sudden surge of anger swept over him. "Why, why," he groaned, "must one have all? Genius, love, fortune, ah Fate! thou art cruel, unjust!"

And quick on the heels of his fury, rose a sudden hatred of this thing so transcendently beautiful; this dumb, inanimate stone which would rob him of more than life itself.

His form shook convulsively. He hated it; he panted to mar that faultless face; yes, to see it in atoms at his feet.

He advanced a step and his foot stumbled against something on the floor. 'Twas Ludwig's hammer. Quickly he stooped, and, grasping it, raised it high over the head of the offending marble. A thousand thoughts surged over him. The desire to destroy, to annihilate, rose within him, yet the beauty

of the image began to plead with his passion-tossed soul. The love of the artist for the beautiful battled hard and well against the baffled hopes and ambitions of the man.

Now, with face working convulsively, he dropped his hand, a moment, and with eyes fiercely gleaming, again he raised it armed with the weapon of destruction, but he paused—shivered and hesitated. Back and forth he rocked, in mighty conflict, till at last, with an inarticulate cry, he flung it down, and, reeling like a drunken man, turned to leave the room.

A half-smothered sob from the doorway caused him to look up with a sudden start.

"Greta!" he exclaimed with horror.

"Rudolph!" she cried, and, sobbing, flung herself into his arms.

"You saw?" he asked breathlessly.

"Ay, I saw, dear heart; and, oh you did not, you did not!"

"How came you here?" and white with shame, he buried his face in the flaxen braids.

"I tore my bodice," she explained, with a little catch in her voice, "and when I came home for another, and ran up the stair to get it, I saw you here. Ah dear, I was sick with fear. What madness possessed you?"

"But you know?"

"Ay, I know," with a little laugh. "But statues do not win hearts. Foolish, dost not know that mine was won long ago, although you came near losing it a few moments past, sir?"

"Greta!" Slowly his lips met hers, and outside the window the white doves cooed and cooed.

SUMMER DYING

THE summer like a lovely warrior maid
Leading the hosts of morning and of noon
In garb of light and shadow soft arrayed,
With roses stormed the June.

She led the roaring tempest through blue space;
And when triumphant peace shone in the air,
She bent her sword of lightning with quick grace
And formed the rainbow fair.

But now like one bowed at the stake of shame
With all her verdant banners drooped and furled
The summer dies, yet through the autumn's flame
Her beauty awes the world!

—Edward Wilbur Mason

THE MIDNIGHT CARGO

By George William Gunn

AT MIDNIGHT the Typhoon broke out her anchor from the mud of Halifax harbor and moved swiftly out to sea. She had been waiting only for her owner, Donald Gates, and his son Robert to come aboard. Robert, who was barely twenty, was taking his first cruise with his father on the big schooner yacht that had once been the pride of Narragansett Bay. Since she had passed into the hands of Donald Gates, however, she had descended from her pristine glory, and with the installation of an engine, joined the ranks of the despised auxiliaries—half power, half sailing yachts that have of late years depleted the ranks of the larger vessels.

Gates was a well-known commission broker of Providence, reputed to be wealthy, an owner of fast horses and of yachts. His son, in his sophomore year at Harvard, was just finding his feet at college and, for the first time in several years, had time to spend his summer vacation at home instead of cramming at school. The elder Gates took him as his only guest on the cruise to Halifax. Two of these cruises, as Robert knew, his father made every year. He always went alone, his captain, mate and crew of eight men being his companions. No friend was ever invited, and although many had often hinted at an invitation, it soon came to be known in the yacht clubs in which Mr. Gates retained a membership that he desired to take this trip absolutely alone, for the sole purpose of rest and quiet.

Robert, broad-shouldered, broad-minded, a man in brain and stature if not in age, found the trip the greatest tonic he had ever had. From the hard grind of books he emerged to a strong, whirlwind life on the open sea, and he enjoyed the voyage, its sunshines and its bad blows and its calms, as he had never enjoyed anything since he was a child. The trip up the coast from Rhode Island had been a pleasant one, and Robert did not regret that they were to delay but four days on Nova Scotia soil.

The night of the sailing he was wide awake and interested. It was a novelty to him to stand on the deck and watch the red and the green and the white lights of boats passing, and the twinkling of the smaller glimmerings far ashore. The Typhoon went out under bare poles, her sixty horse-power gasoline engine driving her along at a good eight knots an hour. She was a big hulk of a schooner yacht, with a clipper bow and a long counter stern—the type for so many years popular, now passing in favor of the modern overhangs.

His father busy aft with Captain Kingston at the wheel, gave Robert a chance to be alone forward. He sat to starboard on the coil of the still wet anchor warp and watched the reflection of the starboard light glinting red in the smooth water. Scarcely before he realized it, other lights were left behind, and, looking aft, the black line of the harbor was hardly distinguishable. Soon they were in the open sea. He liked the motion of the yacht, as the swell would pick her up and lift her bow well out of the water, the next moment dropping her gently again, she cutting through it till she rose on top of the next wave. It was all new to the boy, and he was just beginning to appreciate how great and solemn and serious is the sea at night.

When one of the crew came forward and snuffed out the port and starboard lights, Robert wondered a little. He was not much of a sailor, but he knew that a vessel of whatever character, must have her red and green lights showing every moment while under way at night. He had read that many times in the rules of the road at sea, and he had a vague recollection of other lights, too, that should be kept lighted. While pondering over this, he suddenly became aware that not a light was showing on the Typhoon. Away aft he could see the faintest glimmer from behind the low house of the after cabin. He knew that must be over the binnacle just forward of the steering gear. He sat, per-

haps half an hour, forgetting the lights in contemplation of the more interesting lights of the blue sky. It was not a dark night, yet no moon was shining. He picked out the big and the little dippers, and thought he had located the north star, when suddenly his ear caught a new sound. It was not the lapping of the waves under the bow. It was the gentle chug-chug of an engine from somewhere off the bow. Almost before he knew it, something big and bulkish and black loomed out of the darkness to port, and right on top of the Typhoon. He had read of collisions at sea and his heart jumped into his mouth, for he instantly saw that the black hulk wasn't carrying a light.

He was about to utter a warning shout, when from aft came to his ears a distinct but moderate-voiced command from Captain Kingston:

"Stand by to heave her a line."

He immediately perceived that the appearance of the black shape had not been unexpected on board the Typhoon. The chug-chug of the engine on the vessel ahead stopped and the Typhoon slowed down to barely headway, as she moved up to the mysterious newcomer. Robert made out that she was a big tug, built like the ocean-going tugs he had seen in Providence and Boston harbors. The black tug was turning slowly now, heading the way the Typhoon was going, the chug-chug once more making soft music to the boy's ears. To watch the two boats work together was an interesting one, and soon, when, without a false move, they were almost touching, he marveled at the skill of Captain Kingston and the man on the other boat for such an operation without a light, in a long swell. He watched with growing interest and some apprehension the casting of the lines back and forth, making fast the two rolling vessels. Soon they were right together, the fenders touching and scraping at times, and both engines were chugging slowly away, the exhaust of the Typhoon's gasoline outfit making considerable noise.

Few orders were given on either side, and there was no shouting, as Robert had noticed when the Typhoon was making a dock at Halifax or at home. Everything was subdued, but none the less business-like, and he wondered at this as the strangest part of it. He thought it necessary from what he

had seen, to make as much noise as a man-of-war firing a salute when having anything to do with a wharf or another vessel. He had never seen two vessels lash together in the dark.

Soon he began to notice an unusual activity on the tug. Men were running back and forth along the starboard deck, and the sailors on the Typhoon, too, were unusually busy amid ships. Suddenly, Robert saw something glint in the air, as if an object had been thrown from the tug to the Typhoon. A sailor caught it, and he bent forward in attention, as the object was passed along a line of three men till it disappeared down the companion-way of the middle cabin into the hands of one he could not see. The ship's cook, Weir, a Frenchman, stood by the companionway and he heard him say distinctly: "One."

Then came another glint through the air, a slap as the deck-hand caught the object, a rustle as it was passed along the line to the companionway, and "Two" from the ship's cook, as it disappeared below.

Robert counted with him ever so many of these, without moving or without having the least desire to know what was happening. The strangeness of the situation dulled him for a time.

But soon a natural perspicacity began to awaken in him a suspicion that all was not right. Yet his father could be engaged in no dealing that was not honorable. He told himself that over and over again. Still a driving curiosity consumed him, and he slowly stretched himself from the anchor warp and ambled aft behind the row of men passing the objects that were being thrown from the tug. He stood for a time behind Weir, the French steward, making out in the darkness that the packages were not more than ten or twelve inches square and seemed to be tin or of some metallic substance. He could tell this from the sound as they slapped the hands of the deck-hands in catching them. The Frenchman was counting the one hundredth package, when Robert touched his elbow.

"What's in 'em?" he asked simply.

The Frenchman looked hard at him for a second or two, and then replied:

"Search me; I never was cur'us enough to ask."

This struck Robert as an odd answer:

unless the cook meant to insult him—the son of the owner. He did not speak for a minute, and in that minute he boiled. The Frenchman went on counting.

"Did you mean to tell me that it was none of my business?" asked Robert finally, rapping the Frenchman in the elbow with his knuckles. The Frenchman turned on him rather fiercely.

"I ain't bein' paid to answer your questions," he said, exasperated. "If you want to know anything ask your ole man."

Robert had never known the steward to be so surly. He had been pleasant and affable on the trip up to Halifax, and the boy rather liked him. Now he disliked him sincerely. He had no intention of reporting him to his father, however. Instead, he thought he would take the Frenchman's advice.

Walking angrily aft, he saw his father in earnest conversation with Captain Kingston. His father was speaking, and he caught only the word "ounce" on his lips. As soon as the elder Gates saw him he said:

"Robert, I thought you had gone below long ago. You had better crawl into your bunk."

Mr. Gates was a positive man, although not stern, and Robert, somewhat chagrined, went obediently below. For a long time he could hear the scuffle of feet on deck as he lay in his berth, his mind alert and his ears keen for every sound. After what seemed to him an hour, the steady scuffle ceased, and he knew that the two vessels were casting off. Then the freedom of motion of the Typhoon told him that she was free, and he listened intently to the creaking of blocks and rasping of sail-hoops as the big schooner yacht made canvas. They must have a free wind, Robert thought, for they were using the auxiliary engine too, and the Typhoon was on an even keel. He heard his father come in presently and go to bed on the starboard side of the big stateroom, but he gave no sign that he was still awake.

In the morning he was on deck before daylight, and seeing the middle-aged, good-natured mate, Sandy Silverwood, at the wheel, he approached him and sat down. It was an exhilarating morning, the clearness of the air and lightness of the breeze giving promise of a bright day when the sun came up. The Typhoon was bowling along wing

and wing, the mainboom to starboard and the main-working-topsail and big jibtop-sail set.

"The engine is not going now?" suggested Robert to old Sandy.

"Nary," answered the old fellow. "We shut her off an hour or two ago."

"What were they taking aboard last night, Mr. Silverwood?" asked Robert abruptly.

The mate looked at him in surprise, shifted his chew, looked over to the steward, and spat behind him into the sea.

"You don't know?" he asked quietly.

Robert shook his head. "I asked Mr. Wier last night when they were taking it aboard, and he practically told me to mind my own business. I thought maybe you'd be more civil."

"Hain't your pop told you nothin', son?" the mate questioned.

"Father hasn't spoken about it one way or the other."

Sandy Silverwood was silent a moment. Then he said, more to himself than to the boy:

"It's a damned shame to a-brung ycu along sonny—a damn shame."

Robert looked at the old salt thoughtfully for a time. "If there's anything wrong here, Mr. Silverwood, you'd tell me, wouldn't you?"

The mate considered carefully, taking a look over the vast stretch of canvas before he answered:

"If there was anythin' wrong here—an' I knew it, son—I'd tell ye,—sure!"

"And you knew it?" questioned Robert.

"An' I knew it." Repeated the mate.

"Well, don't you know everything that's going on around here? You—the mate of this yacht?"

"I reckon," said Sandy Silverwood, "there is some things it don't do the mate of no vessel no good to know."

"Which means—what?" asked Robert, keenly following his advantage.

"Which means just an ordinary symposium of what Wier told you last night—it ain't any o' my bizz what them there tin cans was full of."

Robert was now aroused.

"Mr. Silverwood," he said, in a hurt tone, "you're not telling me the truth, are you?"

"I'm a-tellin' ye the God's truth, son," answered the old man.

"There's some mystery in all this business," commented Robert, after a long silence. And then, with unusual vehemence, he added: "And I'm damned if I don't find out what it is."

"How ye do swear for a young 'un," snickered the mate.

"I thought you were laughing at me all along," snapped back Robert, and he got up and started to walk away in anger.

The old mate called him back.

"Sit down sonny," he said, "an' don't talk. You're a wise kid, an' I like ye better'n any youngster I ever seen. An' you got the grit too, which I admires in any human bein's. You scented sunthin' that don't smell right to ye in this midnight cargo bizz, an' ye can't be blamed. You'd be a durn fool if ye didn't cotton to sunthin,' an' I got my opinion of them that takes ye—but never mind that—that ain't none o' my bizz neither. But my side of the thing is this: I works for Cap'n Kingston becauz I kin make more money than under any other master; and Cap'n Kingston works for your father becauz he kin make more money than under any other owner. Now Cap'n Kingston is the master o' this yere yacht, an' what goes on aboard her is bizzniss o' his'n, an' not o' mine, nor nobody else's. An' I don't take it on myself t'ask any questions nor solicit information, and Cap'n Kingston and your father don't never overcargo me with their confidences. Consummately, I don't know no more'n you do this minit. I got my suspishuns—that's all."

Robert listened to this long speech with interest that was fast growing into excitement.

"You told me not to talk, and I'm not going to," he said. "But I'm going to ask you just one more question. What do you suspect is in those tin cans?"

Again Sandy Silverwood cast his eyes aloft and looked the Typhoon over from truck to deck. Her canvas was bellying to the breeze and she was kicking up an audible fuss forward as she jumped swiftly through the sea. The morning was lightening suddenly. He turned to Robert after his usual expectation.

"Son," he remarked. "There is some articles o' merchandise that can be bought in Canady, a damn sight cheaper than they kin in the States. But when ye come to buy them selfsame articles in Canady,

and pay dooty on 'em, in the States, the difference ain't so much. F'r instance, there is some kinds o' drugs—I'm jest frinstancin' now—that can be mannerfactured in Canady and sold with profit f' twenty cents an ounce. Them same is sold in the States for a dollar 'r more an ounce, which leaves a profit large and elaborate for someone. Further then that, I don't suspishun."

"Great God" exclaimed Robert. "You mean my father—"

"Son," interrupted the old mate, bending forward over the steering box, "I don't mean nuthin' about nobody. Ferget it."

Over in the east the sun was peeping up above the horizon. Robert watched it, but his heart was not in it as it had been other mornings. The beauty of the sunrise at sea was lost to him, for his heart was swelling and his mind was in a tangle with conflicting thoughts and cross purposes.

Mechanically he rose and came closer to Sandy Silverwood.

"Where would I be most likely to find one of those tin cans?" he asked.

"There's a lot of 'em in the lazarette," said Sandy. "There's more of 'em under the cabin floors and behind the ceiling amidships; and there's still more of 'em in the blind hold, for'ard of the galley."

Immediately the boy decided upon the lazarette, because it was the most easy of access. He left the mate without further word and went to the companionway of the after cabin. It appeared deserted. He didn't know whether the engineer was below with the engine, but he went boldly down the steps. The cabin was empty. He pulled away the door leading into the little hole in which was the engine, and getting down on his knees, he crawled back over the engine base to the lazarette bulkhead. He wasn't sure whether he could get in by this way, but it suggested itself to him at once, and he surely couldn't go down through the hatch in the after deck. There was a strap on the bulkhead, and a slight pull dislodged it. He found himself stumbling over balls of canvas rolled up and short spars carried in case of emergency, and crawling over these, his hand touched a big bulk of tin cans. It was so dark he couldn't see, but fortunately he had matches in his case, and he struck one cautiously.

His excitement had by this time worked down to a nervous and determined calm, and letting the match go out, he took up one of the square tins. The tin was very thin. He could feel this from the way it warped in his hand. The edges were rough and knobby, as if sealed with solder.

On the end of his combination jackknife and corkscrew was a champagne bottle opener. He called this quickly into use and jabbed a good sized hole in the top of the can. Working the prod about, he enlarged the hole. Then he struck another match and by its light shook the can to empty some of the contents on his trousers' leg. A fine, white powder poured from the hole and formed a little mound on his leg. A close inspection revealed nothing to him. It couldn't be salt, and it couldn't be flour, he told himself hurriedly. It was too white and coarse for flour, and too fine for salt. He wetted his finger, dipped it in the powder, and put it to his tongue. There was a slightly stinging sensation; the taste seemed familiar to him. He immediately thought of what the mate had told him of drugs, and decided that it was some costly chemical product. For several minutes he tried his memory to place the taste or the sensation—to connect it with something that seemed to be crowding him with a vague recollection of former contact.

It occurred to him, however, that nothing more could be gained in the lazarette of the schooner, and that delay might mean discovery. Replacing the can, he crawled swiftly back over the sails and out past the engine into the cabin, being careful to leave everything just as he had found it.

It was a hard, bitter day for Robert Gates. The battle that he fought in his mind was a conflict he had never before experienced. The problem he solved readily enough. The hard part was the shattering of the faith of a lifetime. At breakfast and luncheon he met his father as unconcernedly as though he was not being torn with griefs and hopes. Many boys of his age could not have done it. But he felt all in a moment, that he had become a man, and the conviction grew as the hours passed that on him now devolved a man's responsibility.

The danger of it appealed to him strongly. He could not keep the thought of customs officers from his mind, and the terrible con-

sequences to his father if exposure should come. Prisons and dark cells loomed up forbiddingly to tantalize him, and by the middle of the afternoon his brooding had wrought him into a cool frenzy. His unschooled nerves were at high tension. He tried to form some plan in his mind for action, if action was necessary, but his ideas were disjointed and he couldn't piece them together logically. It was well on toward evening when he again had a chance to see Sandy Silverwood.

It had been a beautiful day running down the coast. The wind was a good twelve knots an hour, and the sea was remarkably smooth. The breeze shifted a little in the morning, veering around to the eastward. But then it freshened a little in the afternoon and held steady, giving the racey schooner started sheets home.

Captain Kingston and one of the hands, Wietof, a Norwegian, had shared their trick at the wheel in the daylight watch, but toward evening the mate came up from below, where he had been sleeping, and took the helm. Robert quickly found his way aft to sit with him and get advice.

"How many men aboard know just what's in those cans?" asked Robert in a low tone.

"Jest three, far as I know," answered Sandy. "Your pop, Cap'n Kingston, and Weir, the Frenchman."

"But they all know it's smuggled goods?"

"They're all intelligent 'nough pups," growled the mate.

"Look here," said Robert. "Aren't we liable to pursuit from a revenue cutter or something of that kind?"

"Jest's liable as not."

"And supposing we should be pursued, what—"

"Don't you supposin' anythin' so damn foolish, son."

That ended the conversation for a while, but Robert was persistent. Finally he ventured to speak, but, eliciting scant reply from the old mate, he left him and went below. He came up soon with the long distance glasses, and spent the remaining time before darkness in scanning the horizon.

Just as dusk was settling, Robert thought he made out a thin line of smoke to the northward, over the starboard quarter of the Typhoon. He studied it for some time, and then went aft to Sandy Silverwood.

"It's sure a steamer," said Sandy, after a close scrutiny through the glasses.

The boy was silent for a time thinking, and then he asked:

"It isn't possible that that could be a revenue fellow?"

"Say, you," said Sandy, exasperated, "if you don't stop talkin' that away, I'll feed ye to the sharks. Ye make me nervous."

"Well, wouldn't you feel safer if the stuff was off the ship?"

"No, you blitherin' young scallywag,"

"Well, wouldn't you *be* safer, you damned old fool, you?" cried Robert in anger.

Sandy looked at the boy sufficiently to gather in his words. He saw that the child aroused was no child at all, but a man—bigger and stronger than himself.

"I calculate I can't argyfy when ye put it that away," he said.

"Well," continued the boy. "You see that line of smoke astern there? If I decide not to take any chances with that—are you with me or against me?"

"Son," said the old salt, his eyes dancing admiration, "I reckon th' gillie as ain't with ye, ain't with th' main show."

"Thanks," said Robert Gates simply, and walked quickly forward. His face was set and determined, but he showed no emotion. He went below to his stateroom and going to the transom under his berth he pulled out a buckled leather holster. The revolver he put in his hip pocket, throwing the holster back into the transom.

He found his father and Captain Kingston talking in the main cabin. He wasted no time in preliminaries.

"Father," he said, choking down the lump that came up at the sight of his complacent parent, "there isn't any time to waste in explanation. A steam vessel of some kind is bearing down on us fast from astern. She's a good ten miles away, but she's right in our wake. Don't you think we'd be safer with that devilish stuff in the sea?"

The elder Gates and Captain Kingston jumped to their feet. Gates' face went chalk and for a moment his anger seemed uncontrollable. After a struggle, however, he gasped out:

"Robert, you go to your cabin at once, and don't you leave it again until we make port—you understand!"

The boy never spoke, but turning from

them went swiftly up the companionway and looked astern. The smoke was now a well-defined zig-zag to the naked eye. Three of the crew were on deck beside Sandy Silverwood at the helm. He saw Wietof, the Norwegian, leaning against the foremast. He beckoned to him. Wietof came to him, and he led him aft to the wheel.

"From now on, Mr. Wietof," he said, calmly, "you're to take orders from Mr. Silverwood, and only from him. For the present, Mr. Silverwood wants you to take the wheel."

Sandy Silverwood looked at him blankly, but relinquished the wheel to the Norwegian without a word. He followed Robert forward silently. The rest of the sailors coming up the forecandle hatch just then were surprised at the business-like mien of the boy as he strode toward them.

"Boys," he said, "Mr. Silverwood has been promoted captain. Hereafter you take orders from him, and not another soul on this boat."

"Barrin' himself," supplemented the new master.

"The first thing Mr. Silverwood wants you to do is to dump overboard everyone of those cans we took aboard last night—everyone of 'em. You understand? Mr. Silverwood will stand amidships with a marling-spike. Every can that passes him will be punctured before it goes overboard. That's all."

Sandy Silverwood tried hard not to show his excitement. His time-seared face wrinkled and worked visibly for the composure that he was trying hard to accomplish. For a brief space there was silence. Then Sandy said:

"Boys, git bizzzy."

"Mr. Davies," said Robert to the engineer, "you go aft and start that gas engine and make her go for all she's worth. The rest of the boys will tend to the unloading."

The sailors marveled at the sudden turn. But they had no time to talk. They could only speculate and whisper occasionally as they got to work. There was no alternative but to obey. The owner's son and the officer of the deck were bossing the job. They had nothing to do with it. The usual line was formed, and quickly the little square tin cans began to fly up from the forward hatch. Sandy spiked them as they reached

him, and Robert Gates himself threw them into the sea. The Typhoon suddenly gathered speed as her baby propellers started, and she throbbed ahead at a good rate with her auxiliary power and her canvas drawing full in the fine reaching breeze. The increasing speed gave the Typhoon more of a heel, and while she sunk her port propeller deep she kept the starboard twin still kicking the water. Meanwhile the work of dumping overboard the cans went on. Sandy Silverwood called for speed and he got it. Perhaps fifty had been spiked and thrown into the sea before anything happened.

The sudden increased speed of the Typhoon aroused the elder Gates and Captain Kingston. Consternation at the sudden demand of Robert had kept them below talking.

"I told you it was foolish to bring the boy along," said the captain. "No good could come of it, even if there wasn't any harm."

But the elder Gates was trying hard to cool his anger. He had sent his son to his cabin. The father was trying only to calm himself, so that he could refrain from speaking of it the next time he saw the boy.

Suddenly, however, the Typhoon began to gather speed and she heeled to port slightly. The faint little throb of the engine reached them and they rushed on deck to take a look at the situation. Captain Kingston poked his head out of the companionway first.

"Hell!" he cried. "Come on!" and scrambled up, followed by Mr. Gates.

Robert Gates saw them before they were out.

"Mr. Kingston," he shouted before the captain had a chance to speak, "you're no longer master of this yacht. You're taking orders from Mr. Silverwood. If you don't believe it you ask me."

Captain Kingston couldn't help seeing what was in his right hand, although Robert didn't raise it. He kept it threateningly at his side. His father choked with rage, tried to speak but failed, and gathered himself to rush at his son.

"Father," said the boy quietly, "don't you move from where you stand. I mean it. Sandy, you keep dumping those things over."

"Men," cried Captain Kingston red with rage. "Don't you know this is mutiny. Are you going to stand there and do that work against my orders. I command you to stop."

"The men," said Robert smoothly, holding up his revolver so all could see it, "have no

alternative. Mr. Silverwood is captain of the Typhoon."

"Some," said Sandy philosophically, "in the words o' th' great pote, is born to greatness, others asheeves the same; but I reckon I'm one o' them as had it thrust upon 'em."

Darkness settled down over the big schooner-yacht. As long as he could see, unruffled amid the storms and curses of his father and Captain Kingston, Robert kept his eye astern watching the thin line of smoke growing bigger — until suddenly, the dusk settling over the sea like a mist, shut it out gradually, and darkness hid it entirely from view. Robert ordered the lights shown as usual, although Sandy advised against it.

Straining his eyes through the night glasses Robert watched astern, while Sandy kept the tin cans going overboard at the rate of a dozen a minute. The stars came out brightening the long stretches of sea as the Typhoon rose and fell, ploughing her way through it at a good thirteen knots an hour.

The work did not stop for mess. From the forward hold the sailors went amidships, and after many weary minutes the compartments there were emptied of their load. Then aft to the lazarette they went, and up tumbled the tins and into the sea, with many splashes that were to Robert's ears the sweetest music.

"Here's one that's already spiked," said Sandy passing Robert a can. The boy smiled and tossed it into the water. It was nearly the last one. Ten minutes later the job was completed. It had taken them a good two hours, but when he threw the last tin into the sea he felt the greatest relief of his life.

Now that it was over, however, he felt weak. He hated to meet his father, for he knew the interview would be stormy if not violent. He preferred to stay on deck awhile and smoke to get back his nerve. He lighted his sweetbriar that had done him such service at college, and stood forward against the ratlines, smelling hungrily the fumes of ham and eggs that came from the galley where the crew were now cooking supper. Sandy Silverwood stood beside him, but neither cared to talk. The Norwegian still had the wheel. Gates and Captain Kingston were below.

Suddenly they heard the Norwegian's voice and hurried aft to him.

"The people astern," said the Norwegian, "ain't got no lights."

They looked and listened intently and the

faint chug of an engine came plainly to them now. But as the Typhoon rose and dropped, and rose and dropped again, there wasn't a light visible on the surface of the ocean.

"Stop the engine," said Robert, and Wietof gave the signal to the engineer. The Typhoon slowed as the throbbing of the deck stopped, and Robert bracing himself with his foot on the taffrail and his arm around the main shrouds, watched steadily astern with the glasses.

"I see her," he said after a long time, "and she's not very far from us. She'll gain rapidly now our engine is stopped.

The three waited what seemed to them an hour. It was, however, but a comparatively few minutes and then the black thing astern took shape. Suddenly her port and starboard lights were shown, and then flashed upon the deck of the Typhoon the dazzling glare of an electric searchlight.

The big hulk kept this searchlight trained on the after deck of the sailing yacht, where the three men were standing, as she bore down. The men on the schooner waited anxiously for what was to come. Soon as the boat astern swung wide to run down alongside, they saw that she was a big, black, yachty-looking craft. They almost held their breath as she came down on their windward quarter and poked her fine-looking nose past them. They were not one hundred yards away.

Then came over the water from the black yacht: "Ahoy! What yacht is that?"

"Answer 'em," said Robert to Sandy Silverwood passing him the megaphone. "I can't."

"The Typhoon, Donald Gates owner, of Providence, Rhode Island," shouted Sandy.

"What yacht is that?"

"The Hawk of Boston," came back plainly. And then after a pause: "Acting for the revenue cutter Seneca of the United States Customs service."

Robert grasped the megaphone from Sandy Silverwood.

What's the matter with the Seneca?" he yelled, almost crying with delight.

"She's cruising off Boston Bay I expect," was the answer.

Robert looked around and saw his father's white face beside him. Captain Kingston was close behind.

"Well," shouted Robert through the cone, knowing that he was for all time master of the situation, "can we do anything for you?"

"Yes," came back to the anxious men on the deck of the Typhoon. "You can lay to, before we put a shot across you. We've got a feller over here with a hell of a headache. We want to borrow a little of that phenacetin!"

* * *

There are records that show that the United States government, through its customs officials at Providence, apologized to one Donald Gates, owner of the auxiliary schooner yacht Typhoon, of Providence, Rhode Island, for the arrest on the high seas and unwarranted detention of his vessel.

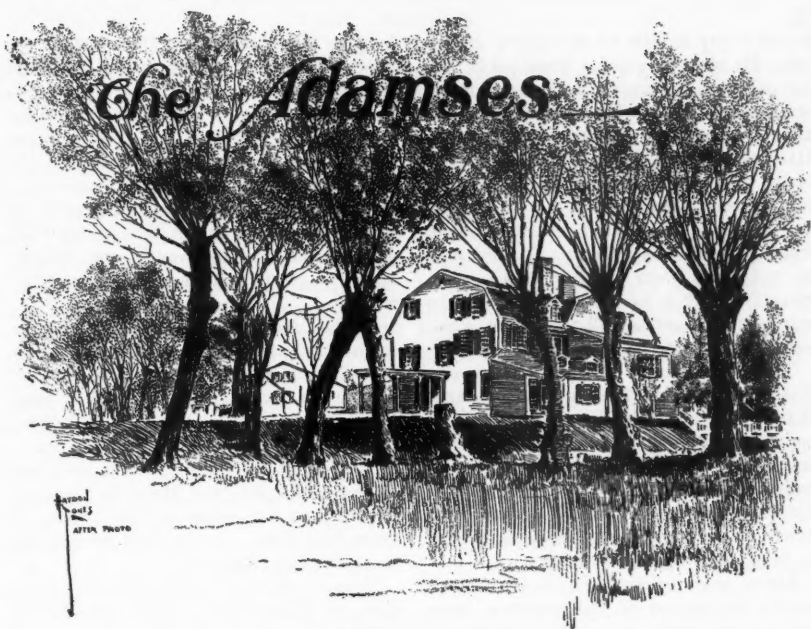
THE RUSTIC'S HYMN

LORD GOD of Nature I give thanks to Thee,
For all the boundless heavens stretching far;
And for the earth that Thou hast given me,
To shapen like a star.

I thank Thee for the daybreak and the dark;
I thank Thee for the green and spreading bough;
And for the four great winds, and for the lark
Who guides with song my plough.

I thank Thee for the storm and cloud of white;
I thank Thee for the field's exhaustless wealth;
But most I thank Thee for the common light,
Thy robe whose touch gives health!

—Edward Wilbur Mason.



By John McGovern

TO TREAT, in one article, of the most distinguished family that the history and institutions of the United States have called into public life, requires the briefest mention of certain facts and episodes which have become classic. To leave out those matters would insult the glorious record; to enter them at all, must overcrowd the pages accorded to my pen.

In the first place, it seems useful and patriotic to say that Graft never touched them. From Samuel Adams the first—(there were three Samuels)—to Charles Francis Adams the second, (president of the Union Pacific) I cannot remember a single instance of that overreaching or rake-off, which for forty years after 1865 was baptized both by religion and politics as "financial genius."

I do not think it unfair or uncivil, to say that a strain of great eccentricity ran down the long line of the Adamses. Three of them (John, John Quincy, and Charles Francis the first,) were certainly charged with serious unbalance of the mind, and were as often excused on this account.

They were nearly all of them first-class

toreadors, trouble-baiters; and considering the uncommon rows they kicked up, it is remarkable that so many of them kept off the actual battlefield. Probably John Quincy Adams' luck saved him from the cruel fate that befell Charles Sumner.

SAMUEL ADAMS

"The great Mr. Adams" was the *second* Samuel. He precipitated the American Revolution. He was deeply religious, despised Tom Paine, and was shocked that Ben Franklin should have copied the Buddhist method and begged his father to ask a blessing, once for all, over the barrel of beef in the cellar, thus saving time for a hungry boy at the dinner table. John, Samuel's second cousin, and John Quincy, John's son, were also religious (Unitarians). It is strange that the three, through long lives, conscientiously amalgamated so much vituperation and religion.

Samuel Adams, living and dying nearly penniless, instituted a rebellion on account of property-taxes. He would have been

forced to pay as little tax as anybody in Boston. He always wanted a small public job, but only for the purpose of staying poor and serving the people. He worshipped at the altar of Mammon, (carried water to John Hancock) but only in order to melt up some of the golden vessels and carry on the sedition he was increasing.

"Who is this Master Adams—what, what?" quoth King George. "Why hath he not been given a preferment?—what, what?" "Such is the obstinate nature of the man, he hath refused all preferment whatsoever," answered the perplexed minister.

This seems fairly well ascertained—viz., that for years, while Franklin, John Adams, Washington, and the other Fathers deemed an accommodation with England possible and desirable; Samuel Adams, veiling his sedition, had determined and continued to determine to separate America from Great Britain, if he had wit and influence enough to bring that separation about.

Eleven years before Jefferson set to work on the Declaration of Independence, Samuel Adams, easily detected by Governor Bernard to be "the chief incendiary," had influenced all the town meetings in his colony to boycott superfluities. When he wanted anything "red-hot," he had a way of having Josiah Quincy, his foster-son, or Joseph Warren, another protégé, get it into circulation, while he himself was always on hand with a milder form of sedition that was adopted as a compromise.

Sam Adams' daughter saw him at work on "an humble petition" to old King What-what. "My! to think the royal hand will touch that paper!" "Humph!" said our humble petitioner, "More likely, the royal foot!" In a word, he was a rebel like John Brown—not quite so religious, not quite such clear timber, not so hard, and therefore never was hanged.

Samuel Adams was a labor agitator—only Labor was not then agitated; tax-payers were agitated and laborers were weeping in sympathy; he was the walking delegate and "organizer" of the shipyards. His poverty, coarse clothes, and democratic-republican ways were so much political capital. "The boys" saw a light at his window. "Sam's writing ag'in' the Tories," they said, and slept well.

Late in the year 1768, when the danger of

hanging was not so great (at least at the hands of his own neighbors) we hear him scolding the Hundred Towns: "I am *in* fashion, and *out* of fashion, as the whim goes. I will stand alone. I will oppose this tyranny at the threshold, though the fabric of liberty fall, and I perish in its ruins." Here is an opportunity for believers in reincarnation to hear Sam Adams talking when John Quincy Adams was in the national house of representatives, long years afterward.

Samuel Adams and Governor Hutchinson hated each other in good ancestral style—pretty much as John Quincy Adams and Andrew Jackson hated each other later. Many, many a man has been murdered, where the bitterness was less unceasing.

The world, of course, believes that Sam Adams persuaded "the Mohawks" to pour the tea into the waters of the harbor. It must have been a great sight to see that shore the day afterward.

Now we are up to Lexington and the congress at Philadelphia, where Sam Adams scolded the peaceful Quakers. "'But,' say the puling, pusillanimous cowards, 'we shall be subject to a long and bloody war if we declare independence. On the contrary, etc., Grant, Almighty God, that I may be numbered with the dead before that sable day dawns on North America.'" But he did not want to die that bad; no Adams did.

"Damn that Adams," said Bernard, "every dip of his pen stings like a horned snake."

"I always considered him," said Jefferson, "more than any other member (Continental Congress at Philadelphia) the fountain of our more important measures."

Those who knew him well, said Sam Adams would have organized the Federation on this plan: Massachusetts to govern the Union; Boston to govern Massachusetts; the town meeting to govern Boston, and Sam Adams, as clerk, to run the town meeting.

Like Patrick Henry, but not so impetuously, Sam Adams regretted the present Constitution of the United States, and the first twelve amendments are unwilling, conciliatory additions by the Hamiltonian states and congressmen. Sam Adams was really a communist of the order of the Internationale of 1870, at Paris and Lyons. George Washington, through those dubious, log-rolling years of 1786-87, was as much worried

over Sam Adams as over Patrick Henry. But Sam Adams came under—though sadly.

It is odd that Boston should have turned out to be such a nest of reaction. Yet Sam Adams maintained a sort of dignity, even among Federalists. He lived six years after laying down the governorship of Massachusetts. He and Ben Franklin were the two eldest of the Fathers. But for their old age, it seems to all of us, I guess, that each must have been president of the United States.

He was the most successful seditionary and rebel who never fought. In the northeastern part of the nation, he is frequently called the Father of America. His proper title would be one connected with the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. He was local. He, like Patrick Henry, did not have the brooding, outstretching, national characteristics of Ben Franklin, of Thomas Jefferson, or of the real Father of his Country, George Washington.

He lived and died incorruptible, poor, humble, contented with the lot of average man. He was very great, by example, in usefulness to his fellow-man—withal very praisable—very problematical, too, because my heart tugs hard to set him above nearly all Americans.

JOHN ADAMS

Of the numerous and honorable John Adams tribe, it may be said they held Bloody Assizes in their diaries, and woe to the fame of the man who displeased them. Three distinguished authors of a high class, sons of Charles Francis Adams (son of John Quincy Adams), are now living, each capable of wielding a pen that should cause controversialists to hunt elsewhere—and perhaps running a diary that metes out Adamistic justice to all offenders. But one must marvel over the colossal work done for Liberty and Justice by the entire Adams tribe.

The bitter sayings of the two presidents cost each of them a term of four years instead of eight. Each charged up a great many pages of further invective on account of these popular slights.

The family was distinctly literary. I guess there is nothing else literary like it in history—generation on generation. The real literary man is too proud to be an able politician. John Adams also married a wo-

man who could annex a good deal of Greek history to all she wrote about town meetings.

One other thing should be said of the John Adams tribe. All of them had, or have had, experience at foreign courts. They were, or are all diplomats as well as literary men. But probably not one of them was ever literally diplomatic.

John Adams, a great Father of the Republic, was pompous. He was jealous of George Washington. Washington was a Hamiltonian, but he could hate a political ally as readily as he could excoriate a political foe.

He was more of a hindrance than a help to Ben Franklin abroad, because there was so little of *savoir faire* in him. Probably, the principal divergence between the twain was a religious one. Anyway, they got on badly together at Paris, and America had just enough sense to trust Franklin.

One very great thing John Adams did. He so wrought upon Holland that, in 1782, that nation acknowledged American independence. "I have planted the American standard at The Hague . . . I shall look down at the flagstaff with pleasure from the other world." Remember always that one life was too short for an Adams to gloat in, or to hate in—hence the diaries.

There was this strictly Hamiltonian thing in John Adams: He had been an English colonist—he could get along better with cruel John Bull than with generous Jean Crapaud. He was an unlovely man to the Frenchmen. He did not have good sense or logic, as they were exemplified in Ben Franklin. About the time John Adams signed the treaty acknowledging the independence of America, his diary contains specimens of his bitterest complaints: "Blush! Blush! ye guilty records! Blush and perish . . . My country has basely prostituted its own honor by sacrificing mine."

John Adams was our first Minister to England, and it is a remarkable history that his son, and his grandson also, filled the same post—always the most distinguished in American diplomacy. Old King What-what! snubbed John Adams, and that gave the cue to every other English snob to do the same thing. But John Adams was not an easy mark, and, beside that, could take another fall out of such people in his lucubrations. His services at London

affectionately commend him to his fellow-countrymen—though to him the experience was a cruel one. The English took their defeat hard.

It speaks well for the American fathers that they made John Adams the first vice president. The row that was raised because he did not equal the vote of George Washington was ridiculous, and Hamilton must have been trifling with the vanity of the New Englanders.

As president of the United States senate, Adams was empowered to vote over twenty times, and was a staunch Federalist—that is, a proponent of the new Constitution which had cost George Washington so much worry



John Adams

to get adopted. One of John Adams' tie votes gave the president power to remove his cabinet officers without consent of the senate. John Adams was much more of a king theoretically than George Washington, and probably advised the state, or at least dignity, with which Washington started the presidency going. The vice presidency set him writing: "My country has, in its wisdom, contrived for me the most insignificant office that ever the invention of man contrived or his imagination conceived."

As president, John Adams rode steadily for a fall. He was too obstinate and old

to see that Jefferson and all the democratic-republicans were bound to have a freer government, notwithstanding the chains in which the Constitution, if so construed, would bind Americans. In spite of his noble peace with France, he went out of office in one term, contemned by a great number of voters of all parties. Before he went, he appointed a semi-monarchist as chief justice to construe the Constitution, and the effects of his administration extended balefully over many years, and are seen today in the arrogations of authority by the courts and the chief executive power.

John Adams went back to Boston crying out against all things—poverty, loneliness—particularly the popularity of Washington and Franklin. Finally he cooled off some, made friends with Jefferson, and, on the Fourth of July, 1826, both he and Jefferson departed into immortality.

Personally, I am glad that he lived to see his son president; nor did he survive to behold that son's hereditary disappointments.

Looking largely at the progress or history of Americans, I think we may say that the theory of free government is much better founded today than in honest, old John Adam's time.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

"The old man eloquent" is the most spectacular of American statesmen. He was the chief Abolitionist. He was for sixteen years (after he had been president) the tribune of the slaves in the house of representatives. He has a high-water record for moral courage and self-abnegation. He fell dead at his post—died on the sentry line of human emancipation.

When the colored race shall become still more populous, and shall have accumulated wealth enough to arouse the courtesy of white men, then, it seems to me, John Quincy Adams must outrank even John Brown and Abraham Lincoln, as the chief saint in the calendar of human liberty. He annoyed, stirred up, finally frenzied the owners of slaves. Peace with Black Abolitionists became impossible, inhuman—because humanity was clearly property. The God of Hosts had said so, and hosts should march triumphant to spread the religious dogma

of gyves and chains. But old John Quincy Adams, representative from Massachusetts, only wrinkled his face with more cynical scorn, and handed in another huge bundle of petitions for human liberty.

I do not believe I am using hyperbole in stating that *two* of the Adamses precipitated tremendous, governmental revolutions.

John Quincy Adams called Northern men of Southern principles "political sopranos." "Slave-drivers" was a favorite epithet with him—"the flagrant image of human inconsistency"—"the Declaration of Independence on their lips and the merciless scourge of slavery in their hands." "Oh, if but one man could arise with a genius capable of comprehending, and an utterance capable of communicating . . . now is the time, and this is the occasion, upon which such a man would perform the duties of an angel on earth."

No, no. To anyone who half-way acknowledges the march of destiny, it was far more effective for Human Liberty to have there a toreador—a hereditary bull-baiter—with Macchiavellian joy—to ceaselessly, unerringly annoy. So, on January 21, 1842, the house felt it might expel this war-maker. He was impossible. Wise had spoken—the same old "Governor Wise who took the spectacles off his eyes, and landed him—John Brown—on the other side of Jordan.") John Quincy Adams had "determined not to interrupt him till he had discharged his whole cargo of filthy invective." Then John Quincy Adams objected to his trial by at least one hundred members who were prejudiced, for the question was one in "which their personal, pecuniary and most sordid interests were at stake." Here Wise interrupted to state that he would be influenced only by the "personal loathing, dread, and contempt I feel for the man." Thereupon the toreador brought to Wise's attention a duelling affair, and taunted Wise into crying out that it was "as black a lie as the traitor was black and bare who uttered it."

At last, nearly a week later, the Slavery bill having pawed itself to a stand-still, refused to expel John Quincy Adams on any pretext thus far offered—(by a vote of 166 to 40)—and therefore, to show what a good peacemaker he was, he arose and presented petitions till the house adjourned—some two hundred petitions!

About a week later, after twelve years of bitter experience, the house of representatives stood without hitching, and let the train of progress thunder by. Petitions were received, inspected, and acted upon.

It does seem as if one bully, like Butler, could have saved the Calhoun dogma at any time for fourteen years; but when it came to assaulting Sumner, it was too late.

Constitutionally, Wise was correct in calling John Quincy Adams a traitor. He was. But fortunately he was not the first "traitor" in the Adams family. Wise afterward had the melancholy fate of hanging the "traitor" John Brown. And after the negroes were confiscated (stolen), and freed, and set vot-



John Quincy Adams

ing, was the nation any better off? Yes, because, bad as it all is, even Calhoun acknowledged that slavery must spread or perish—such was its genius, as he, the greatest of all our logicians, candidly espied it.

I am personally sorry that white folks in cold countries pretend to like negroes so well, and make it so hard for white folks in hot climates who really do like negroes; but I'm sorry I catch cold, or that we got the Philippines, or that the sailor gets the yellow fever. I do not believe a Northern white man ought ever to aver that he is as consistently kind to a black man as is a Southern

white man. Yankee pirates, too, had helped to fasten the slave trade on the South.

But John Quincy Adams did not know anything about this, and didn't care anything about it. He was a scourge of destiny.

Black men should look him up. He fell dead in the house, probably with some new scheme in his head to set the dragon breathing fire, and was seriously missed by the newspaper reporters. The Southerners, to their credit, were tender with his ashes. Just before he died, on his own part, too, he was thought to have muttered: "Thank the officers of the house." "This is the last of earth," he said. "I am content."—and died.

During the war, Charles Francis Adams, son of John Quincy, filled a large place in the public eye. He was the beneficiary of the great things his father and grandfather had done. The son-of-his-father idea was about to shoot into active being, and the *Atlantic Monthly* coterie of literary men had full empire over all the Northern thought that had not been pre-empted by Horace Greeley. Charles Francis Adams was always pictured, to the West, at least, as the pink of politeness and diplomacy—which maybe he was. As minister to England, he ate the humble pie ordered by Seward in the case of Mason and Slidell, and otherwise comported himself as obsequiously as all our other ambassadors or ministers have done since old John Adams stood up for us. Charles Francis was stupendously praised for everything he did, until at last he went to Geneva, Switzerland, after the war, and aided in "soaking" England for \$15,000,000

— thus really accomplishing something worth talking about. But Charles Francis set the pace for United States ministers to go to London and come back with far too much English on them.

In the old age of Charles Francis Adams, his health and soundness of mind failed. All said and done, however, he was an eminent American.

His eldest son, Charles Francis Adams, the second, has the fine record of having served through the Civil war which his fire-brand grandfather had done so much to foment, and he was mustered out a brigadier general in 1865. In 1884 he was president of the Union Pacific railway. It is vastly to his credit that he was an untiring foe of Jay Gould, who nevertheless died triumphant.

Brooks Adams, another son, was at Geneva with his father. He is the author of learned and useful works.

The two brothers above-named live in Boston.

Henry Adams, another son of Charles Francis the first, was private secretary to his father at London. He has written a nine volume history of the United States, and is otherwise a voluminous author. He lives at Washington, D. C.

Genealogy would count for something, and the political son-of-his-father idea would not incense patriots, if all tribes, generation after generation, turned out men so clearly exemplary (all in all) as the Adamses. I wonder (Rome included) if there be any other thing really like it in history.

AT THE EQUINOX

THREE days and nights, unceasingly,
A dreary autumn rain
Has drenched the leveled stooks of corn,
And lashed my window pane.

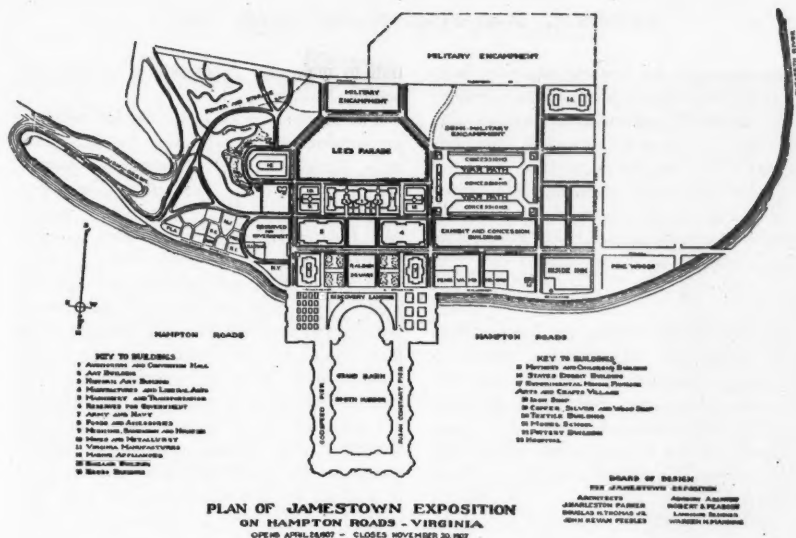
The swollen pasture brook spreads far
Above the neighboring land;
And willow trees on either bank,
Deep in the water stand.

But ever in the gloomy time
Of equinoctial days,
We know that soon the changeful year
Will turn to fairer ways;

Wild winds shriek through the orchard trees—
A dismal, boding sound;
And apples, shaken from the boughs,
Lie scattered on the ground.

That soon October frost will tinge
The woods with scarlet dyes,
And Earth rest calmly in the smile
Of Indian Summer skies.

—Eugene C. Delon



THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

THERE is no date between the leaves of the old school geography which remains so firmly fixed in memory as 1607. No question appears and reappears in the examination queries so certainly as:

"Q. What was the first English settlement in America?

"A. Jamestown, in 1607."

There is no event in national history more appropriate for commemoration by an exposition of surpassing interest than this first, primitive settlement of an English colony in the United States. For months past, I have been watching the development of the plans at Norfolk for the exposition of 1907. During the last week of the recent session of congress, there were busy times at Washington in reference to the appropriation bill, which, to some extent, determined the scale and magnitude of this most notable exposition. There have been busy times down in Norfolk — as I soon discovered when I sailed down the Potomac on the good steamship Washington to that bustling city. I traveled in company with Mr. C. Brooks Johnston, who sat serenely smoking on the

deck in the beautiful June night as we passed Mt. Vernon. I thought he looked very much as Sir Walter Raleigh must have looked when he first made acquaintance with the seductive fumes of tobacco—for Mr. Johnston's mission was also successful. During the early days of the exposition—or rather while it was first being considered—the enthusiasm and energy of Mr. Johnston were infectious.

* * *

Rounding Old Point Comfort in the early morning, we looked upon Fortress Monroe; its peaceful ramparts now little suggestive of the heroic part they played in times past. The little pigeon houses above the embankment dispelled the vision of war and carnage which the associations of the place called up. It was difficult to believe that guns and bristling modern armament could be hidden behind that park-like boulevard; or that in that peaceful *enceinte* the devastating forces of modern warfare lay concealed—ready for the invader—peaceful or war-like.

Safely landed in the streets of old Norfolk, we realized that we were indeed on

classic ground. An historic place is Norfolk and thrice historic is the event commemorated by the exposition to be opened next May—historic not alone because it celebrates the year 1607, and the occurrence of one of the most important incidents in United States history—but also because of subsequent events which have been no less remarkable in the chronicles of the nation.

* * *

In a large office building, the headquarters of the Jamestown Exposition, I found on every hand evidences of that thorough and systematic organization that brings great results from well matured plans. Never for a moment has the determination wavered to commemorate this historic year in a fitting manner, and the personnel of the official staff promises well for the successful completion of every plan. Mr. Keiley was in the Press and Publicity Department, planning an exploitation campaign, whose wide scope and enterprise will undoubtedly be vindicated by its financial results. Mr. Sutton—a familiar personality at the Portland Exposition—may be seen wading through an avalanche of duties devolving upon him—filling columns for papers throughout the country with real, live-wire information concerning the progress of the work.

It was my good fortune to call on Mr. H. St. George Tucker, the president of the exposition, who was in Europe during the past winter and has succeeded in awakening international interest in the Jamestown Exposition.

In another corner, opposite the office of Mr. C. Brooks Johnston, was Mr. Sexton, who was active in the work of the St. Louis Exposition, and who is already building up a calendar of special events which will bring busy days at Jamestown in 1907.

Lieutenant-Governor J. Taylor Ellyson, who is also vice president of the exposition, is another gentleman of the gallant Virginian school. Prominent in newspaper work, he is giving the exposition all the force and energy of his long experience.

Mr. Barton Myers, auditor and member of the Board of Governors, is a man of quiet and pleasant mien, who knows exactly what is being done and what can be done with the resources on hand. All his ability and business experience is utilized in the determina-

tion to make the exposition a certain and lasting success.

The vigorous work in connection with the preparation of the exposition by Mr. Wool and Messrs. Martin, Cumming, Barrett, Bryan, Sherwood, Garnett, Lowenberg, Beaman, Batchelor, Shepperd, Southgate, Burrow, Lamb, Patton, Adams, Schmelz, Cottrell and other enterprising gentlemen will ever be remembered and appreciated. For these gentlemen not only helped individually to direct the work through all its legal phases, but succeeded in placing a large amount of the stock and interesting the local state governments in making appropriations.

During my visit to Norfolk I was constantly reminded of the genial, whole-souled soldier, statesman and gentleman, who was foremost in working for this exposition, and who died in the harness. Only a day before his death, I met General Fitz Hugh Lee in Boston, making heroic efforts for the success of the plans so near his heart. He remarked to a group of us, that if the Jamestown Exposition could be made a success, he would be content to die in peace, for then the one, crowning ambition of his life would be achieved. So he died upon the field of effort, as he would have desired—brave soldier that he was; a soldier whose great heart embraced a love for the whole nation, and whose broad shoulders had worn both the blue and the gray.

So much for the personnel of those who have been and are in charge of the welfare of the exposition; one cannot visit the headquarters at Norfolk, without realizing the dynamic force which is radiating from this center, and is making the exposition notable in every way.

The exposition grounds are located at Sewells Point, well out toward Point Comfort, and will be reached by two street car lines from Norfolk, in thirty minutes; also by two steam railroads, with a capacity for carrying ten or twelve coaches every few minutes. Newport News, just across Hampton Roads from the exposition; likewise Phoebus, Hampton and old Point Comfort just beyond, are within easy reach; while Portsmouth is immediately across the Elizabeth River from Norfolk, and all these will do their part in caring for the great crowds of exposition visitors. Fourteen steamship lines sail to and from Norfolk, so that Jamestown trans-

portation facilities have never been surpassed at any exposition.

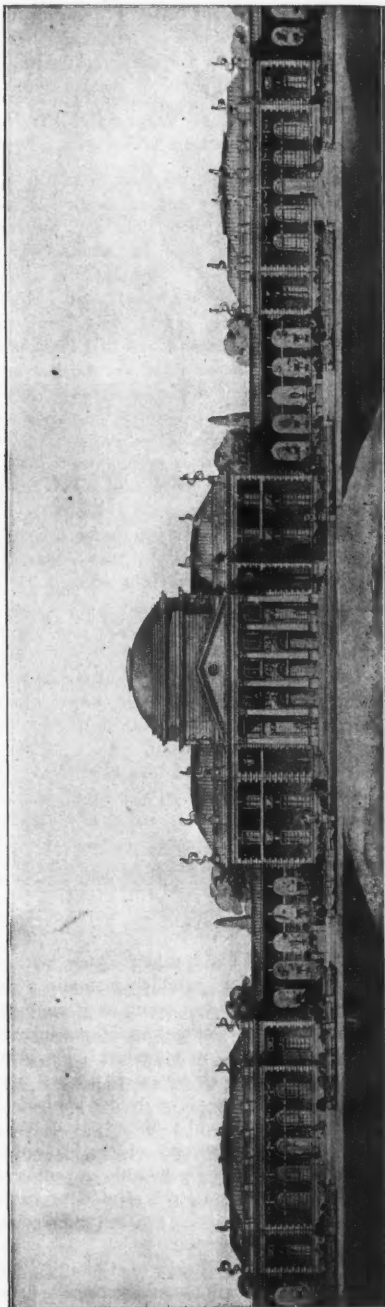
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Over forty million people live within a radius of twenty-four hours' ride from Norfolk; which does not include the great city of Chicago or the populous district of the Northwest; while within twelve hours' ride there are over twenty million people, who will find the Norfolk exposition easily accessible, as one of the pleasure points in the summer itinerary of 1907. These are the first great facts which appeal to an old exposition stager, and foretell certain success for the Jamestown Exposition. Here are millions of people within speaking distance, as it were, who will come to visit the first exposition ever held on salt water. It is also the first which has been held in a place that involves a purely pleasure trip, such as might be sought in a visit to Atlantic City, Nantasket Beach, or even Coney Island. For, remember, the radiating point of this exposition is Old Point Comfort, a place famous for recreation and rest.

The location of the exposition grounds, with its miles of sandy beach, equal to any sea beach in the world, will, of itself, be a considerable temptation for thousands, and will attract people throughout the middle West who have never yet seen salt water. or breathed "the salt sea-wind."

* * *

Speeding across a well-wooded plain, radiant with gardens, which blossom with the fruitage of old Virginia, we approached Sewells Point. The boundaries of the 400 acres which are included in the exposition grounds are not indicated by a high board fence, but by a wealth of Virginian creepers and honeysuckle vines, which are already climbing over the wires, aspiring to reach the "yard arm." The Jamestown Exposition Company own the land on which the buildings will be erected and will doubtless realize handsome returns on the improvements which they are making. One feature of the buildings will be their solidity—they will be built to last. As the ground is owned by the company, there will be no hesitation about making the structures the best that can be obtained; which later will bring handsome prices as summer homes and seaside resorts. Straggling buildings



AUDITORIUM, JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION

outside the grounds already indicate the growth of what would be a booming town out West—such as the store, the pharmacy and the usual adjuncts of meager growth in anticipation of events.

* * *

Driving in through the main entrance, one is impressed by the natural beauty of the spot—sea-swept on three sides and presenting a panoramic view of scenes which have vivified history. Beyond the shimmering surf the Merrimac and Monitor met in their naval duel, and on this very point of land it was that Powhatan (kindly place the emphasis on the last syllable, as though saying *tan* shoes) once smoked the pipe of peace with the English settlers. The great avenues and roads have already been laid out under the direction of Mr. Manning, whose experience in exposition work extends far back to the Columbian Exposition. Everywhere it is apparent that the one distinguishing feature of this newest exposition is the ample provision of shade trees and shrubbery. The ground already looks like a beautiful, heavily-wooded park with plenty of shade.

Off to the left is the Lee Parade Ground, entirely surrounded by apple trees which have been transplanted. They were weighted with blossoms this season, despite the fact that they had been removed from their native soil. This promises an ample crop of flowers and fruit for the exposition year, and the delicate pink and white flowers will add much to the beauty of the ground when the exposition is opened.

* * *

It is too much like routine to view in consecutive detail, and carefully maintain a set order, so we just went about as if we were really in attendance at the exposition—instead of merely heralding its approach. The prim and over-methodical person is always tiresome when you are all ready for enjoyment—so we threw method to the winds.

The *piece de resistance* of the exposition will be the grand pier, which the government is building, giving 1,200 feet of clear space on the water front, with 800 feet intervening for the grand basin, which will suggest the Court of Honor at Chicago. Off this great pier it will be possible for the fleets

of the world to lie. It is a fine location, overlooking Old Point Comfort, at the mouth of the James and York rivers.

Opposite the water front, at the back, is Raleigh Square, which is certainly extensive enough to permit that gallant courtier to lay down whole acres of cloaks, for stately dames to walk upon.

* * *

The Administration, or Auditorium buildings, flanked on every side by an elaborate array of structures, are already in construction; the network of the scaffolding is going up on every hand, and the busy hum of the hammer and saw is keeping up the symphony of labor. To the right and left of the Administration Buildings, on either side of the square, are the government buildings, and this is the first time the government has ever erected two buildings at an exposition. The whole *ensemble* is compact, so that at this exposition the dread experience at St. Louis will be eliminated; for there the magnitude of the project discouraged the people, so that they returned home early. At Norfolk, the reverse will be true, because it will be so easy to get about that each day's experience will suggest another day's stay; then the old Virginian spirit of hospitality, which knows no limit or bounds, is going to delight the visitor, and add another charm to the pleasurable days.

* * *

Contemplate, if you can, this 400 acres of ground, dotted with numerous shade trees,—Northern pines and Southern magnolias mingling the fragrance of varied latitudes, ranging thousands of miles apart. Every possible phase of pleasure seems to have been considered in selecting the exposition ground, and the famous Canoe Trail has been provided by nature. Have you ever enjoyed the picturesque quiet of a canoe trip, with the noiseless motion of the paddles bringing to mind the scenes portrayed by Fenimore Cooper as he told of the Indian silently guiding his craft of birchbark. This Trail broadens into an intensely beautiful lagoon, every foot of the way being diversified by rich vegetation and trees. On one side is the salt water; for the languorous beauty of the Canoe Trail is in close proximity to the pounding surf.

Of course there must be a Midway, a Pike or a Trail; under whatever name it's always the same—this time the main pleasure thoroughfare has been christened with a new name, and no other could so well typify the spirit of midway, pike or trail. What could be more expressive "the morning after" than to say that you have been upon the Warpath—what suggestions of redskin warriors and the struggles of early settlers are in the word. This is the place in the exposition where carnival holds sway, and it has been most appropriately named.

Yes, we drank from the spring of Pocahontas, and as I stooped to drink to the mem-

ever looked upon; while off in the distance are the spires and domes of Norfolk. The signs of state building sites were all erected; and as it has always been a hobby of mine to look upon the site of an exposition before the work is far under way, here I was able to get a good idea of how the grounds would look when complete. I saw the magic transformation of the wild beachland into a fairy scene, an interesting lesson in American enterprise and initiative force. Before the spade and shovel had begun their work on the White City, where the Columbian Exposition was held, I was on the ground. During the wintry weather I walked over the



DRIVEWAY ON CANOE TRAIL, EXPOSITION GROUNDS

ory of the fair Indian princess and of John Smith reminiscences of various pages of the old school history came to mind. Near the spring is a rustic bridge; every new glimpse of the sylvan fastness around the exposition grounds gives a picturesque setting for those fascinating fancies and recollections of the romantic scenes of history which they incite.

* * *

The state buildings are on either side of the government buildings, which face the sea; and that splendid seascape, well to the rear, is as beautiful a piece of water as I have

Pan-American Exposition ground, which, in a few months, blossomed out with all the splendors of its wonderful, never-to-be-forgotten, electric display. At St. Louis, when the autumn leaves whirled about in Forest Park, I watched the laying of the foundations for her great exposition, and at Portland I saw how quickly the natural beauties of lake and mountain were converted into a wonderful holiday rendezvous for all the people of the Pacific coast. Here on the shores of Virginia, the Mother of Presidents, the Old Dominion State, I lay down, with a stem of timothy in my mouth, to reflect on this other great chapter in the history of the de-

velopment of the "time-keepers of progress"—the expositions of America.

* * *

Lazily looking over the water, I saw the government engineers making the first soundings for the grand pier. This work followed in quick succession after Mr. Johnston had "made soundings" on the appropriation bill. The grand pier will consist of two piers named after two of the larger of the three ships which landed at Jamestown—the "God-speed," and the "Susan Constant" and the landing is named after the third ship "Dis-

Japanese commission promise to surpass all previous efforts in representing the beauties of the Orient.

* * *

Skirting the sea for two miles, just above the beach, is a handsome boulevard fifty feet wide, which terraces the Strand, another evidence that, as a seaside exposition, Jamestown will certainly excel. This great amphitheater of beach and boulevard will be thronged by people who will come to witness the maneuvers of the navies of the world. Never before in history has there been such



THE POWHATAN OAK

coverer." In imagination I pictured the grounds and the buildings as they will appear at the opening of the exposition in 1907.

Flanked by state buildings on either side, at the back of the square, and facing the water, stands the great Auditorium or Administration Building. Then the Lee Parade Ground, with the Arts and Crafts Village Buildings supports the right of the line. In a picturesque nook along the shore, is "Fair Japan," and at this exposition the

a gathering of naval armaments as will be witnessed in 1907 at Jamestown. It will excel even the great navy of Xerxes, king of Persia, and dwarf into insignificance the Invincible Spanish Armada. The gathering of hundreds of vessels, representing all nations, a distinctive national flag flying at each masthead, will indeed be a forecast of international amity and peace, for never before have the ensigns of the nations so universally greeted each other in peace and it will seem to many thoughtful onlookers as though

we had really reached the time foretold by Tennyson:

"When the war drum beats no longer and
the battle flag is furled

In the parliament of man, the federation
of the world."

True, we have seen flags of many nations used before for decorative purposes, but each country will officially, so to speak, present her own colors at the Jamestown Exposition, and the flags will be real national emblems, not toys or hap-hazard copies, used for the sake of their beauty or their coloring, and because they "blend so well" with something decorative.

What a wide contrast all this will present to the old Revolutionary days, when scarcely a ship afloat carried the Stars and Stripes. It is safe to say, judging by the preparations already commenced, that at no time in the history of the world have so many flags of all nations been unfurled in one place as will be seen floating in 1907 in the bit of water known as Hampton Roads, before the eyes of the thousands of visitors. Not alone will the war dogs of the ocean be present, but pleasure craft will be represented in the great international yacht race—to say nothing of the maneuvers such as the German emperor reviewed at Kiel.

During the season every day will witness events, any one of which would, under ordinary circumstances, attract thousands and thousands of people, for at each of these regattas there will be a display of pleasure craft more notable than has ever been seen, even at Kiel or upon the Thames. The swift, little yachts assembled for these festive events will contrast sharply with the heavy naval armaments from all parts of the world. The pennants of the yachtsmen will show that they too represent many nations, as they drift or anchor under the lofty sides of the great men-of-war, for in 1907, instead of the screaming eagles of war, over Hampton Roads will float the white doves of peace. The navies will no longer be regarded as the insignia of destruction, for we shall see them in their holiday dress; and it will be like seeing some great warrior unbend in gracious hospitality and gaiety in his own home.

Keeping in view not only the triumphs of modern engineering and of steel construction such as clamors for the mastery of all

industrial achievement, there will also be represented at the Jamestown Exposition all kinds of sailing craft, from those of modern design to the old time ships of quaint shape and build, whose sails, "as a noiseless wing," wafted the first settlers to Jamestown in 1607.

Looking out over the water, I could imagine I already saw the first ship, harbinger of the great fleet to follow:

"With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,

Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,"
coming into port.

Under the sandy stretches of the old oak, of an age that reaches far back of the times of the first settlement of Jamestown, its branches reaching to the ground and vines climbing up its trunk; I could not help feeling that this old tree—which has long outlived its growth and now simply stands as a monument of the past—is an object lesson of the sturdy strength and character of the people whom it sheltered in the first conferences that were held beneath its shade between Powhatan and the adventurous settlers led by Captain John Smith.

One of the most significant features of the exposition will be the picturesque village of Arts and Crafts. In this cluster of buildings will be an array of instructive and beneficial object lessons for every visitor, and an inspiration to the throngs of young people who inspect them. I have purposely left this part of the description to the last, because no other phase of the exposition so touched my heart. It was impressed upon me, that the main scheme and purpose of it all is to educate, entertain and inspire the youth of our time. This was demonstrated emphatically to me when I saw that the first building completed was the Mothers and Children's building, with spacious rooms, wide verandas and old-fashioned red roof reaching almost to the ground. In this building one could see that the first consideration was for the mothers and children. Within a few feet of this structure is a wide stretch of beach, on which the children may gather and play to their hearts' content, inscribing their names and building their castles in the sand in play, and often foretelling the career of the little one in after life. All these things will be part of our memories of the Jamestown Exposition.

In the Children's Corner, are already set the flowers that will bloom next year, which

have been planted by the children of Norfolk this year as a greeting to the little ones of America. When, from all parts of the country they begin to flock in, these blossoms will be a more expressive greeting than any words; for in each leaf and blossom, in each shrub and branch, will be a message to the children, a message in that heart language which makes so subtle and strong an impression. How all this will be remembered by the child who visits the exposition and looks up river where the boats passed on to the first settlement of America on the James river. Then looking up the York river they can see where Cornwallis surrendered, and the United States became,

in fact, a nation—an event which is as worthy of commemoration as the landing at Jamestown or the Declaration of Independence. It was here that a word spoken and a sword surrendered in token of the defeat of ancient tyranny, made the struggling colonies a nation, and it was this event that made the flag, under which the sturdy colonies marched, an insignia of freedom. To look upon Yorktown, where the standard of the Stars and Stripes, representing the highest purpose and ideals in democracy, became the flag of a new nation, is indeed an inspiration, and under this flag the nations of the world will assemble at Hampton Roads, and do it honor in the year of our Lord, 1907.



THE TESTIMONY OF THE SEVEN

By Rena Nisewanger

A LITTLE frown puckered the girl's dark brows. Mechanically her fingers smoothed a wrinkle from the thin paper, which presented this puzzle to her thoughtful eyes:

3, 6388, $\overline{3-1}$ 3 $\overline{2-1}$ 2, 7459, $\overline{5-1}$ 9219- $\overline{1-1}$
592, $\overline{34-1}$, $\overline{5-1}$ 3-1 2, 288- $\overline{1-1}$, $\overline{5-1}$ 922,
 $\overline{4-1}$ 481.

"Mamma, oh, mamma, why can't I find it?" turning a troubled face to her mother, as she sat on the rug by the invalid's couch.

"I do not wonder, Nola, it is nothing but a jumble of figures to me."

"It means more than that to me, and I cannot give it up. I feel absolutely certain that it is a cryptogram and that, if the key to it could be found, our property puzzle would be solved. You remember how very anxious uncle was for me to have the locket, and how pleased and satisfied he seemed when I pretended to understand this paper?"

"Yes, I remember. And you had no idea then of what it meant?"

"Not the slightest, but I saw how it worried him when I could not understand, and I felt sure he could never speak again, so I let him think it was clear to me."

"Perhaps if you had not deceived him, he might have succeeded in telling you."

"Possibly, but I think not. It was too much risk. The memory of the contented look on his face is all I want for myself," her eyes filled as she spoke of the kind old man who had been a father to her nearly all her life; "but for your peace and comfort, mamma, I should like to find some of this property Uncle Henry meant us to have. I must find it. I never heard of an intermediate teacher in a village school becoming wealthy through her profession, but it would give us a living if we can prove our right to our home."

"Poor little girl, you have altogether too

much to bear. Now, when you need help so much, mother and her doctor bills are a heavy burden."

"Hush! don't dare to say one word against my mother if you hope for my good-will. She is the most precious help I could possibly have. At the worst," with a smile, "we have four months before grim despair can claim us."

She referred to a call she had received that morning, from a stranger who introduced himself as John Stanford of Beaufort.

He had seemed somewhat embarrassed; had hesitated, and cleared his throat several times before stating his object in calling.

As he sat, hat in hand, Nola's clear gray eyes were on a level with his, and looked straight into them as she finally questioned:

"Your business with me, Mr. Stanford?"

"You are a—er—teacher here, I believe, Miss Rogers?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you are something of a—er—business woman, and understand that at times one is forced to take steps contrary to his inclinations. Life is not all roses, Miss Rogers, but business is business." He pulled nervously at a thin, reddish moustache.

"I understand that, Mr. Stanford. Will you kindly state yours?"

"Exactly. Let us come to the point. Were you—ahem—aware, Miss Rogers, that the home you now occupy is not yours?"

"No sir. May I ask by what authority you make this statement? It certainly belonged to my uncle."

"Only in part, Miss Rogers, I regret to say."

"I have not so understood it. Please explain."

"The place is, as you know, of recent purchase. The late Harvey Lester bought it of me but did not pay cash. He said his ready money was otherwise invested, and stated that he would like to make quarterly

payments of three hundred dollars each, until the property was paid for. I knew Mr. Lester well, and was glad to accommodate him."

"And did not my uncle keep his word in this respect?"

"He made two payments."

A little frown of perplexity gathered on her forehead.

"I cannot understand this. There must be some mistake. My uncle was not a poor man, nor one forgetful and slack in business dealings."

"I overlook the insinuation, Miss Rogers."

"Pardon me, I did not intend to insinuate anything."

"If you will look through Mr. Lester's papers you will find receipts for only two payments."

"I wonder if he knows that I have not a scrap of paper to give proof of even these two payments," thought Nola. Aloud:—"What is still due on the property, Mr. Stanford?"

"Three thousand dollars, and the most of it much overdue, as I can show you."

She flashed a quick glance at him, and fancied he shrank a little under it.

"And you called today to see about having the debt liquidated?"

"Exactly. I am—ahem—a little embarrassed for money myself, and it would be a great accommodation if you could arrange to let me have this little sum."

Little sum? It seemed to Nola just then that it meant almost more than life itself.

"I am sorry, Mr. Stanford, but it is impossible for me to pay this now. What is the largest extension of time you can give me?"

"I do not wish to push you, Miss Rogers, but I cannot give you more than four months. You would like to see the papers, of course." He opened a large bill book and unfolding a rustling sheet, handed it to her.

She read it through carefully, and glanced sharply at the signature. She knew her uncle's writing well.

"It seems all right, but I am surprised. I realized that my uncle was becoming a trifle eccentric, but he always seemed very prompt in business dealings. Can you call again next week, Mr. Stanford? I will tell you then what I shall do about this."

"Certainly. I trust that I have caused

you no annoyance. You will pardon my action and not blame me, I hope."

"Pray make no apology, Mr. Stanford. I understand the case. Good morning."

"I wish I need not tell mamma of this," she mused, closing the door after her unwelcome visitor, but the mother's eyes saw the shadow that a smile tried to cover.

"Nola, dear, what has annoyed you? Was it your visitor? What did he want?"

"He came on a little matter of business, and that, you know, is always more or less tiresome."

"Was it private?"

"Not necessarily, but I hoped to keep it so for a time. You precious, prying old mamma, you must know all about everything that you fancy is troubling me, mustn't you?"

"I think that best, do not you?"

"Perhaps. I didn't want to worry you just yet. I hope there is no cause for serious annoyance, but I suppose I may as well tell you all about it."

In a few words, she stated the case clearly. Her mother was as much surprised as she, and almost as incredulous.

"I suppose I ought not to say it, mamma, but from the first, I had the feeling that that man was not telling the truth. I looked through his chalky little face, with its perpetual smirk and patronizing expression, down into his heart, and saw the black spot there."

"Nola, dear!"

"Oh, I know I shock you, and I suppose I am desperately wicked; but, somehow, I cannot believe that Uncle Harvey was ever so careless. I feel that if I could but find where the dear old man hid his belongings, I could prove what I have just said."

The tired little teacher looked down, her eyes bright with excitement, and bent her flushed face for a kiss.

"Forgive me, dearie. I ought not to have spoken so impetuously, but the feeling would come. If we had been in the school-room and he my pupil, I know I should have said:

"Johnnie, you know I expect you to tell me the exact truth. Wouldn't you better begin over?"

"You asked this Mr. Stanford to return in a week?"

"Yes, I thought I wanted a few days to plan, but I know now what I shall do."

"And that is—"

"Ask him for the four months of grace, and make a vigorous search for Uncle Harvey's wealth."

"You still hope to find it then?"

"Blindly, perhaps, but I still hope. The figures on this slip of paper are burned into my brain, and they keep dancing tantalizingly before me. They hold the secret, I am sure, and I hope to find the key to the cipher before those four months have passed."

"And if you are not successful, I presume we shall have to give up our home."

"It looks so. This Mr. Stanford is not a man to whom I should care to feel indebted, even if he were inclined to be lenient, which I doubt. Do not think of that, though, Mamma. I shall solve the mystery in time."

The subject was before the girl during the day, and at night those ridiculous figures became fat little brownies, who marched gravely to and fro across her pillow, or peeped into her face with their round, wondering eyes.

She grew thin under the constant strain, but seemed no nearer the solution at the end of the fourteenth week than at the end of the first.

There were only two weeks of the school year remaining, but those first days of June were oppressively warm. It seemed to Nola that it took an unusual amount of energy and patience to keep her roomful of restless young people in anything like an attentive, studious state.

The soft, summer air came in gently at the open windows, and the happy birds sang so sweetly in the elms by the fence. Even the wild roses heaped on "teacher's" desk proved a temptation, for every curve of their dainty petals, and every breath of fragrance they sent out, told of the free, open, roadsides and fields from which they came, where books and even loved Miss Nola were all unknown.

Robbie Waters *could* not study. How he wished he were that saucy little meadow lark swinging on the syringa bush, or that bit of vapor playing in the sunshine.

His pretty day-dream was rudely broken in upon by Nola's call for the B, spelling class.

"Eunice, spell 'consume.'"

The word was correctly spelled.

"Robbie, add a suffix to the word 'consume' and spell the new word."

"Consumeing," spelled Robbie.

"What is the rule we have today, Robert?"

"I do not know, Miss Rogers."

Nola's eyes looked disapproval but not surprise.

"Frank, you may give the rule."

"Words ending in silent e, drop the e, when a suffix beginning with a vowel is added."

"Is the 'e' in 'consume' silent, Robert?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Does your suffix begin with a vowel or a consonant?"

"I don't know." His face flushed and he could not meet her look now.

"You do not know? Can you not name the vowels?"

"No—Miss Rogers,—oh, yes, I can" he cried eagerly, "v-i-b-g-y-o-r."

A poorly suppressed laugh greeted poor Robbie as he boldly repeated the key to the rainbow colors, instead of the vowels.

He saw what he had done but could not make the correction. His face flushed with shame. With Miss Nola's reproachful eyes upon him, he forgot about the saucy lark and the quivering vapor full of sunbeams, vainly wishing he had studied his spelling lesson.

"James, will you name the vowels for Robert?"

"A-e-i-o-u and sometimes w and y," quoted James glibly.

Robbie repeated them after him, and suffered no further disgrace during the recitation. On dismissing the class, Nola said to him: "Pass to the blackboard, Robert, write the vowels five times and see if you cannot remember them hereafter."

He walked to the board in some trepidation. It had been more than ten minutes since he had heard the names of those slippery vowels. Would his memory play him false again?

He thought for a moment and then wrote hesitatingly, i-w-e-y-o-w. That did not sound right when he repeated it softly to himself, so he tried again, and produced, e-a-u-i-o-w-y.

Nola's voice here confirmed his worst suspicion.

"You have the vowels all there, Robert, but they are not arranged correctly. Write them in order, please."

"I tried to, Miss Rogers, but I can't."

He turned his distressed face to her. "If you will let Jamie say them once more for me, I know what I'll do, and, honor bright, I'll learn them and never, never forget them again."

Nola smiled down into the bright eyes watching her face. "All right, Robbie; now I shall remember your promise."

Once more James repeated the vowels, and as he did so, Robbie's crayon jotted down 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7 under the corresponding letters that he might know their order, then triumphantly wrote, a-e-i-o-u-w-y five times and looked toward Nola for approval. But what has changed Miss Nola so much since she spoke to him a few minutes ago? Her face is so bright and happy now as she says kindly, "Those are written nicely, Robert. You may erase them now and be excused."

Little Minnie Gray whispered softly to her seat-mate, "Teacher's headache is all gone and she doesn't look tired any more. See how her eyes shine and how pink her cheeks are."

The closing exercises that day were hurried through, and the sound of the last footfall had scarcely died out of the hall, when Nola, with fingers that trembled with excitement, drew out a crumpled paper, and with pencil and tablet in hand seated herself at her desk.

For ten minutes she sat there with the color heightening in her cheeks, and her breath coming quick.

At first there was a little frown of perplexity on her forehead, then her brows cleared. She hastily wrote a few words, then caught up hat and gloves and hurried out of the building and home.

Mrs. Rogers was startled by the quick entrance of an excited girl who exclaimed triumphantly, "I have found it, mamma; I have found it" and hurried out to the yard at the rear of the house.

Mrs. Rogers picked up the scrap of paper that had been tossed in her lap and read, "I will hide your treasure in the elm tree, Nola."

"She reached the door in time to see Nola emerge from the hollow trunk of the old elm tree, with a japanned box in her hands.

The tree stood a few yards from the back porch, and the rustic seat under its spreading branches had been a favorite resting-

place for Harvey Lester. The trunk had grown to unusual size for this species of tree, and was badly decayed. On one side it had split open in a wide seam. In fact, nature had built there a tiny room with an ever-open door.

"It is heavy, mamma, and we shall soon know why, for here is the key chained to the box."

Nola threw one arm around her mother, almost carried her into the little sitting-room, and seated her by the table.

"There, mother mine, we shall know all about it, now." Her fingers trembled as she turned the tiny key in the lock and threw back the lid.

On top lay a note addressed to herself. She opened it and read:

"All for my little girl. Use it as seems best to you, after asking God's and mother's counsel, and try to realize something of the love that an old man, who has had no child of his own, feels for you. You have been a dear daughter to me, and it made me happy to think that I was saving a little for you to give you a few of the comforts and pleasures of life.

"God bless and keep you always.
Uncle Harvey."

Nola's tears were falling fast, as she pressed Uncle Harvey's message to her lips and pushed the box toward her mother.

"You look, mamma. I care more for this than for all else."

First was the deed to their home, perfectly legal beyond a doubt. Beneath this, notes, bonds, securities, gold and bills. In all a snug little fortune.

Mrs. Rogers still held in her hand the crumpled slip of paper that Nola had tossed her when she first came home. This reminded her that there remained a mystery that was unexplained to her.

"Evidently, you were right in many of your surmises, Nola. Tell me all about it. Were those figures the key to the mystery, or how came you to learn of this box?"

"Yes, mamma, the figures; and the solution is due to that precious, stupid, little Robbie Waters. I shall not forget that."

"Very well, but do not leave me in suspense now, to build air castles about Robbie."

"Why, you see it was like this. During the last session today he did not study very much, and consequently came to class without knowing his spelling lesson. More than that, he could not recall the vowels. After having them given for his benefit, I sent him to the board to write them. He remembered the letters and wrote them twice, placing a letter on the board as it came to him, regardless of order. I wanted them written correctly, so Jamie repeated them again, and as he did so Robbie numbered his letters, placing a figure 'one' under 'a', 'two' under 'e,' and so on up to 'y', which was 'seven.' In one place he had 'y,o,u' together with the corresponding figures '7,4,5,' under them. If I had not studied the figures on this paper until they have become almost a part of me, I probably should have thought nothing of it. But when I saw that 7,4,5 there, I knew the same figures were together on this paper, and I noticed that they spelled the word 'you.' There is an 'r' added here, you see, which makes 'your.' I did not discover what the 'o' meant until I found that the letter 'r' was needed to complete 'your,' 'tree' and 'treasure.'

"Most of the letters, aside from the vowels, are formed by '-|-i' or '-i,' and represent the letter preceding or following the ones indicated by 5, 4, or whatever is used. In this way 8-|-i is 'm' and 5-i is 't.'

"It came to me in a flash that those numbered vowels of Robbie's were the key to our puzzle, and I could scarcely wait until I was alone to put my idea to the test.

"As soon as I read, 'I will hide your treasure in the elm tree,' I knew what elm was meant, and could not get home quickly enough. The box was resting on a ledge about as high as my head."

Something of the story of the find leaked out.

The end of the fourth month of grace came, but Mr. Stanford did not appear to press his claim for further payment on the Lester property.

Robert was so much ashamed of his poor recitation that Friday afternoon that he left off day-dreaming. Nola, but no longer "Miss Nola," is helping him through college now, and he gives fair promise of being a credit to her.

THE DESERTED HOUSE

I

I never pass, on road or lane,
An empty house whose weather-stain
Of many years, clings to its form,
Caught as a garment from the storm,
Without a sigh within my heart;
And a sad wonder who took part
Beneath that roof, in the stern strife—
The joy, and toil, and pain of life.

II

Who were its tenants? Wherefore gone
To leave the old house all alone?
What forms passed in and out its doors?
What hands there wrought for household stores?
What voices spoke within its rooms,
In days of light, and days of gloom?
What hopes were born or blighted there?
What mingled life or dark or fair,
Trode quick or slow on step and stair?
Was it a house of doubt or prayer?

III

If it could speak, what would it tell
Of life's recurring miracle?
Or yet of death, or bitter tears
For troubles worse than death or years?
Age, and childhood, and manhood's strength,
All in one common household blent;
Or age perhaps, dwelt all alone,
Until it reached the churchyard stone:
Oh! that our life should mingled be,
With such deep bliss and tragedy.

IV

I stood, one early summer day,
Before a farm-house old and gray,
Large, but empty, and in decay.
The fair June rose-buds at the gate,
Seemed for the absent ones to wait.
The purple lilacs near the door,
Smiled their sweet welcome as of yore;
And, standing there like feathery plumes,
Shed on the air their rich perfumes.
An apple tree a little way,
Reached forth its arms, as if to stay
The old house in its sad decay,
And from its branches, loud and long
A robin poured his cheery song.
But loneliness reigned everywhere,
For man had been, but was not, there —
And naught could break the mystic spell
Of loss that on my spirit fell.

V

The hands that planted shrub and tree,
Had they on earth now ceased to be?
What children 'neath this orchard shade
In happy freedom romped and played,
And in the golden autumn days,
Helped pick the fruit, and husk the maize,
And traversed glen and wooded slope,
Creatures of never-failing hope?
Tears gathered in my heart. Anew
I felt the changes stealing through
All things that man on earth may do.
I plucked an op'ning flower or two,
For their mute company, and drew
Away from the pathetic sight:
Yet with a heart triumphant quite,
In the one house "not made with hands,"
Which in "the better country" *stands*.
Stands for aye; with the glow and beat
Of a full life, most glad and sweet:
While from its splendors grand and clear,
None of its inmates disappear.

—Eli Barber

THE LOST SONG

An Idyl of Contentment

By V. S. Pease

CHERMONT is a pretty little village snuggled on a narrow shelf of land between the mountain, from which it takes its name, and Lake Ontario. The streets are not straight and regular, as they are in many other places, for the feet of the old mountain will not get out of their way. But the village is too proud of its beauty, and too grateful for the shelter it gives from the cold north wind of winter, and for the cool breezes it sends down in summer, to dig down any part of it for a roadway. So when the town was growing up, if a foot of the mountain got in the way of a street, the people turned the street around it, and called it good.

In one other feature, Chermont is different from most towns; it never has wanted to be large. The space between the gracious old mountain and the beautiful lake is so narrow that a big town could not be built upon it without defacing the one or deflowering the other. So it has always been satisfied to remain a mere hamlet.

This gratitude to the dear old mountain, this love for the lake, this humor of good comfort with being small, permeates all Chermont and fills all its people with such wholesome content that it is known far and near as a happy village.

Of all its happy homes, at the time this tale begins, none were happier than that of Pierre Pictou, the merchant. In his early life Pierre, led by an adventurous spirit, left his native town near the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, and went out to see the world that had been built up in the land his ancestors had explored as a wilderness, inhabited by wild beasts and wilder men. A few years in the turmoil of great cities had sated his fancy for excitement, and filled him with longings to return to the delights of nature and the simple, quiet life of a small town. In this he was encouraged by Felicia Fairhall, a beautiful, joyous girl who filled his heart until there was not room for one selfish desire. In

her companionship he discovered his better self anew; in the presence of her love he forgot his old ambitions for wealth and power, and found himself hoping only for such content as would keep aglow the fires of their mutual enchantment. She, too, loved the country with the ardor of an artistic soul, and they passed many evenings in planning for a home-place that should accord with the few actions of their ideal. They agreed that there should be a mountain whose face would smile with the sunlight and frown with the storm; a lake with curving shores and sparkling or grave surface. Country there must be, either immediate or near at hand—the country of wood and field—the great, uneven expanse of green things.

"Let's get away from the moods of hurrying men—they are so often vicious," Felicia said, in a passion of relief at the prospect. "Nature is always kindly, whatever her mood. The poet who wrote of 'angry storm' and 'cruel wave' was city-bred—he didn't know nature. Let's go either to the country or to some small village; so small that it breaks into the country without a thing to mark the change. Such a place would be a suburb of nature—that's better than a suburb to a great city."

And Pierre shared her eager delight, for his old-time love of the country had returned with ardor doubled by the influence of an aesthetic spirit.

In the whole range of his travels he could remember no other place so suited to their hopes as Chermont; there was the stately, solemn mountain on the one side, the beautiful, capricious lake on the other. And in building the town every line of beauty that bore the finger-marks of the Creator had been preserved as a sacred memorial to nature's Artist. He told her all about it, and her eager fancy spread a bright and pleasing picture. It seemed like their natural home. So they were married directly, and set up,

in very fact, the home they had made while castle-building.

Pierre was a very happy man; he sang as he arranged the goods on the shelves; and his store soon came to be known as the "Singing Store." People began to go there and trade, because he was always so cheerful. The second year Marie was born, and then Pierre was yet more happy. He sometimes closed the store and went home to see wife and baby, and those who came to buy things waited until he returned. It seemed as if they wanted all their goods to come from the "Singing Store."

In this delightful atmosphere Marie grew up to be a very sunny child; and as her father sang at his work, so she sang much in her play. At eight years of age, the people of Chermont thought her the foremost singer on the lake, and when she sang in a concert for the Sunday School they came from other villages to hear her. Pierre, who knew a great deal about music, wrote many songs for her—both the words and the score. The young mother was also a musician, and their evenings were spent at their cottage in music and reading and games, without the thought that there were pleasures apart from each other's society. Whatever one enjoyed, soon became a pleasure common to all. If the mountain wore an unusual smile; if its crown were decked with a rare halo of cloud, Marie ran down to the store to tell her father, for he, too, must enjoy the sight. They had set up their home in a world of natural beauty, and their reciprocal happiness was so complete that they joined little with the world of people. Pierre went from his home to his store, and from the store back to his home, and in the evening, the first lamp that was lighted was set in the front window of the cottage, that he might see it when he left the store. Only of a Sunday did they break the sweet seclusion of this simple life, and then they all attended the village church. Pierre led the choir, Mrs. Pictou played upon the organ, and Marie, standing on a chair by the side of her father, helped with the singing—even here they were together.

And this stay-at-home life did not excite envy in their neighbors, for when they would speak to one another of the happiness of the Pictou home, they would say: "We must not disturb them, it might mar their pleasure. Leave them alone; as it is now, they give out

sunshine enough to gladden the whole village." And so it was; the felicity in that one cottage was a delight to the whole town, and many other families were trying to live as they lived.

It was summer, and a pageant had been arranged by Chermont to honor the old mountain. There was to be a procession of people carrying flowers and ferns with which to deck its bald old head, a speech by the lawyer, a prayer of thanksgiving by the pastor, and plenty of music. All the stores were to close and there was to be a general holiday; for although the sun was hot and the earth dry and baked, the old mountain kept sending down from its shady sides cool, fresh breezes that spread through every street of the town, and the people were very grateful.

The choir from the church was to sing choruses of joy and anthems of thanksgiving; but the best of all was to be a song by little Marie Pictou which her father had written for the celebration. 'Twas a beautiful thing, so those said who knew, and hundreds were coming from neighboring towns to hear it. It began, "Chermont, dear old mountain." The words were rich with thanksgiving; the music proclaimed thanksgiving almost as plainly as the words.

The day before this festival, Pierre Pictou received a message that his brother at the lower end of the lake was very ill. "Do come at once," it pleaded. He could not put aside this entreaty, even for one day, for he loved his brother well. The east-bound boat would be at Chermont in an hour, so he bade his wife and Marie goodbye, and when it left the wharf Pierre was on board.

This was the thirteenth day of June—a memorable day on the lake, for on that day the "Brave Heart" was wrecked, and it was then believed that all on board were lost. The homage to the mountain was forgotten, for the man of the "Singing Store" was on that boat, and the tidings spread gloom so heavy that the people of the village walked with downcast faces, and talked to one another in low voices.

Mrs. Pictou would not believe the report that all on the "Brave Heart" were drowned; she took Marie and made down the lake in a smaller boat, hunting through every village and hamlet along the shore, and on the bare beach between the towns, in despairing

search for her husband. But there was no trace of life from off that fated boat.

"All, all were lost," the people said to her, when Marie could not hear. Even those rough fishermen could not speak discouragingly before the child.

But Marie, with the blessed hope of childhood, had no mind to give up her father. From every person with whom her mother talked, Marie would ask:

"Don't you believe my papa will come back?" And if the answer were evasive she would add:

"You don't know my papa; he always comes home just as quickly as he can."

She was unhappy, but her sorrow was different from her mother's—there was not the element of despair in it. She wept only for the separation; she looked forward with no sense of uncertainty to the reunion.

At last when they told Mrs. Pictou there was no other place to search, she started toward home.

"Let's hurry back," said little Marie. "Papa may be waiting for us right now." And as night came on, she asked: "Who will light the lamp and put it in the window, so papa can see to come back?"

The mother clasped her more tightly and wept afresh. Then Marie wept, not because she thought her father was gone forever, but because there was no light in the window of the cottage.

When they reached home, it seemed to Mrs. Pictou as if the whole village were deserted, as if nearly everybody had moved away, and she and little Marie were there alone. The people were in deepest grief, and came with quivering voices to offer consolation, but their presence and gracious words did not break the sense of desolation. And nature, too, had changed. The old mountain had all its lines and shades of beauty, but it looked stoical and uncompassionate. The lake wore a new face. In peace, it appeared treacherous; in storm, it seemed to be reaching out and grasping with relentless persistence and cruel, sanguinary clutch. The sympathy of neighbors, their mention of the joy with which Pierre used to run home from his store, of the habit that had made for his place of business the name of the "Singing Store," of the light in the window, and the other little acts of mutual kindness, all added to her distress.

It may have been hope, that sweetest and truest passion of childhood, but Marie never ceased to expect her father. Every evening she lighted the lamp and set it in the window. Every morning she went to the wharf, as if she thought the lake would give up its prey.

* * *

But, by a strange accident, Pierre was not drowned. When the steamer went down he caught a floating timber and clinging to this, he drifted about until late in the night, when he made the land. He dragged himself beyond the roll of the breakers and sank exhausted. In the morning the fisherfolk found him unconscious and nearly dead. They carried him to their hut, rubbed his cold limbs and gave him such medicine as they had. From much experience with drownings, they well knew how to work, and after a time their patient moved his hands and legs, then tried to speak, and finally drank some hot gruel; but he did not come to his senses. In the stead of consciousness came fever, and in delirium he muttered "Felicia," "Marie," "Chermont." At times he tried to sing, and those who watched by his bed remember to this day the line of his labored song: "Chermont, dear old mountain." They could make nothing of his incoherent words, so they nursed him the best they might and hoped for a turn in his disorder.

It was weeks before the light of consciousness appeared in his dull eye, even for a few moments; days and days again passed before the light came with force to understand the surroundings. Even then he was too weak to talk long at one time, and he was so absorbed with memories of his wife and little Marie, that he would speak on no other subject. Not until they had asked him many times, did he tell his name and the name of his village. To him those matters did not seem so important as the love and contentment of home. Over and over again, each time more faintly, he told the fishermen of Felicia, his wife and companion; of little Marie, his other companion, and how sweetly she sang; of the mountain, and the song he had written to its tribute. He tried to remember the song. The words came readily, but the music would not answer his feeble call. Then he began to tell again of his wife, little Marie, and the content and happiness of the home.

The tension of care, the effort to recall the song, soon parted the slender thread of reason, and as he relapsed into delirium he whispered: "Come, little daughter, the song! We must rehearse it once more. How does it begin?" And he struggled resolutely for the tune. He had sung it in the wanderings of fever, but the one flash of intelligence had driven the memory of it from him. All night he labored with desperate energy; he would count the time, beat off the measures, but the melody was gone beyond recall.

Days passed in this mild derangement before he again realized his surroundings. With the second awakening, he begged to be carried out of the hut that he might look toward the main land, and perhaps see the heavy outlines of the old mountain; for the island was small and desolate, was inhabited only in summer, and by those migratory fishermen alone. When they had gratified his whim, he saw not the coveted shore, that was miles beyond the hazy line of the horizon; but sight of the great expanse of blue seemed like a view into the future. He smiled hopefully, as if buoyed by a prophecy of good omen, even when he felt the stealthy approach of delirium.

So it was a long time after the wreck of the "Brave Heart," before Pierre Pictou had the strength to start toward home. The moments of consciousness had been few and brief. The slow return of physical force brought no control over his disordered mind. Two of the fishermen, rough of look but kind of heart and gentle of touch, directed his course and set the easy stages of his travel.

Through all the weary miles by boat and wagon and railway, he talked of his wife and child and song. Toward the end of the journey the struggle to recall the song had its effect, and he spoke of little else. No change of scene, no diverting subject of discussion, not even the occupation of travel,

could change the wearing grind of his enfeebled reason.

It was evening when they reached Chermont. The shades of night were springing up on every side. Through the deceitful dusk, the heavy bulk of the old mountain showed black and gloomy, and seemed to overhang the village. Far up its dusky sides a whip-poor-will whistled a plaintive call; in the thickening twilight the night-hawk circled and darted threateningly. Every lineament of nature wore an ominous look.

To the sensitive spirit of Pierre, these depressing features of the universe brought new and wilder activity, and he told again and again to one of his old neighbors whom they met by chance, the story of his home and of the song.

When they were within sight of the cottage, the lamp burned brightly in the window, but he saw it not. When they came into the house he knew it not for his own, although he went to his big arm-chair and sat down as familiarly as if he had not been a day absent. But he would not rest—he told his wife and daughter of his home, so much like this, only so far away. To Marie he said: "I have a little girl, like you, only she sings so sweetly. She sings one song, 'Chermont, dear old mountain,' but I can't recall the tune." Again the struggle was on.

Mrs. Pictou, though blinded by tears, opened the piano, that had been closed so long, and played the opening strain. He closed his eyes, then opened them quickly, and a new light shone in them.

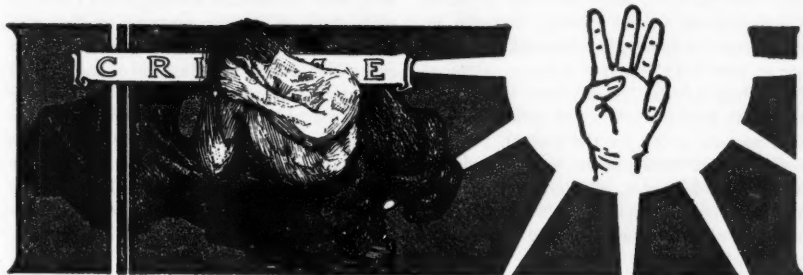
"It's the Lost Song! Felicia! Marie! home!"

* * * * *

The "Singing Store" was open again after a few days. As he placed new goods on the shelves, Pierre sang more cheerily than ever before. And when he started for home in the evening, the lamp in the window of the cottage beamed a happier welcome



The K·K·K



By C. W. Tyler

CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE

CHAPTER XXVI

MR. SLOWBOY TRAVELS A LONELY ROAD BY NIGHT, AND SOON FINDS HIMSELF IN DECIDEDLY QUEER COMPANY

SOLOMON SLOWBOY, chewing the cud of pleasing fancy, paced for an hour or more along the moonlit highway that led to the cross-roads village where it was his purpose to obtain lodging for the night. The route he was now pursuing ran up and down hill, but on the whole was not so difficult to travel as he had apprehended from the description of Miss Sue Bascombe, who had warned him that he would be compelled to journey through a rough country. The obstacles in his path were less noticeable too, he concluded, from the fact that the gray mare under his saddle was sure-footed and evenly gaited, and as she bore him smoothly onward, he became more thoroughly convinced that he had driven a good bargain when he purchased her.

The fact was—as I think I took occasion to remark in the last chapter—Solomon Slowboy was a much shrewder person than a body would have supposed to look at him. When

he went upon the horse market at Nashville, with the view of making an investment, he was not content, as many a blundering ignoramus would have been, to close a trade for the very first plug he came across. Instead of that, he kept looking and making inquiries until in a certain stable he finally laid eyes on a certain gray mare that seemed somehow to suit his fancy. When the dealer saw him viewing the gray mare with a critic's eye, he came forward and remarked to Slowboy politely that he observed he was a fine judge of horse flesh. "Forty men," said the dealer, "have passed that mare without special notice today, but you discerned that she was a very superior animal as soon as ever you entered the stable."

"Why, so I did," replied Solomon Slowboy, pleased at the compliment to his penetration. "Those other forty gentlemen you speak of had of course the right to consult their own tastes when they went upon the

horse market, but I was struck with this animal here, just as soon as I examined her points."

"Well, you have taken a fancy to about the best horse in the stable," said the dealer, "and it's a fine thing you happened along on this particular day of all days in the year."

"How is that?" inquired Slowboy.

The dealer then informed him confidentially that the gray mare was the property of a gentleman in the vicinity who was in great stress for money, and was willing therefore to part with her at a ruinous sacrifice. By waiting another twenty-four hours, the gentleman might hope to get almost double what he now asked for the animal, but the money had to come on the very day which, as luck would have it, Slowboy had selected for his visit to Nashville. Slowboy next inquired if a lady could ride the mare with safety, informing the dealer that he had a mother at home, who, though not an accomplished equestrienne, liked to take little horseback jaunts to the country now and then. As luck would have it again, the gentleman who was in great stress for money had a maiden aunt, whose habit it was to take a long ride every day on the back of Martha Washington—that was the mare's name—and who, even now was making a frantic endeavor to pawn her valuable diamond ring rather than part company with the cherished animal.

Slowboy at this, felt some scruple about robbing the lady of her treasure, but the dealer reminded him that somebody would be the purchaser that day, and that he might as well be the lucky man as another. To make a long story short, the lawyer then purchased the gray mare without more ado, and though the figure was higher than he expected—seeing the mare was being disposed of at a ruinous sacrifice—he paid the dealer's demand in spot cash, and a short while later was pacing out of the capital city of the state a-straddle of Martha Washington, and seated moreover in a brand new saddle, which creaked so loudly as he went that it somewhat embarrassed him. He proceeded homeward with the gray mare and the creaking saddle, till he reached the abode of a certain damsel in the hills, and, after a pleasant intermission there, was again, as we know, pacing leisurely along his homeward road.

Now, as Solomon Slowboy went on and

on, up hill and down hill, he thought of his estimable mother, and could see her in his mind's eye walking round and round Martha Washington, admiring the symmetry of her limbs, and having the old, family side-saddle strapped to her back to see how it fitted. As he thus mused, he thought of the ugly trick the mare had played him that evening, in unseating him right in the presence of a lady, and wondered if she might not cut some such caper when his esteemed mother was riding her. Then he remembered the criticism which Miss Sue Bascombe had passed on herself for hiding out in the bushes close to the roadside when a rider and horse were passing, and thought how generous it was in her to assume the entire responsibility for the mishap, instead of saddling a considerable share of the blame, as she unquestionably might have done, upon himself and Martha Washington. Miss Bascombe having been brought thus naturally to the front, his imagination dwelt fondly for a while upon her many graces of mind and person. He congratulated himself on his shrewdness in eliciting from her, without her ever suspecting his purpose, the important information that she was heart-whole and fancy-free, and ventured to cherish the hope that after his own acquaintance with her had fully ripened, perhaps the same could not be truthfully said of her. Then he went over again, for he had an excellent memory, all the little incidents of the pleasant evening that had just closed, the profound remarks submitted by Solomon Slowboy, her appreciative responses, and just precisely how she looked when he said this or that. We are told that when fancy makes the feast, it costs no more to have it fine, and it was a delightful entertainment indeed to which Solomon Slowboy treated himself as Martha Washington paced evenly along the moonlit highway upon that balmy Summer night.

When he had gone over the enjoyable features of his visit again and again, and the exquisite pleasure of recalling them was somewhat dulled by repetition, he bethought him of the singular conversation that had passed between himself and the maiden just as they were on the eve of leave-taking. What did a sensible girl like Sue Bascombe mean by all this talk about ghosts? How did she happen to find out about the mysterious experience of Lord Brougham, who in

his autobiography records the fact that he encountered the ghost of a departed friend in his bath-room, just as he was rising, divested of his raiment, from the tub? And this confounded Bell Witch, too, that she had lugged into the conversation; strange tales had been told concerning that spook, or whatever it was. Strange tales, strange tales. Slowboy had heard them from his mother, who had heard them from her mother, who was a good church member, and in the matter of the Bell Witch knew whereof she spake. How curious it is that such wild tales should obtain credence and pass for truths among sensible people! But when one came to think of it there really was no clear dividing line between the knowable and the unknowable, the natural and the so-called supernatural. The ghosts, of which we have so many well-authenticated instances, may all have been conjured up by diseased imaginations, but who can say that some of them were not real visitants, permitted for a special purpose to return to the walks of men? "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in thy philosophy."

By this time, Martha Washington had put several miles of road behind her, and the route was through a more broken country than any Slowboy had yet traversed. Streams became more frequent, and often the road ran up the bed of one of these. Now and then a deep hollow formed part of the way, and almost pitch darkness reigned here, for the moonbeams could not penetrate through the thick canopy of leaves and branches that closed in overhead. Slowboy was by no means a coward, yet he could not help feeling a little nervous when he found himself groping through a silent wood alone, and far away, as well as he could determine, from any human habitation. Once or twice he fancied he heard someone riding behind him, and checked Martha Washington to ascertain whether such was really the case. Either there was no one on his track, as he discovered in each instance, or the person who was following him stopped whenever he did. Now he reached better ground, where there was a little help from the moonlight, and was pushing his way more briskly along this when he was startled by a deep groan that came from the roadside a few feet in front of him. He at once brought his mare to a dead stop,

and waited in the highway to listen. A second time the groan came, and it was evidently the groan of a human being, and one, too, in great agony. Slowboy advanced cautiously a short distance and halted again. A third time he heard the groan, and it was unmistakably the plaint of some poor, expiring wretch not immediately on the roadside, but a little way off in the wood.

"Whoever you are," cried Slowboy in the darkness, "I'm ready to help you if you stand in need."

Nothing but silence greeted this friendly offer, and Slowboy a second time lifted his voice in the darkness.

"You seem to be in distress. I'm ready to help you if I can," Then he heard the deep groan once more, followed by a very faint voice from the wood: "Come, for God's sake."

Without more ado, Slowboy pushed his mare into the wood, and endeavored to reach the spot from which the voice proceeded. Soon both he and the mare became entangled in the long, green, creeping briars that twine so luxuriantly among the trees and branches in that part of the country. Martha Washington plunged, scratched herself and rider, then retreated rather precipitately back into the road. Nothing daunted in his praiseworthy resolve, Slowboy dismounted and tied her to a limb which he could dimly discern, for it was not pitch dark in the highway. This done, he started on foot into the wood and penetrated a short distance cautiously. "Where are you?" he cried to the unknown individual whom he was seeking to reach.

"Here," responded a weak voice only a few steps off.

He made his way to the spot from which the sound proceeded, but could find no trace of the wounded man whose desperate condition he was seeking to relieve. He stood and listened, but not a sound near him could his strained ear catch; not even the heavy breathing of a creature in distress. He waited in dead silence for a few moments, and then, in some trepidation, lifted his voice again. "Where are you?" he inquired softly.

A dismal groan came in response to this inquiry, but the creature that uttered it was now some distance off, and, as he could tell by the sound, on the opposite side of the roadway which he had left. Alone in a dark

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Nothing but silence greeted this friendly offer, and Slowboy a second time lifted his voice in the darkness.

"You seem to be in distress. I'm ready to help you if I can," Then he heard the deep groan once more, followed by a very faint voice from the wood: "Come, for God's sake."

Without more ado, Slowboy pushed his mare into the wood, and endeavored to reach the spot from which the voice proceeded. Soon both he and the mare became entangled in the long, green, creeping briars that twine so luxuriantly among the trees and branches in that part of the country. Martha Washington plunged, scratched herself and rider, then retreated rather precipitately back into the road. Nothing daunted in his praiseworthy resolve, Slowboy dismounted and tied her to a limb which he could dimly discern, for it was not pitch dark in the highway. This done, he started on foot into the wood and penetrated a short distance cautiously. "Where are you?" he cried to the unknown individual whom he was seeking to reach. "Here," responded a weak voice only a few steps off.

He made his way to the spot from which the sound proceeded, but could find no trace of the wounded man whose desperate condition he was seeking to relieve. He stood and listened, but not a sound near him could his strained ear catch; not even the heavy breathing of a creature in distress. He waited in dead silence for a few moments, and then, in some trepidation, lifted his voice again. "Where are you?" he inquired softly.

A dismal groan came in response to this inquiry, but the creature that uttered it was now some distance off, and, as he could tell by the sound, on the opposite side of the roadway which he had left. Alone in a dark

wood, in a strange country, and subjected to such an experience, it is useless to say that the lawyer felt nervous. Still, he said to himself, it must be the prank of some foolish practical joker, and without further effort to discover the individual he had gone to seek, he made his way with considerable difficulty back to the road. As he reached the shadowy highway, he detected the dim outline of his mare close at hand, and, approaching nearer, was astonished to find there was a man in the saddle.

"Ahem," ejaculated Slowboy, after standing a few seconds irresolutely in the highway.

The man who had usurped his place sat upright in the saddle, maintaining perfect silence. There was, as said, a little glimmer of light in the road, and by its aid Slowboy could see the face of him who bestrode Martha Washington. It was as white as a piece of chalk, and the head was held so erectly that the countenance of the stranger was directed apparently toward some object in the distance considerably above the level of the earth. The individual who thus ignored the lawyer's presence was also, as Slowboy could tell on slight inspection, very slim of figure, and the tallest person he ever remembered to have met.

As the attorney stood in the road and silently gazed at the mysterious tall man sitting in his saddle, the case of Lord Brougham came back to his mind, but he could not recall having made a compact with any friend by which the first of the two who shuffled off this mortal coil should return to earth and make himself known to the other. It occurred to Slowboy also as being a little singular that Martha Washington remained so perfectly quiet with a spook in the saddle. Then he reflected that the spook, if such it was, had no specific gravity, and therefore Martha Washington probably was not aware of the fact that there was anything at all atop of her. As he turned over these matters in his mind, the tall man with the very white face reached out a very long arm and slowly beckoned Slowboy to draw nearer. At the same moment Martha Washington turned, and at a deliberate gait walked off down the road. The tall man in the saddle continued to beckon to Slowboy, thereby indicating plainly enough that it was desired he should follow after.

Solomon Slowboy was no coward, nor was he a man to lose his head in a sudden emergency. When he saw the mare walking away, he was strongly tempted to pull the pistol which Miss Bascombe had loaned him, and take one crack, hit or miss, at the rider who had so coolly appropriated his property. He then reflected that this rider, whether human or diabolical, had not made any demonstration against him as would justify a deadly assault on his part; and moreover, that—whatever might be his character—he almost certainly had associates near at hand who would take part in any affray that might arise. Reflecting thus, he refrained from drawing his pistol, and his next impulse was to take to his heels and leave Martha Washington for the remainder of her life in the hands of the taciturn stranger who seemed to have taken such a violent fancy to her. This impulse he also rejected, not only because he deemed such a course would be unbecoming to a brave man and a rational creature, but upon the further consideration that they would be almost certain to catch him if he ran. The long arm of the stranger continued to beckon as Martha Washington proceeded slowly down the road, and Slowboy, resolved to see the end of so curious an adventure, obeyed the behest and followed after. Upon the supposition that the stranger was human, his conduct was utterly unaccountable; upon the supposition that he was not of earth's mortal mold, it might be conjectured that he had business of importance with the attorney, the nature of which he was not permitted to communicate except at a certain spot and in a certain way. Upon either supposition, all that remained for Slowboy to do was to follow on with as stout a heart as possible and await developments.

The unknown rider proceeded at a gentle walk for a short distance along the same route that Slowboy had been pursuing; then Martha Washington diverged to the left, and presently began to climb a rugged hill that rose a little way off from the highway. It was not very steep, and soon the summit was reached and the gray mare began to descend upon the other side. The lawyer followed without difficulty, for he could not only hear her footsteps, but could distinguish her figure dimly in the darkness. At the top of the hill he halted, as if uncertain whether

to follow longer, but the gray mare halted, too, a few steps in advance, and he fancied he could see the long arm of the silent rider beckoning him to approach. When he started again the mare started, and he resolved to display no more hesitation, but to win if possible the good will of the mysterious being ahead by obeying its summons with alacrity. They were now again in a dense wood, and the lawyer pressed close upon the heels of the mare, for fear of losing sight of her. It was not many minutes before they began descending a deep hollow with a high ridge on either side. Leaving this, the mare picked her way slowly up the rough acclivity on the left, and as she did so Slowboy observed that the space above and immediately in front of him was illuminated by a faint, ruddy light. Reaching the summit of this ridge, they descended abruptly into a circular basin, from the bottom of which, as Slowboy could tell, the reddish light proceeded. The stranger mounted on the gray mare went forward at a quicker gait, and the lawyer, stumbling and keeping his eye on the animal and her tall, lank rider, suddenly found himself in the midst of a circle of strangely clad beings in human form, who, with dejected heads, sat in silence around him. The red light disappeared as he came to a halt at the tail of Martha Washington, but the space at the bottom of the bowl was free from timber growth of any kind, and the open sky above shed an uncertain glimmer about the place. The moon was behind the high ridge to the right; its beams, however, increased the brightness of the sky at the zenith, and the reflected light made more distinct objects immediately beneath.

The singular creatures by whom Slowboy found himself surrounded were arrayed for the most part, in white habiliments, though some were draped from head to foot in deep black. Many were short of stature, while not a few were as tall as the long, slim figure that still sat immovably upon the back of Martha Washington. As Slowboy looked dubiously from one to another of his taciturn associates, he was surprised to see his erstwhile conductor take off his head and rest it carelessly on the pommel of the saddle before him. At this, most of the other tall figures around him took off their heads and rested them quietly in their laps. A deep, dismal groan now arose from the headless

creature in the saddle, and was taken up and prolonged by his ghostly associates. The gray mare here hoisted her head, flung up her tail and snorted in fear and suspicion. It was the first time she had displayed any emotion, and Slowboy was glad to note that she was as much impressed by the proceedings as he was. It made him feel that whatever befell him, he had sympathetic company.

Up to this moment, not a word had been spoken, except the few brief syllables uttered by the creature in the wood, whom Slowboy had been unable to find. Now there came, from one beyond the group, in deep, hollow tones, that made him shiver:

"Rash mortal, what wouldst thou here among us?"

Not being able to ascertain from what source the voice emanated, and not being assured that he himself was directly addressed, Slowboy maintained what he deemed to be a discreet silence.

"Rash mortal, what wouldst thou here among us?" came a second time the voice, which the lawyer could not precisely locate, but which he was quite sure did not proceed from any one of the individuals whom he saw grouped around him. He could not doubt, upon reflection, that the query was addressed to him, since he was the only one of those present whose habiliments indicated that he wished to be classed among human creatures.

"I came," the attorney replied in a tone as firm as he could muster, "at the beck of him who sits on horseback here before you. I know not why he summoned me to your presence."

"Why didst thou summon this mortal to our presence?" demanded the voice in a tone of offended dignity, presumably now addressing Slowboy's singular escort.

The being on the back of Martha Washington, who up to his moment had held his head on the saddle pommel before him, now replaced it on his shoulders, twisted it 'round a time or two as if to screw it tightly to his body, and then responded in measured tones that harrowed Slowboy's soul:

"He is a l-a-w-y-e-r."

At this announcement, the whole assemblage groaned most dismally, and each member of the circle shook his head so violently that Slowboy expected to see several pates drop off and roll upon the ground before him.

Finally they all arose, as if by common consent, and, joining hands, began to skip and spin around him and the gray mare, uttering a low, monotonous groan or mournful humming noise as they did so.

Being utterly unused to such proceedings, the lawyer observed them closely, and busied his mind with endeavoring to determine the significance of their capering. It was evident that the fact of his being a member of the legal fraternity had made a powerful impression upon them. As they spun around and groaned, the red light again made the atmosphere lurid above them, and gave them more the appearance of demons than they had borne before. The gray mare, greatly excited, raised her head, flung up her tail, and spun round and round in her place as if with some wild idea of keeping them company. Slowboy took a firm grip on his mind and made a desperate effort to retain his composure, which he found under the circumstances to be no easy job.

When the excitement was partly subsided, the voice in the rear pronounced in a tone of inquiry the syllables "Law-yer," and the tall being on the back of Martha Washington responded a second time in the most melancholy accent: "L-A-W-Y-E-R." At this the wild creatures in the circle, as if the intelligence was more than they could bear with equanimity, whirled round more rapidly than at first, and their moan grew into a howl that could have been heard a half-mile away. The tall being in the saddle, who seemed to have some sort of control over them, now lifted his long arms and motioned them all to be still. Without a word, each member of the circle dropped back to his place, and, seating himself on the earth, hung his head in dejected silence.

Then came again the sepulchral voice that proceeded from none of the group about him. "Out of a thousand lawyers, there may by accident be discovered one good man. See if this mortal here before us, comes under the rule or the rare exception."

Then four tall figures stepped forth from their places in the circumference of the circle, and approached Slowboy, who stood apprehensively in the center. Each of the four held in his hand what seemed to be a keen sword of not less than seven feet in length, and so bright that the blade glistened in the glimmering light of the sky. While the law-

yer watched these figures with intense interest, the tall man in the saddle leaned forward and suddenly dropped over his head and shoulders a wide black bag, which completely obscured his view. He was thus left in total darkness, but could hear the stealthy tread of those approaching him with uplifted weapons and the low moan that was now resumed round the circle.

"Mortal," proclaimed the melancholy voice once more, "the test to which you are about to be subjected will show us whether you are to be classed with the nine hundred and ninety-nine abominable lawyers that should not be permitted to cumber the earth, or whether you are the thousandth man, who, by some piece of ill luck has stumbled upon a calling that no honest human being would deliberately choose."

Then was heard a scraping and rasping, as if the weapons were being sharpened preparatory to some fearful test.

"Mortal," remarked the voice, "our attendant hobgoblin will now take you by the arm and lead you forward. At the third, seventh and eleventh steps I warn you to lift high your left leg and proceed with extreme caution, for you will then be surmounting the keen sword of vengeance that will surely gash your unworthy flesh if you are not in rectitude of soul far above the average lawyer. If you stand this crucial test, we will take you to our confines and release you with the admonition to forsake your calling ere we meet again. Should blood be drawn, or should you flinch from the test, or cry out in perturbation of spirit, it will be convincing proof to us that you are an unrepentant and incorrigible member of the despicable fraternity of lawyers, and you shall surely die the death. Attendant hobgoblin, lead the mortal on."

As Slowboy stepped forward, he could not help feeling agitated by the rasping sound of the long swords stroked against each other to sharpen their edges. He kept in his mind, however, the fact that he would only encounter these dangerous weapons at the third, seventh and eleventh steps of his progress, and resolved to lift his left leg so high, and feel his way cautiously as not to receive hurt if 'twas possible to avoid it. His strange companions had chosen to hang the issue of life or death on this preposterous test, and while their conduct in doing so was

absurd, Slowboy was compelled to admit to himself that it was not without precedent. Wager of battle had been frequently resorted to by them of old time to decide important issues, and learned judges—if his law books were to be credited—had on divers occasions caused old women to be cast into deep water to determine whether or no they were witches. The lawyer, therefore, through whose trained mind these precedents passed hurriedly, did not deem it an unheard of thing that his wild captors, devil or human, should choose to subject him to the ordeal through which he was now to pass, and let the question as to whether they should murder him or free him be determined by his ability to lift his left leg to a required height at a critical moment.

As the attorney set out, he took two firm steps, and those around him maintained profound silence. At the third step they raised a dismal groan, which was accompanied by some kind of doleful wind instrument, that he had not heard before. He lifted his left leg slowly as high as he could, advanced it cautiously over the fearful weapon he was convinced must be thereabouts, and set it down safely upon the other side. Three more forward steps were then taken in silence. Again the mournful howl was set up, and the wind instrument resumed its plaint, and again with the black bag over his head, the lawyer surmounted the sword of vengeance. The strain upon him was fearful, but he knew that his life was at stake, and summoned up all his fortitude as he approached the eleventh step of his progress. The groaning was now redoubled, an occasional shriek rent the air, and the wind instrument sent forth a wilder wail than ever issued from the throat of a catamount. He became perplexed as to whether he had reached the tenth or eleventh step of his way, but in desperation raised his left leg to a height he had not before reached and extended his toe cautiously forward in the darkness. As he made this supreme effort he was supported by his right foot on tiptoe, and could not have maintained his balance but for the clutch of the attendant goblin upon his arm. While he paused thus in the midst of the confusing hubbub, of a sudden something like the talon of a bird of prey gripped him by the calf of the leg on which he stood, at the same moment the attendant let go, and, stumbling heavily forward, he fell to the earth. As he did so, the

black bag either dropped or was snatched from his head, and, struggling in confusion to his feet, he saw the whole array of hobgoblins gesticulating and leaping about, apparently in ecstasy. Martha Washington had been removed to the outer edge of the circle, but was still in view, with the headless spook sitting motionless in the saddle. The groans and the wail of the wind instrument reverberated through the neighboring hills, and the red glare flared over surrounding objects till the whole appeared to the lawyer's excited imagination like a scene from the lower region.

The headless horseman now lifted his long arms and once again all was still. Then from the outer darkness the sepulchral voice was heard: "Mortal, the infallible test proclaims thee to be neither better nor worse than others of thy despicable calling. This night, it is decreed, thou shalt leave the earth upon which thou art not fit to dwell. As talking is thy trade, however, thou mayest speak a few last words before the hobgoblin executioner severs thy head from thy vile body."

Finding in this permission some slight opportunity to plead his own cause, Slowboy cleared his throat and made bold to address the singular creatures by whom he was surrounded.

"Gentlemen, or wild men, or whoever you be," he began, "I have to inform you at the outset of my remarks that I no more consider you hobgoblins than I consider myself a hobgoblin. I have serious doubts in my mind as to whether there be any such creatures as hobgoblins in the established order of things about us, but waiving this point, I am convinced you cannot be classed among such beings, for, unless I am much mistaken, I have seen tonight the breeches legs of two or three of you sticking out from under the curious attire you have seen fit to assume for the occasion. I say this not for the purpose of criticizing your make-up—which I admit to be creditable—but because it becomes necessary here for me to fashion my argument either upon the assumption that you are mortals like myself, or that you are whimsical creatures of the upper air upon whom in all likelihood both argument and entreaty would be wasted. If you spent your time in matting horses' tails, causing cream to sour, and performing other like mad pranks, I could not hope to reach you by any appeal to your rea-

son, but proceeding upon the theory that you are human creatures, I ask you what you have to gain by murdering me tonight down here at the bottom of this sink-hole? I say murdering me, because while you may perhaps claim that you have vouchsafed me some sort of a trial, I can convince you in a moment, if you will pay attention to what I say, that you are wholly in error on this point. I do not deny that at one period of our history matters of life and death were decided by tests as unreasonable as that to which you have just subjected me, but I remind you not only that all such methods are now obsolete, but moreover that even when resorted to by them of old, the charge under investigation was in each instance one that if proven would have been punishable with death by the law of the land. Now, here there is no charge at all pending against me, or if there be any at all, it is of such frivolous nature that no judge could pronounce sentence upon it if I had been formally declared guilty by a sworn jury in the court house. The only accusation I have heard is, that in the first place I am a lawyer, and in the second place that I am no better than the great majority of members of my calling. You need not have required me to step over keen-edged swords to establish the truth or falsity of such averments, for I cheerfully concede that I am a lawyer, and I lay no claim to being better in any way than the thousands of great and good men who in every age have adorned my profession. Why should any sane man, my friends, think less of me because I am a lawyer? 'You will defend any scoundrel for money'—one may allege. Why, so I will, but what of that? Will not the doctor physic the same scoundrel for money, if he fall sick, and require medical aid? The doctor—you may say—has nothing to do with the character of the man who engages his services. Neither have I, if you will consider a moment. For the question, mark you, to be decided by court and jury in a criminal trial, is not whether the prisoner at the bar be a scoundrel, but whether he has been legally proven guilty of the specific charge laid down in the bill of indictment. My client may be in truth the biggest rascal that ever went unhung, nay, he may have actually committed the very crime laid at his door, but if this fact cannot be proven to the entire satisfaction of twelve good and

lawful men, and that too in accordance with certain time-honored rules laid down in the law books, he must be permitted to walk out of court a free man, leaving Omnipotence to mete out to him fitting punishment in the next world."

At this point one of the spectral auditors groaned aloud, and rising flourished his arms wildly about for a few seconds. Giving no heed to this ungentlemanly interruption, Slowboy proceeded with his argument—"But possibly someone will say—'You keep a cause in court almost interminably, and exhaust the patience of the community before you will permit your client to come to trial at all.' So I will, my friends, if necessity demand, but what fair-minded person can censure me for so doing? If I see immediate destruction overhanging my client, and by availing myself of certain well established rules laid down in the books I can for a time avert that destruction, shall I not do so? Will not the doctor, if his patient be at death's door, use all his skill to prevent immediate dissolution, in the hope that the case may, after a while, by some lucky chance, take a turn for the better? He surely will, and may not the lawyer, when he finds his client in like predicament, by skillfully drawn affidavits for continuance, and other legitimate dilatory tactics, postpone the hearing from term to term, in the hope that after a while important witnesses may die off, or grow tired tramping to court, and testimony necessary for conviction being thus gotten rid of, his lucky client may at last find himself snatched, as it were, from the very jaws of death?"

Here the speaker was again interrupted, several of the hobgoblins rising and gesticulating furiously in manifest disapproval of his utterances. A good lawyer is always more intent upon winning his case than on making a creditable speech, and Slowboy, observing the thickening signs of trouble, concluded to steer his discourse in a direction somewhat different from that which he had been hitherto pursuing. "Perhaps, my friends," he continued, "this is not the occasion upon which to press the point I have just been endeavoring to make clear to your minds. I will therefore, with your permission, waive it for the present, and to convince you that my avocation is respectable will remind you of at least one attorney who

by the common judgment of posterity was a credit to the age in which he lived. When the Savior of mankind hung on the cross, and all his disciples forsook him, and fled, who was it that boldly confronted the murderous Jews and demanded his body for decent burial? It was Joseph of Arimathea, a lawyer, who performed this righteous act, and shall it be said of you that two thousand years later, in a Christian land you killed a man for no other crime than that of being found in such good company?"

At this the whole posse of hobgoblins rose and began skipping madly around Slowboy, convincing him that their patience was now exhausted. The headless rider upon Martha Washington, after a few minutes quieted them by raising his long arm, and Slowboy, having no heart to proceed further, stood in the midst of the strange group awaiting his doom.

"Wretched lawyer," cried the sepulchral voice from the outer darkness, "thy tongue hath failed this once to screen the guilty, nor art thou now before a tribunal where sentence for thy misdeeds can be indefinitely postponed to await the pleasure of the criminal. This night, this moment, shalt thou feel the fearful sword of vengeance. Hobgoblin executioner, away with such a fellow from the earth."

A lank creature with an uplifted sword of frightful length now advanced menacingly upon him. A cold, bluish flame lit up the scene, that imparted to the figures of the group and other objects a weird and ghastly complexion. Nearer and nearer drew the lank form of the hobgoblin executioner; the long blade of his weapon shimmered in the ghastly light, and the miserable attorney unconsciously bowed his head as though to receive the impending stroke. As he leaned forward toward the earth, the missive which the girl had given him a few hours before slipped from his side pocket and fell to the ground. In an instant he recalled the words she had uttered on placing it in his possession, and taking it hurriedly between his fingers, he presented it to the headsman, who was now close upon him and about to strike.

As he took up the paper, the gaunt hobgoblin paused. On the back of the envelope there was, as said, no inscription, but instead a human hand had been cleverly drawn in red ink, the thumb and little finger

closed, the other three fingers extended. The lawyer had noticed this hand when he placed the letter in his pocket, but had not deemed it of special significance. The creature with the long sword, however, as soon as his eyes fell upon it lowered his weapon, and, with visible agitation took the envelope from the hand of the attorney. He then backed swiftly to the outer edge of the circle and beyond his associates, into the outer darkness. Here he remained for what seemed to be a considerable length of time. Slowboy stood in painful suspense, while those grouped in a circle about him were manifestly disturbed from some cause. At last came again the voice from the darkness, but this time in a softer tone;

"Mortal, thou mayest live. It is so decreed by one whose mandate we dare not disobey. Drain the horn of fellowship with the mystic clan and go thy way."

Again the scene was lit up, first by red and then by the ghastly blue light. A more jovial sound was echoed around the circle. Sharp cries of animals were imitated, the hoot of the horned owl was heard, and other grotesque noises startled the night. Large drinking horns were then introduced, filled with some kind of liquid, and drained again and again by the members of the disorderly group. One more fantastically arrayed than any he had yet noticed, now approached Slowboy, bearing in his hand a drinking vessel, which looked like the crooked horn of an old ram. This was filled to the brim, and the lawyer, who had no wish to offend his new-found friends, without hesitation raised it to his lips and dared not take it away till the last drop was down his throat. He began his task with confidence, as he had seen the others imbibe so freely, but he came near being strangled before he finished his potation. He was compelled to swallow slowly, as the horn was crooked and deep, and distinctly tasted—as he afterward avowed—peach brandy, corn whiskey, persimmon beer, hard cider, and pepper sauce, as the mixture slid down into his bowels. When he had finished, he handed the ram's horn back to his obsequious attendant and did not ask for more.

The confusion about Slowboy now rapidly increased, and many of the hobgoblins displayed a disposition to become hilarious. The creature on the back of Martha Wash-

ington waved his arms in a frantic way, but none of his subjects paid any attention to him. The mare herself, as if pleased with the turn affairs were taking, raised her head and sent forth a cheerful whicker that encouraged the soul of the lawyer. The whole scene by this time was beginning to swim around him, and he was fast lapsing into that condition when—to use a boyish phrase—he didn't care whether school kept or not. At this moment the voice, somewhat unsteady, was heard once more addressing itself to him; "Mortal, canst thou not use thy tongue in bidding thankful adieu to thy hobgoblin friends?"

Slowboy, while recognizing his unfitness for the task, assigned him, now braced himself for a supreme effort.

"Suttinly, gen'lemun," he began. "'Appy, I 'shure you; 'appy to stan' 'fo' you on this aus—aus—auspishus 'cashun. Am indeed, I 'shure you. Give you my word, gen'lemun—shury, never been so drefful 'appy befo' in all my born days. Thas-er-fack. As to that wot I said 'bout Shoseff Arrymar-thuer, 'twuz all damn foolishness, an' I take it back."

At this candid retraction, the enthusiasm of the hobgoblins broke bounds, and they crowded about him to grasp his hands and to offer him liquor. His legs, however, had been growing alarmingly weak for some minutes, and they now failed him altogether. With a sickly smile, and a deprecating wave of the hand, he rejected the invitations to swallow more ghoulish drink, and, sinking to the earth, stretched himself out with as much composure as if he had been at home in bed. How long he laid there, and who carried him off, he could never tell. When he awoke the sun was shining brightly overhead, and he was lying only a little piece off from the main highway, with Martha Washington tied to his leg.

Crawling feebly into his saddle, Mr. Slowboy pursued his journey homeward. As he went he reflected. Halting at the first stream on his route, he washed his face, drank copiously, and, remounting, rode on and reflected again. What connection was there between Miss Sue Bascombe and the hobgoblins? If none, how did it happen that the letter of the former had such an astonishing effect upon the latter? But then, she loaned him a pistol which he might

have used with deadly effect if he had chosen. In some apprehension, he here felt for the pistol, and found it safe in his hip pocket. He then examined it carefully and found that all the leaden balls had been drawn, leaving only charges of powder in the cylinders. This was a very singular piece of business. The hobgoblins certainly had not withdrawn the balls before he fell into a stupor, and why should they have chosen to do so afterward? Was it possible that the young lady had purposely given him a harmless pistol, when she had reason to suppose he would fall into such dangerous company on his route? Mr. Slowboy rode on and reflected, but the more his mind dwelt on the subject the more puzzled he became. He was conscious of a very decided headache, which probably had something to do with his inability to solve the problem in hand. When he reached home, he went to bed and fell asleep again. It was not until nearly noon of the next day, that he walked languidly to the office of Palaver & Slowboy, and undertook to give an account of himself.

The account which Slowboy gave of the adventure with the hobgoblins in the Marrowbone Hills, and his explanation of what he there saw and experienced, was not satisfactory to himself, and, therefore, it could not be supposed that it would be entirely satisfactory to others. Some said he got on a tear in Nashville, and had a plain case of the jim-jams on his way home. Others said that, as was the case with the Apostle Paul, much study had inclined him to madness. His mother and most of the old ladies in the community, were firmly of the opinion that he had encountered a legion of devils in the God-forsaken hill country, and I desire to go on record here as affirming that in my judgment, the conclusion they reached was based upon evidence of a highly persuasive nature. It is quite true that up in the neighborhood of the astounding transactions just narrated, the report gained credence that the whole thing was a job put up on Lawyer Slowboy, by one Teddy McIntosh. It was there whispered around that Teddy somehow got wind of Slowboy's visit to Miss Sue Bascombe, and resolved to waylay the lawyer on his road home and give him some idea of life in the knobs. It was further whispered that the young lady above mentioned was informed of Teddy's plan, and.

wishing both to aid him and keep him within the bounds of moderation, she loaned Slowboy a pistol with which he could hurt nobody, and at the same time intrusted him with a sealed paper that, presented in the nick of time, would prevent his being handled too roughly by her friends. Such a report, I say, gained credence in the neighborhood of the occurrence, but it was too preposter-

ous to merit serious consideration, and I am sure the intelligent reader will give little heed to it.

The facts were exactly as I have stated them, and about all that can with assurance be said of them is that, taken all together, they present a dark problem, which neither you nor I nor Mr. Slowboy will ever be wise enough to solve.

CHAPTER XXVII

MR. BOB LEE TEMPLETON DISTINGUISHES HIMSELF AT THE WOODPILE

LEST the reader should rashly conclude that nobody but Solomon Slowboy could ride the road in the parts of which this narrative treats, I take pleasure in stating that one Bob Lee Templeton, in the county aforesaid, and at or about the time heretofore mentioned, was frequently observed galloping up and down the highways and whistling to himself, as if compelled to thus give vent to his cheerfulness. If his horse's head was turned toward the heart of the Marrowbone Hills, he usually rode rapidly, and drew rein about nightfall at the front gate of Major Habersham. When proceeding in the opposite direction, he traveled more slowly, and whistled a softer tune, but a look of supreme satisfaction still abode with him. He never recovered the valuable animal that was stolen from the Habersham premises, nor did he get back his liberal subscription for the six Bibles that were to have been delivered a few weeks later and were not. These untoward accidents, however, by no means engendered in his mind a prejudice against the Habersham house, or the innocent members of the Habersham family. He continued his visits as before, and all through the pleasant summer and the still more delightful fall weather, haunted the Habersham residence as persistently as if he had been a Yankee bill-collector and the major had been bad pay. By this time, you may depend upon it, Mr. Templeton was so well versed in affairs of state and the principles of true democracy, that he could have given points to Grover Cleveland. He had also spent many hours in the improving society of Miss Polly Habersham, so that he knew tolerably well how to behave himself in the company of ladies.

There is a very old tradition which teaches us that unwedded human creatures, like the

birds of the air, usually do their billing and cooing in the month of May; and the greatest of modern English poets has sung to us in mellifluous verse that—"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." In opposition to this high authority, however, I venture to record it as my conviction that the heart of the average young man is tenderest and most susceptible to blandishment in the fall of the year. The spring-time, of which we hear so much, is slushy and disagreeable, and the farmer lad, when not breaking ground for corn, is wheezing and sneezing in the effort to rid himself of the dreadful cold that the winter has fastened on his constitution. When the fall comes round, however, his crops have been laid by, the earth is dry enough to make it firm underfoot, the heat of the summer is abated, and the foliage in my part of the world has taken on a hue that is gorgeous and beautiful to see. He who hath a soul must feel that soul expand beneath such influences, and if more were needed to turn his mind toward the other sex, there is a frostiness in the morning and evening air that makes him rather choose to seek a mate, than shiver in loneliness through the coming winter.

It was perhaps for the reason, or reasons, so clearly stated above, that Mr. Bob Lee Templeton turned up more frequently at the Habersham mansion as the autumn advanced than he had done during the preceding sultry months. The hazy Indian summer—which was now at hand—cast a spell over him, and his thoughts became so attuned to that dreamy season of the year that a delicious peace slid into his soul, and he felt blissful all the while without precisely understanding why. It came about one evening in the late fall that Mr. Templeton, as usual, was making him-

self at home under the hospitable Habersham roof, and his horse—fatigued from an all-day journey—was contentedly resting its limbs in the Habersham stable. It was about nine o'clock. The major, being compelled to read several speeches in the "Congressional Record," had retired from the sitting room, and Mrs. Habersham, who, though of delicate constitution, always did her endeavor to entertain genteel company, had taken up some light work on which she fancied she had been engaged, and followed her husband's example. Thus left alone, the young couple, of course, did their best to get along without outside assistance. The conversation flowed smoothly and naturally enough for a while, and everything betokened that the evening on the whole would be a success, when all of a sudden, before anybody could have suspected that a calamity was impending, the chips gave out. The fire had burned very brightly and cheerfully for a while, then the blaze got lower and lower, then it flickered—the blaze did—as if it hated to give up, but was bound to give up; then it went out and came back again, and went out and came back a second time, and tried to climb a little wreath of smoke and feiled in the attempt, and disappeared entirely, and that was the very last of it.

"Laws a mussy," cried Miss Marie—better known as Polly—"laws a mussy, look at that." And she went up to the big fireplace and took the tongs in her hand and poked about in the embers and heaped little particles of wood together, and tried to make the blaze come back, but it wouldn't come back, or couldn't come back, I don't know which. Anyhow, it didn't.

"Now, that is too bad," cried Miss Marie, looking down into the fireplace with a vexed expression of countenance. "I told that boy as plain as I could speak always to leave some kindling here by the mantel, to be used in case of necessity, and now he's gone off and hasn't left a scrimption. Everybody knows that a big fire will burn right off if you once start it, but a slow fire is liable to give up and quit at any time."

"What must be done?" inquired Templeton, who, from the young lady's manner, was impelled to the conclusion that something of a discouraging nature had transpired.

"There is but one thing to be done," re-

plied Miss Marie, heaving a gentle sigh.

"What's that?"

"We must go to the wood-pile for chips; there's no help for it."

"Oh!" ejaculated Mr. Bob Lee Templeton, who, you may depend upon it, could see as far into a millstone as the next man.

The young lady here crossed her hands in front—she was standing near the fireplace—and looked at Mr. Templeton demurely.

"There's no help for it," she repeated, "unless—"

"Unless what?"

"Unless we adjourn this meeting, which, in my opinion, is the wisest thing we could do."

"Never," cried Templeton, firmly.

"Why, let's reflect upon the subject a moment," argued the young lady. "It's now past nine o'clock, and—"

"A motion to adjourn is not debatable," interrupted Mr. Bob Lee Templeton, "Besides, there's an important matter to be settled before we close this meeting."

"What's that?"

"There's the subject we discussed last Thursday night, which by all parliamentary rules should come up this evening under the head of unfinished business. You remember, don't you?"

The young lady shook her head gravely.

"Can't say I do," she replied.

"Last Thursday night, as we sat over yonder on that sofa by the wall?"

She shook her head again. Her memory must have been singularly obscure or he was romancing.

"When I made a certain emphatic declaration, and you replied, 'Nonsense.' I then repeated it, and you looked down and didn't reply at all."

Her face took on a puzzled look. "Can't say I remember anything about it," she answered.

"When I looked so earnestly into those heavenly eyes, drew a little closer before you were aware of it, and—"

She threw up both hands at once. "I'm going to the woodpile for chips," she cried. Bob Lee Templeton sayeth, "I go with you."

Under a narrow stairway that ran up on the back porch there was a closet for odds and ends. Out of this she fished a basket

of the split-bottom variety, very strong, and especially adapted to the carrying of chips. Running her arm through the handle of this, she placed her father's old slouch hat on her head and set forth upon the expedition to the woodpile. "It does seem," she remarked despondently to Mr. Templeton as they went along, "that I have more bad luck than any other girl in the world. Here we were doing well, weren't we? Just had settled down to have the nicest kind of a time, when all of a sudden the chips gave out. Now we actually have to leave the house and go out in the dark to rake up chips. Isn't it provoking?"

"It's bad," replied the young gentleman, "and no mistake. But we must summon up all our fortitude and endeavor not to let the unfortunate incident cast a gloom over our spirits." With that he whistled the snatch of a tune to show he wasn't gloomy.

"Don't whistle," she said reprovingly.

"Why?"

"Because you might call the dog from round the house. And moreover, you might disturb my father and mother, which would be wrong in you."

"On to the woodpile," cried Mr. Templeton, in a subdued tone. "I'll be good."

It was a starry night. A pale old moon, or a piece of a moon, was wrestling feebly with a gray mist that had arisen from the earth. It had just climbed into view from behind a wide corn field on the east, and through the light and intervening fog looked dim and discouraged. This gray fog, however, hung low, and there was every prospect that the old moon would soon surmount it and proceed more cheerfully upon her route. The stars overhead were twinkling brightly even now, and the night atmosphere was decidedly chilly.

"There'll be a good frost tonight," remarked Miss Marie, as she tripped, basket in hand, toward the woodpile. She submitted this observation in an undertone, though it did not seem to be of a confidential nature.

"Shouldn't wonder," replied the gallant escort, sinking his voice also, perhaps for fear of calling the dog from around the house.

"Our tobacco is all in the barn, though," continued the damsel; "so what's the odds?"

Mr. Robert Lee Templeton walked briskly

by her side. He seemed to be pleased at the intelligence that her tobacco was all in the barn.

"These big frosts will make the rabbits fat and frisky," pursued the young lady, who seemed more in the humor for scattering remarks than sustained conversation.

"Just what they will do," replied the agreeable escort.

"And the 'possums," she added.

"And the 'possums," he echoed.

"And the persimmons. These white frosts will just make the persimmons too luscious for anything. Do you love 'simmons, Mr. Templeton?"

"I dote on 'em," answered Templeton, who was growing reckless.

"I like 'em the best kind," said Miss Marie, swinging her basket vigorously. "But then again I don't like 'em, Mr. Templeton."

"Why not?" inquired Mr. Bob Lee Templeton.

"Because they pucker my mouth."

"I'll fetch a basket-full next time I come," quoth he. "Big ripe fellows."

"You're a clever young man, Mr. Templeton," she made answer. "I've thought it for some time. Now I know it."

"Big, nice, luscious fellows," he continued, as if in love with his subject. "And I want you to eat 'simmons and eat 'simmons, till your mouth will stay puckered for a week."

Miss Marie Habersham: "Great goodness."

Mr. Templeton: "Then, you know, if you felt like kissing either one of your parents your mouth will be in shape for the business."

Miss Habersham: "To be sure."

Mr. Templeton: "And when the transaction of kissing a parent has been concluded, as your lips will still be set that way, I may ask you to oblige a friend."

Miss Habersham (quoting from a familiar song): "You'll be silly if you do."

Mr. Templeton (who was a star debater at college): "I trust you will hear me before you reach a definite conclusion on this important subject. Why should I be deemed silly, my sprightly friend, if finding those rosy lips already puckered for the business, I should make bold to ask you for a kiss? Or, indeed, if the opportunity is otherwise favorable, why should I wait for an artificially

manufactured pucker, before submitting so fair and reasonable a proposition? Can it be pretended for a moment that a young lady of such wit and ingenuity as the one I now have the honor of addressing can't get up a pucker without the aid of persimmons? Such a supposition is preposterous. It would be a direct reflection upon the damsel in question for me to harbor such a thought for a moment. Therefore, my amiable young friend, as we stand out here together beneath the twinkling stars, two souls—I trust it may be said—with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one—"

Miss Habersham (interrupting): "Your time's out. Here's the woodpile."

If any of my readers have ever picked up chips at a woodpile, they do not need to be informed that it is a task requiring considerable expertness and dexterity on the part of the chip-picker. Moreover, it is a task that cannot be readily performed while the picker stands erect upon the earth, but it is essential to the successful operation of the business that he or she should stoop to conquer. It is quite true that here and there a supple individual might be found who could stand with legs unbending, and by inclining the body forward, and making a particularly long arm of it, succeed in picking up a few chips from the ground. But I hazard the assertion that even such an one would soon weary of the posture if there was a basket of chips to be picked, and, however punctilious upon ordinary occasions, would be strongly tempted to assume while the occupation lasted an easier, if less dignified position. Therefore, no one need be surprised when I state that Miss Marie Habersham and Mr. Bob Lee Templeton, having reached the spot where business was to be transacted, did not, like cousin Sallie Dillard, undertake to be genteel, but knuckled down to their work like sensible folks, and went about the business as if they meant to pick up chips. Squeamish people may get down their books of etiquette and read homilies to me about propriety and the like o' that, but I say there is a time and place for the observation of rules of propriety, as there is for everything else in this world. When a young lady is in the parlor entertaining company, I grant you she should sit bolt upright in her chair, as near the edge as possible, and never unbend in the least during the entire evening;

but when she goeth forth to the woodpile for chips, I say let her cast etiquette to the dogs and do her endeavor to excel as a chip-picker. So thought Miss Habersham and Mr. Templeton when on the present occasion they jointly and severally got down close to the ground with the ragged old moon looking at them through a thin, gray fog.

Stooping down at the woodpile, with the basket between them, for the more convenient dispatch of business, the young lady and the young gentleman began a diligent search for chips, and a generous rivalry—as was natural under the circumstances—soon sprung up between them. The young lady was the nimblest and quickest, but the gentleman had the longest arm, and thus it happened quite frequently that when she was about to lay hand on a tempting chip in her territory, he reached forth without leave and appropriated it to his own use. Human nature is human nature, and will be for a considerable while to come, and so after the young gentleman had performed this disreputable trick a few times, the young lady began to lose her temper, or to find it, whichever is the correct expression. Pretty soon she reached out in a dignified way for a nice, little, white chip, and perceiving her intent he extended his long arm and grasped the prize between his fingers. Determined not to be outdone, she likewise clutched it a second later, although it was already in his possession. A chip, as all well-informed persons know, is the small fragment that falls from the log when the woodman plies his ax. It is usually an inch or two long, an inch or two broad, and has no thickness to speak of. So when the young gentleman and the young lady fell to struggling over the same chip, it came to pass that their fingers were very close together indeed. Miss Marie Habersham was a very determined young lady, and Mr. Bob Lee Templeton was a very determined young gentleman, and the chip was a very small chip, and it really was doubtful for some moments how the eager contest would result.

"Turn loose," said Miss Marie in a tone that was really spiteful. "It's mine."

"It's mine," quoth Mr. Bob Lee Templeton, "and I'll have it or die." That's what he said.

The controversy was conducted in an undertone, possibly for fear of calling the dog from round the house.

"You will, will you?" replied the young lady, and with that she gave a sudden jerk and snatched the chip from his hands.

Then, while she was disposed to rejoice over her triumph, he gave a sudden grab, and snatched it back again.

He was so pleased at his success that he threw back his head, shut his eyes and began to laugh. It is a mistake one often makes when you suppose an enemy to be defeated who is not defeated. She made grab number three at the chip, and laid hold upon it but he was clutching it so tightly this time that she could not get it away. So it came about again that there were two human hands on that one little chip. This was exasperating. Betwixt the young lady and the young gentleman, as between Saul and Barnabas of old, there ensued a "sharp contention." The young lady didn't care at all for the chip, but was resolved not to be imposed upon. It was the principle of the thing that nerved her in the combat. She was contending for her rights. The young gentleman cared not for the right or the wrong of the thing, but desired the preeminence. So they contended most earnestly, but very quietly, mind you, because it was desirable that the dog should not be called from round the house. Finally, a thing came to pass that the little chip got lost in the scuffle, and the young gentleman and the young lady were clutching each other's hands tightly. Precisely at what moment the young gentleman discovered this change in the situation I am not prepared to state. I will state, however, emphatically, that it was a matter of two or three seconds before the young lady became aware of the fact that the chip had disappeared from the struggle and her antagonist was squeezing her hand in a very ungentlemanly manner. Then she rose up promptly; she rose up very promptly. Mr. Bob Lee Templeton also rose to his feet, but he didn't let go her hand. She stood and pulled one way, and he stood and pulled another way, but the hold didn't break.

The stars were twinkling by thousands in the blue vault above, but stars—be it said to their credit—while they must see a good deal as they journey, never tell tales out of school.

"Let go," exclaimed Miss Marie Habersham indignantly. "Let go this instant, I tell you."

He must have been a little hard of hearing, for he did not regard her command in the least.

"Let go," she repeated in a tone not quite so imperative. "Let go, and you may have the chip."

The immortal George Washington, when the enemy surrendered at Yorktown, urged his victorious army to be generous to a yielding foe. Mr. Templeton, I am pained to relate, showed himself on the present occasion to be incapable of appreciating such a lofty sentiment. The bone, or rather the chip, of contention, had, as we see, been surrendered, and if he had been in the least magnanimous, the subject would have been dropped, the young lady's hand would have been dropped with it, and the incident at the woodpile—to use a diplomatic phrase—would have been closed. Instead, however, of bringing the matter to a conclusion in this gentlemanly way, Mr. Templeton held tightly to the little hand in his clutch and squared himself, as the saying is, for a talk of some length. He was evidently under the impression that argufying was his forte, and having, like the spell-binding ancient mariner, an auditor who was compelled to listen, he availed himself without scruple of his opportunity.

"Let go, p-l-e-a-s-e," said Miss Marie Habersham, in the most pleading tone in the world, and pulling away from him with a face that even in the dim starlight looked flushed.

"My much-esteemed friend," began the young gentleman in his polished debating-society manner, "there is a tide in the affairs of men that taken at the flood leads on to fortune. A few minutes since I would have been satisfied with the possession of this little insignificant chip, but now the tide of my destiny is rising, and I and the little chip together are borne onward to a consummation not originally contemplated by me, and, I am convinced, not originally contemplated by the chip."

She stopped and smiled and listened. His remarks were rather too deep for her comprehension, but she could easily discern with her mind's eye that he was bordering upon the eloquent.

"It often happens in the history of nations," pursued the orator, "that the original matter of controversy between two contestants is

lost sight of, and the end brings the victorious party to a position, far in advance of any he dreamed of occupying in the beginning."

She smiled broadly now, and wondered what all this mystifying talk was leading up to.

"It is the common experience of mankind," pursued the incipient statesman, "that under the circumstances just mentioned, the victorious party will show no mercy at all toward the unsuccessful contestant, but will at once display a disposition to become hoggish and take everything in sight."

"Now I understand you," remarked Miss Habersham.

"I hope so," replied Mr. Templeton. "The line of conduct which I have designated as being quite common in the experience of mankind is not one, however, that commends itself to my conscience, and not one that I intend to pursue on this occasion."

He here paused and stroked his chin with his disengaged hand, and looked up at the stars.

"What next?" inquired Miss Marie, alias Polly, Habersham.

"I have bethought me of a plan," continued the logician, "that will give to me all the legitimate fruits of victory in this case, and will not impose on you the humiliation of defeat."

"Let's have it," replied the young lady, who had become so much interested in the line of argument that she forgot he was still holding her hand.

"So I will," replied the young gentleman, looking very hard at her to impress her with the force of his observations. "My plan is simply this: You take the chip into your possession. Then it's your chip, and victory perches upon your banner, does it not?"

"Y-e-ss."

"Then I take both you and the chip. So it will be my girl and my chip; and victory perches on my banner, does it not?"

"That's nonsense."

"It's not nonsense. It's good law and good logic. Under the statutes of Tennessee the personal property of the wife belongs to the husband. That chip is personal property, and when you've got the chip, and I've got you, the chip is mine."

"That law may suit the men who made it," said she, "but it's a sin and a shame to treat poor women folks in such fashion, and I don't care who hears me say it. You put

the chip in your pocket, if you wish, and I'll carry the basket back into the house. I don't want the little chip, anyway. It wasn't worth having a scuffle over."

"It was not worth having a scuffle over, my dear," said he ("my dear" was the expression he used, and she was a little startled at it)—"it was not worth having a scuffle over, and we'll be very careful in the future not to quarrel over such a trivial matter. For my part, I will never hereafter squabble with you over any small matter, or great matter, but will always, as Brother Paul says, yield you the preeminence. That will be right and proper, because, while sweethearts may be whimsical, and now and then fly off at a tangent, when it comes to that closer and dearer relation—"

"What are you talking about?" says she.

"Why, my dear," answers Mr. Bob Lee Templeton, "I'm talking about the way I'm going to behave myself, when I'm the head of a family and you're Mrs. Templeton. What else could I be talking about?"

"Why," says she, "you haven't asked anybody yet."

"Then," replied Mr. Templeton, "I'll ask you now. Will you, my dear, take this man to be your lawful and wedded husband? Will you promise, out here at the woodpile, to love, honor and obey him—"

"I will not," says she. "I'm not that kind of a girl."

"Ah, sure enough; I forgot. Will you then, my imperious damsel, accept the homage of your liege subject, and permit him to minister to your wants all the rest of your days? Will you condescend, Miss Habersham, to become my wife?"

"I will not."

"Yes you will too. I've made up my mind to that. Come now, Polly, no foolishness."

"Who said you might call me Polly?"

"That's all right, that's all right," replied Mr. Bob Lee Templeton persuasively, as he drew her nearer toward him. "Don't you be apprehensive, my dear—don't be in the least apprehensive. I'm your friend. By Jimmy, I love you the worst kind. I can't help it, you see. Say, Polly, give me a kiss to put a good taste in my mouth. Give me a kiss, and then let's go back in the house and talk over this thing like plain, sensible folks."

"I won't; that's flat."

"You will; that's flat."

"I won't, I tell you."

"You will, I tell you. Come now, Polly, don't be apprehensive; d-o-n-'t be apprehensive."

He spoke so reassuringly that she could hardly continue to be apprehensive, assuming that she was so at the outset. He coaxed her as one would coax a skittish filly that may break loose at any minute and play the wilds. He drew her gently toward him as he soothed her. "Come now, Polly; c-o-m-e now, Polly."

First she resisted, and pulled back as hard as she could. Then she hung her head and laughed. Then by a sudden effort she snatched her hand away and started to run. Then he seized her; there was a brief struggle, both sides being careful not to call the dog from round the house, then he kissed her; then for some moments there was peace at the woodpile.

They took the basket, each having a hand on the handle, and walked like well-behaved young people back into the house. They

made a brisk fire, and pretty soon a ruddy blaze was leaping up the chimney. Everything was cozy and comfortable as heart could wish, and as they sat side by side on the sofa, they talked in a delicious and sweetly sober way of this, that and t'other, one thing and another. The old, old story was told over and over again with variations, but it was the old, old story after all. There was deep planning for the future, and pledging of mutual vows, and exchange of confidences. He held her little hand betwixt his clumsy fingers, and there was no drawing back as there had been at the woodpile. He patted it fondly and in an absent-minded way, without causing her to become apprehensive. They wheeled the sofa nearer and nearer to the hearth—for the fire was dying low again—and snuggled up closer and closer to each other, and conducted themselves about as young people under like circumstances usually do. The room was getting really chilly now, but it did not occur to either of them to put on more chips, for a fire was burning brightly in both their hearts, and Cupid fanned the flame.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE CASE OF THE STATE VERSUS ANKERSTROM IS HEARD IN THE REVISING COURT, AND THE WISDOM OF THE ANCIENTS IS UPHELD

OUR esteemed friend, Johan Ankerstrom, whom we left on the way to the Cooper-town jail after the outrageous verdict of the hard-hearted jury and the cruel sentence of the unjust judge, reached that institution, we are pained to narrate, in a frame of mind the reverse of amiable. The fangs of Jeneral Beauregard still rankled in his flesh, and he did not recover anything like equanimity of temper until late in the afternoon of the same day, when a visit from his estimable parent tended somewhat to soothe his lacerated feelings. Johan, while seemingly destitute of natural affection, was always more or less amused at the antics and monkeyshines of his demonstrative father; and on this occasion the visit of the old man served to remind him of the pleasing assurances of his attorney as to the final outcome of his case.

The old gentleman, Olof Ankerstrom, had not seen fit to mix much with the witnesses and lawyers in the court-house during the

trial of his son, for fear some curious person might connect him with a certain old Bible vendor and jewelry peddler, and deaf farmer, who had of late operated extensively in the Marrowbone Hills. As soon as the trial was over, however, he came forth from his retirement, and was, as we know, much encouraged by hearing his son's attorney proclaim publicly that he had a reversal without fail in the court of last resort at Nashville. He caught the point relied on for annulling the verdict much more readily than his dull son had done, and, as stated, later in the day sought out the latter in prison to cheer him up. Being admitted into the cell where Johan languished, he would have embraced him in his enthusiasm, if the latter had not impatiently repelled his advances.

"Mine zon, mine zon," exclaimed the old man eagerly, though in a low tone, for fear of eavesdropping, "I haff talk mit de lawyer vot understand his pizness, and he zay effry

thing is shoost right, and he vould not haff it ottervise for de best horse in town. Lizden to me, mine zon, lizden to me. De shudge and shury haff made von hell of a mistake, and de shupereme court at Nashville dey neffer make miztakes. You understand dot, mine zon. Ven you hit de old lady mit de ax you made a potch uff de shob, and she giff you avay to otters vot come in pehint you. She giff de whole thing away, and tole de tale uxackerly as it vos, mine zon. But ven she told de tale she vos in her right mind, you understand, and making ready herself to luke after pizness in dis vorld, and not some otter vorld. Lizden to me, mine zon, lizden to me. Ef so be de old lady vos fixin' to die terreckerly, and haff her mind on some otter vorld, de vise law vould hear de tale she tell, pecause mit de devil close by de coot Kerristian vill not tell a lie. Ef de coot Kerristian haff his mind on dis vorld, mine zon, he vill lie, and svindle, and not mind de devil vot vill get him pime-by. But ef he haff his mind on some otter vorld and know de credit pizness is played out, den de coot Kerristian vill tell de trute for vear uff de devil vich vill get him terreckerly. Dis vot de lawyer Perlafter zay, and de lawyer Perlafter is a vise man. Now, ven you hit de old lady mit de ax, and made a potch uff de shob, she told her tale to them vot come pehint you, but she told it mit her mind on dis vorld, vere lying and svindling is a effery-day pizness. Zo, mine son, de law will not pelieff de old lady. De vise law zay to her, 'If so pe you haff your mind on dis vorld, coom into court my coot vooman, vere de lawyers can tvist you inside out, and den ve vill pelieff your tale, vot is left of it.' Dat is vot de law zay, mine zon, und dat is coot sense, and dat is pizness. De fool shudge and fool shury zay ottervise, but Perlafter tell dem all in de court-house dat de supereme court of de state neffer make a mistake, and Perlafter is a vise man."

If the worthy old gentleman thus looked forward to the coming decision of the supreme court of Tennessee with cheerfulness and abiding faith, and if even the surly son was encouraged to build hopes upon the finding of that tribunal, the reader may rest assured that the good people of the community wherein the widow Bascombe had been foully murdered at midnight, were fast losing the little remnant of patience that the tedious course

of the trial had left them. They were not a vindictive folk, by any means, but the crime had been of a nature well calculated to arouse the citizens of any locality, and make them determined to see that something like adequate punishment was awarded the offender. They felt that not only simple justice demanded this, but their own future security demanded it, and now with the murderer unpunished after so many months of weary waiting, they concluded they had a right to be indignant against every person at all connected with thwarting the summary vengeance they had been minded to wreak upon him as soon as they learned of the crime. As upon one pretext or another, there had been delay upon delay, they were quite ready to believe that, by hook or crook, the wily Palaver, whose shrewdness in defending criminals was proverbial the country over, would manage to secure for his client another long delay, and finally immunity from punishment. Randolph Pearson, who had been doubtless the most respected man in his community, now came in for his full share of the censure that was heaped on everyone who had objected to the hanging of the murderer by a mob as soon as he was caught. Indeed, Pearson was blamed far more than anyone else, and found himself now for the first time in his life the object of the ill-will of his neighbors. So far did this fault-finding disposition go, that it seriously affected the members of the klan which Pearson had organized for the purpose of aiding and upholding the law in his community. At their night-meetings in the woods, the most excited discussions took place, and resolutions were introduced and urged doing away with the court of their own creation, and substituting the will of the majority for the decrees of this tribunal. These resolutions did not carry, but Pearson was stung by the evidence of lack of confidence among those who had trusted him most implicitly, and was also seriously affected by it. Like most determined men, he sometimes permitted his firmness to degenerate into obstinacy, and this was especially the case where he met with opposition in the execution of a cherished plan. His predominating idea at the outset had been to suppress mob law in his community, and to demonstrate to the world that the courts of the country were able and willing to punish crime, if the hasty

advocates of mob violence would but trust in the law. He had gathered a band of good citizens about him, and had succeeded in arresting the murderer against whom indignation had been justly aroused, and turning him over to the proper legal authorities. He had done this with the utmost confidence that a few weeks, or a few months at farthest, would bring the scoundrel to punishment, but he now saw, or had come to believe, that the criminal statutes were framed far more with the view of protecting accused persons from possible wrong, than of protecting society by the speedy punishment of offenders. Pearson was sufficiently well informed to know that this was a wise policy at that remote period of English history when the danger to be guarded against in legislation was the disposition of the powerful few to oppress the helpless common people. But this danger had long since passed away. Society, especially in the southern states of America, had been formed on entirely new lines, and the one thing now needed in criminal legislation was to impose such speedy and effectual punishment on the enemies of peace and sound morals, as would teach them to fear and the community to respect the law of the land. He saw that for some reason the law was wholly inefficient in grave cases like the one in which he had been so much interested, and was for the first time in his life impelled to the conclusion that of the two evils—a statute law which was too solicitous for the welfare of the accused, and mob law that was too ready to avenge a wrong—the latter was sometimes preferable.

While Pearson's experience in the Ankerstrom case, however, had impelled him reluctantly to this conclusion, he was quite sanguine that the decision of the state supreme court would be on the side of manifest justice, and not in favor of still further shielding the criminal from responsibility for his wrong-doing. The vexatious part of the proceedings heretofore had been the apparently unavoidable delays that had marked each step in the progress of the cause. When the criminal had been finally compelled to face a jury, conviction had followed, though here again a long wait was interposed before it could be finally ascertained whether the verdict of the jury would stand. There could be no doubt about the affirmation by the supreme court of the sentence below,

unless the statement made by the old widow to those about her death-bed was held to be inadmissible as evidence. The circuit judge, after a long argument, had admitted this so-called dying declaration as part of the testimony in the case, and Pearson—while he had some misgivings on the subject—could not help feeling reasonably assured that the revising court would take the same view of the case. To say that the plain death-bed statement of an eyewitness to a crime, who had been murdered to prevent her appearing in court, should not be weighed as evidence, was a proposition too monstrous to be entertained for a moment. To say that the law would not listen to a tale that had carried conviction to an entire community told by a good old woman whose respect for plain truth was proverbial, would be to say that the administration of justice was a farce, and that no man henceforward need profess respect for it.

Thus strongly did Randolph Pearson state the proposition in his own mind, and as he did so his assurance became doubly sure that the days of the murderer Ankerstrom were numbered, and before the expiration of many additional months the community he had outraged would see him expiate his monstrous crime upon the gallows. The supreme court met at Nashville on the first Monday in December, and Pearson waited patiently till the case of the State versus Ankerstrom should be reached. This he soon learned would not be until some time in the month of January, or possibly February, as the county from which the bill of exceptions came up stood about the middle of the docket, and must wait its turn in the regular order of procedure. It was in fact early in February when Palaver, with his little black grip in hand, boarded the cars and went whirling away toward Nashville to have his say before the august tribunal that had been sitting there listening to able speeches till it had grown weary of much prating.

The attorney, on reaching his destination, first went to call on his client, who was now safely domiciled in the Nashville jail, and to give him fresh assurance of triumphant victory upon the morrow. He then betook him to the best hostelry in town, and after cracking many jokes with old cronies and tipping glasses over the saloon counter a few times

with the same, he tumbled into bed, and was soon befitting himself by refreshing slumber for the trying exercises of the following day. Next morning he puffed up the steep hill upon which sits the imposing building occupied as a state capitol, and was soon in the presence of the five pleasant-faced and pleasant-spoken gentlemen with whom in this particular matter were the issues of life and death. Nothing abashed, the lawyer took his seat on one of the long faded sofas that skirt the apartment and made ready by concentrated mental effort to astonish the court when his time should come. A little way off, on another dingy sofa, sat Randolph Pearson, outwardly calm and dignified, as usual, but slightly perturbed, as the occasional crossing and uncrossing of his feet and other nervous movements of the body indicated.

That the deeply interested farmer had some reason to be anxious as to the result was demonstrated to his own satisfaction before the argument of the case proceeded very far. The so-called bill of exceptions upon which the court was to rest its finding, was a great mass of manuscript that, rolled up, would have made a bundle as large as an average gate-post. It was rolled up at the outset and tied with a stout twine string. When unbound, the pieces uncurled and scattered themselves about on the table, and rolled, many of them, off the table, and traveled about on the floor, till the industrious attorney who was supposed to have them in charge found great difficulty in keeping up with them. These fugitive fragments of literature were supposed to contain the testimony of the numerous witnesses who had given evidence on one side and the other in the trial of Johan Ankerstrom before the circuit judge and jury. The language of the witnesses had not been taken down by a stenographer as the trial progressed, but after its conclusion Palaver had written down at great length such statements and admissions as he thought to be favorable to his side of the controversy, and the district attorney—who had much other matter on his mind—had written down succinctly the testimony of the state's witnesses, and after conference and some eliminations and alterations here and there, the whole had been presented to and signed by the circuit judge as a correct bill of exceptions. Now, the supreme court looked at the great mass of papers in a helpless way, for they could not

have mastered the entire contents in a week's solid reading, and they had probably less than an hour's time to devote to it. They were able, learned and conscientious jurists, these five gentlemen who now sat on the supreme bench of the state, but they were human and of limited capacity for work, and all and severally might have cried out any day of the year: "The burden that's laid upon us is greater than we can bear." In requiring them in a very brief space of time to thoroughly post themselves as to all the facts brought out in the long trial, and thus practically to retry the case on its merits, the law had imposed on them a task impossible of performance, and they could really do little more than rely on the opposing attorneys to state these facts as disclosed by the record.

As Pearson sat on the dingy old sofa and heard fragments of the voluminous record read, he could not help reflecting upon the insufficiency of this method of informing the judges as to the facts in the case. The manner of the various witnesses, their changes of countenance, the hundred other evidences of truth or falsity that profoundly impress a jury, are all lost when their words are taken down on paper, to be read afterward by strangers. This would be true if the words were taken down literally, as they fell from the lips of the witnesses, but when they are committed to paper some days after the conclusion of the trial by interested attorneys, the difficulty of having the record speak the real truth becomes greatly magnified. As he now sat and listened while Palaver in persuasive tones narrated to the court the facts, dipping here and there into the record to substantiate his statements, he, Pearson, was greatly surprised to find that the case as it was impressed on the minds of the five judges before him bore no very close resemblance to the case which had been presented by sworn witnesses on the stand in the court below. Palaver had a tremendous advantage over the attorney-general for the state, in the fact that he knew exactly what the bulky record contained, while the latter official had never heard of the case till the papers reached the supreme court, and had only since given it such investigation as a tired mind could give one of the many similar cases before him. Palaver, therefore, with impunity, dipped here and there into the record, as a shrewd manipulator would sample a hogshead of tobacco, and extracted such

fragments of evidence as it suited his purpose to read, connecting this and that as he proceeded, and making on the whole a smooth and highly probable tale. The old widow had made one statement which, if true, clearly proved the guilt of the negro Kinchen, for her neighbors then present caught him and hung him for the crime. Afterward, she made another statement which implicated the prisoner at the bar, and if the issue here was one of fact alone, it could not be said with assurance that the defendant was guilty, for it could never be known which of her opposing statements was true, if indeed either was true. The prisoner's conduct immediately after the homicide was certainly not such as to indicate a consciousness of guilt on his part. He was found with others there on the ground, taking an active part in the violent proceedings that led to the death of the negro, Kinchen, against whom he could have had no sort of grudge, except that he believed him to be the perpetrator of the foul crime just committed. Twenty-four hours later we find the prisoner in the public highway, calmly talking to the sheriff. He had eaten dinner on the same day at a farmhouse in the neighborhood, and afterward had laid down and taken a long nap under a tree in the yard. All this certainly indicated a quiet conscience on his part. That he subsequently became alarmed and hid himself was quite true, but what ignorant foreigner was it that wouldn't seek a place of concealment when he learned that an angry mob was scouring the country for him, determined to kill him as soon as he was captured? The prisoner was a foreigner. He was poor and very ignorant. He had not a friend in the neighborhood of the tragedy to whom he could appeal for protection. What else could he do, under these circumstances, but secrete himself from observation till the wild storm had blown over and reason had resumed its sway in the community?

As the lawyer went glibly on with his statement of facts, Pearson could see he was making an impression on the five trained judges before him. Not that they were ready by any means to conclude that the prisoner was innocent of the crime laid at his door, but that they felt there was doubt enough on the subject to make a thorough investigation of the record necessary, if the case was to be determined upon the facts. This was pre-

cisely the frame of mind in which Palaver wished to have them, as he now took up the question of law which was his real reliance in his earnest application for a new trial.

Randolph Pearson, sitting back on his dingy sofa, saw at once that here was the battle-ground in the present contention, as it had been in the court below. The attorney-general for the state, who up to this moment had been examining the papers in another cause, now pricked up his ears and became an interested listener as Palaver launched with confidence into his argument. Pearson, a plain and conscientious man, had persuaded himself that the fierce effort of the prisoner's counsel before the circuit judge on this point was but idle chaff, and would not be repeated in the presence of the five able jurists who sat on the supreme bench. He now not only saw that he had been too hasty in jumping to this conclusion, but found to his surprise that the considerations which had induced him to think that the dying statement of the old widow must necessarily be admitted as evidence were not even alluded to by counsel on either side. That she was recognized in her own community as a very clear-headed and truthful old woman before murderous attack was made upon her; that her character was generally such as had won for her the respect of all her neighbors; that she was entirely at herself when she narrated the dreadful incidents of the night which was her last on earth; that she told a story so clear and connected that it carried conviction with it to those who stood about her bedside; all this, which Pearson thought would be conclusive of the question, he now found had little or nothing to do with it, or, to speak more correctly, these facts were hardly manifested at all by the record, and evidently had not been brought home to the knowledge either of the court or the attorney-general for the state. The latter official was a good, sound lawyer with, as said, many other matters upon his mind, and many other cases beside the present one that would soon demand his attention. The primary question before the court was as to whether the *ante mortem* statement of Mrs. Bascombe was admissible at all as evidence when it appeared plainly from the record that it was not considered by her at the moment of its utterance to be a death-bed statement. If her relation was admissible as evidence, then might arise

the further inquiry as to her mental condition at the time, the inducement that prompted her tale, her character for truth, etc. All this would be proper matter for investigation if the court should hold that a dying declaration might be introduced as evidence in a criminal case when the person from whom the utterance came was not contemplating speedy death.

Supreme judges, like other folks, are human beings, with human impulses and human sympathies. Their decisions, like ours, are often swayed, and properly swayed, by facts in a particular case appealing strongly to their sense of right and justice. There are certain well-settled rules that cannot be overridden at will, but even these may often be modified, or not applied in full force, where substantial justice demands that such course be taken. Where there's a will there's a way, and if the judges in the present instance could have realized what a truthful, courageous old woman the widow Bascombe had been in life, if they could have been aroused as to the deep damnation of her taking off, if they could have seen further that, by excluding her narration, a brutal scoundrel would go unwhipped of justice, their consciences would have rebelled against a holding that led to such conclusion. As it was, they did not comprehend all this at all, but had only a dry question of law to deal with. As the matter was presented to their minds they could not say with assurance whether the prisoner was the object of misplaced mob fury, or the perpetrator of a horrible crime. Thus Palaver waged his fight from the vantage ground of having at least the probable right of the issue on his side when he contended for the application of an old rule of evidence which had never been seriously questioned in the state before. The attorney-general, on the other hand, while he argued for the modification of this rule, did so without much heart, and evidently with little expectation of inducing the court to sustain him in his contention. He touched alone upon the legal aspect of the question, cited authorities from other states in support of his position, and left the disputed question to the decision of the court without dwelling on its importance in the particular case under investigation.

The following Saturday was opinion day, and Pearson was back in his place, as were

also the prisoner and his counsel. The court held, and Pearson was not surprised, that the record disclosed but little evidence upon which to base a conviction, except the statement of the old woman, Mrs. Bascombe, made to those about her a few hours before her death. That she had been cruelly assailed by someone was not a matter of doubt. A negro had been hung by a mob for the attack upon her, and afterward she recovered consciousness and made a statement criminating the defendant. This statement was made only a few hours before her death, but it certainly was not made by her in view of approaching death. It was not a dying declaration within the meaning and contemplation of the law. No statement could be considered such, unless it was not only a death-bed statement, but made with the knowledge and belief on the part of the speaker that death was imminent. The decisions on this subject were too clear and of too long standing to admit of question now. His honor the circuit judge erred in admitting to the jury as evidence a statement directly criminating the prisoner, which was made by the murdered woman, not under the impression that she was about to die, but—as the record disclosed—under the confident hope of recovery. For this material error the case was reversed and remanded and a new trial awarded the prisoner.

The prisoner's counsel, with a radiant expression of countenance, took his way out of the court-room, and Pearson slowly followed. As the attorney passed through the door that led into the hall, a little old gentleman stood, cap in hand, just without. The little old gentleman bowed very low to Palaver, and remarked fervently as the latter passed on, "Cot pless you, mine frient."

The attorney acknowledged the salute graciously, and as he proceeded along the hall Pearson heard him tell a companion by his side that the little old gentleman was the father of his client, Ankerstrom, the conviction against whom had just been reversed by the supreme court. Palaver further informed his companion that the little old gentleman who had invoked heaven's blessing upon him was one of the very best men in the section from which he hailed, and was also a very devout old man, as was plainly indicated by the pious benediction that had just fallen from his lips.

(To be continued)



THE WAYS OF MIRABEL AND DOUSABEL

THERE'S no doubt Mirabel and Dousabel are the two darlinest chickabiddies that ever delighted the heart of a fond mamma. Such zest in life; such untiring activity; such fertile invention; such endless resources. A bit troublesome at times? Bound to be naughty? Behold Mirabel's anxious little face, her quivering underlip holding back a sob. Behold Dousabel's eyes of heavenly blue upturned in angelic innocence. Then start to scold if you can. Alas, your harsh words are met by such tenderly reproachful glances that your heart fails. Leastways, Mamma's scoldings generally turn straightway to kisses and hugs, and then the gayest sunbeams sparkle where a storm was threatening.

Mamma likes to take a nap once in a while. That's the time for Mirabel and Dousabel to pace stealthily about her, wondering in subdued whispers whether "Mummy is really asleep, or only makin' b'lieve." A gentle snore from Mamma settles the question in their minds. They venture to cast aside some of their restraint. They crawl over her to investigate the insides of her ears, her nostrils, even her eyes, gently prying them apart to see "how Mummy's eyes look

when Mummy is asleep." They approach her mouth with some trepidation, for Mamma is liable to play the wolf in "Little Red Riding Hood," and opening and snapping her mouth, suddenly exclaim: "All the better to eat you with, my dears!" What exciting fun.

Mamma can always get a good nap on Sunday afternoon, because those two young ones are out walking with Papa. Papa offers other diversions. What delight to sit, one on each shoulder, and survey the country from their tottering eminence. But pretty soon, alas, Dousabel starts to making faces at Mirabel, or Mirabel takes more than her share of Papa's head in her clinging embrace, and presto—a sudden scuffle knocks Papa's hat off, and then—why that treat is over, and two very meek little girls must trudge one on each side of Papa—no dodging back and front, if you please!

Mirabel has lovely golden curls which Mamma curls over her finger every morning, and is often called an "angel-child." Say the name Mirabel over slowly, with a sweet smile and upward glance at the end, and perhaps you'll realize Mirabel's winning powers. Dousabel wears her short, brown hair in a top-curl, like a boy; has a dainty, turned-up little nose and a generally "pugnacious" expression, to quote one of Papa's happy phrases.

Once they had their picture taken, hand in hand, Mirabel intent on keeping her curls in place, Dousabel in for the fun of the thing. A facetious young man labelled it "The Little Mother and the *Enfant Terrible*." Mirabel liked the name "little mother"—she was awfully fond of babies—and Dousabel quite enjoyed the idea of being a "terrible infant"—wrinkling up her little nose wickedly. It is pleasant that people like to act different parts in the comedy of life. How dreadful, if everyone should want to be a star or an angel-child.

One morning—here my story begins—Dousabel waking up suddenly, turned and found Mirabel still in a deep slumber. Dousabel propped herself on one elbow, brought her face close to Mirabel's, and gazed steadily and intently. Mirabel stirred uneasily under the scrutiny, and finally opened her eyes wide. Dousabel hopped up in glee, seized a pillow and hurled it at Mirabel. Mirabel batted it back with her two little fists. Dousabel pranced on the bed with provoking airiness, singing out: "Do-yer-want-ter-have-a-fight, Missouri, Missouri?" In the scuffle that ensued, Dousabel was thrown down, Mirabel on top of her, and a loud howl brought Mamma to the scene of battle.

Dousabel lay on her back like a beetle, uttering tuneful variations of her original howl. "What's the matter, Dousabel?" "Mirabel hurted me," Dousabel interrupted her melody long enough to say. "Naughty Mirabel. Where did ze hurt oo, oo pwe-cious lambkin?" inquired Mamma tenderly. Dousabel gave her to understand that it was her little "tum-tum wot was hurted." Mamma undid her night-drawers and proceeded to investigate. Dousabel, taking a sudden interest, in her own case, sat up and bent over. Whether a tear dropped from Dousabel's lashes at that moment, none ever knew, but what Mamma saw was—a drop of water apparently spilling from Dousabel's little tum-tum cup. Sakes alive!

"Does it hurt when I touch it?" said Mamma, pressing Dousabel's plump little belly with her forefinger. "Ow! Wow!" Dousabel's vocal chords responded sympathetically. "Stand up, dearie." "Can't stand!" said Dousabel with sudden conviction. "Oh, my darling child, I'm afraid I'll have to take you to the doctor. Mirabel,

haven't I told you over and over again that you should *never* hit anyone in the stomach? Now you see what comes of not obeying. See how you've hurt poor little sister—" Mirabel was sobbing in chorus with Dousabel by this time. "Can't you stand up a little, dearie, while I dress you to take you to the doctor's?"

Dousabel was dressed, apparently in great agony all the while. The baby carriage was trundled out—"Oh, she couldn't walk,"—and Mamma and Dousabel set out for New York—Dousabel looking like the poor king "who never smiled again."

At home, Mirabel went through the agonies of a murderer awaiting trial. She thought of committing suicide, to anticipate the noose that awaits murderers. Then she got down on her knees and tried to pray, "O, God, don't let my little sister be kilt!" But she dared not hope that God would ever listen to such a wicked little sinner.

In the doctor's office, Dousabel cheered up a bit. The doctor's funny way of looking down on her from over his spectacles was highly amusing. She put out her tongue and wiggled it at him. She let him feel her pulse, with a wink. And when he began feeling among her ribs, she chuckled with the delight of being tickled. He rolled up her little Rubens shirt. "Does it hurt?" said the doctor, pressing his finger against her little body first in one place and then in another. And to each such inquiry Dousabel answered with a charming shake of her head and squirm of her body, "N-o-o-o."

"Madame," said the doctor to Mrs. Waters, when he had heard all the details of the affair, "my prescription is that you make that young one wheel the baby-carriage all the way home herself, and if she *still feels sick* when she gets home, put her to bed and give her something *very hot and nasty* to drink."

Dousabel blinked hard at the doctor.

When they reached home, Mirabel, peeping from behind the gate, caught Mamma's skirt against her face, sobbing: "O, Mamma, is she dead, is she dead?" "Why, you little goose," said Mamma, "don't you see her there before your eyes?"

But all Mirabel could do was to wring her hands and sob, "O, Mamma, is she dead?"

"Mirabel," said Dousabel, striding up to her, "you is one goose." *Lenie Gilmore*

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR THE LITTLE HELPS FOUND SUITED FOR USE IN THIS DEPARTMENT, WE AWARD ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. IF YOU ARE ALREADY A SUBSCRIBER, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. YOU CAN THEN EITHER EXTEND YOUR OWN TERM OR SEND THE NATIONAL TO A FRIEND. IF YOUR LITTLE HELP DOES NOT APPEAR, IT IS PROBABLY BECAUSE THE SAME IDEA HAS BEEN OFFERED BY SOMEONE ELSE BEFORE YOU. TRY AGAIN. WE DO NOT WANT COOKING RECIPES, UNLESS YOU HAVE ONE FOR A NEW OR UNCOMMON DISH. ENCLOSE A STAMPED AND ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IF YOU WISH US TO RETURN OR ACKNOWLEDGE UNAVAILABLE OFFERINGS.

TO WASH LACE CURTAINS

K. Hilton, Madison, Wisconsin

Lace curtains which have become tender through long use, can be washed without tearing them. Fold each curtain up to about a foot and a half square, baste folds carefully together; then wash and stretch as usual. When unfolded they will be found as good as when taken down from the windows, and when ironed will look like new.

SUBSTITUTE FOR ICE

By Mrs. C. G. Goodrich, Marietta, Ohio

Campers or those far from an ice supply, or for whom ice is a luxury, will find that milk and butter or other perishable things keep very well when put in a large, porous crock or large flower-pot on the cellar floor or other cool place. Milk so placed usually keeps even through a thunder storm.

PRESSING SEAMS

By Mrs. Maggie E. Harrison, Columbus, Texas

If, in pressing the seams in a woollen skirt, instead of a regular "pressing board," a broom-handle is used, though at first it may seem awkward, the results are nice "round" seams, instead of the flat ones resulting when a table or board are used.

CURE FOR CARBOLIC ACID BURN

By A. Archer, National Soldiers' Home, Indiana

Keep a bottle of alcohol near the carbollic acid bottle. In case of a burn, apply alcohol freely over entire burned surface. This will stop pain immediately and also prevent blisters.

THE USEFUL POTATO

By Arthur Linton, Bladworth, Sask., Canada

To keep doughnuts from burning, drop a piece of raw potato in the boiling lard, and you will have no trouble with them.

If the gentlemen who use tobacco find that it has become too dry in the pouch, a small slice of potato put into the pouch will restore the tobacco to its proper condition.

CURE FOR A STYE

By J. H. Estes, Ripley, Tennessee

Take a bit of lard the size of a pea; work in dry camel-oil until a thick paste is formed; apply to the eyelid. It has a delightful soothing, cooling effect and cures rapidly.

KEEPING HANGING BASKETS MOIST

By Mrs. C. V. Henry, Chicago, Illinois

Take a tin can holding a pint or more, make a hole in the bottom of it just large enough to let the water dribble through slowly. This is filled with water and placed on the soil in the center of the basket. Generally there will be foliage enough to conceal it, or it can be painted a dull green, and so be inconspicuous. The slow, steady outflow of water will keep the soil evenly moist if the hole in the can is of the right size. This must be determined by experiment. It is very easy to keep the can filled every day and put in place, but it is not an easy matter to mount a chair or a step-ladder and apply water in the old way, when the hanging basket is suspended from the wall.

NEW WAY TO MIX PLASTER OF PARIS

By A. C. E., Vermont

Plaster of Paris is especially useful for mending the base of lamps and vases, filling small holes in the wall, etc. As usually mixed, it sometimes hardens too quickly for doing fine work.

Put a pinch of gelatine, or a small bit of common fish glue in quarter of a cup of cold water and let it stand ten minutes. Then use this gluey water to mix the plaster, adding the same amount of water a second or third time to the glue if needed. It takes so long to harden that there is ample time to adjust a lamp correctly, to smooth over the surface, or remove any extra plaster left on the edges. This way is original.

TO REMOVE A SCAR

By Mrs. Jno. T. Douglas, Seim, South Dakota

Wet the tips of the fingers in olive oil and place in center of any scar, then rub outward. Scar will disappear.

TO DARKEN THE HAIR

Mild sage tea will darken the hair, and salt put in it will freshen the hair and cleanse the scalp.

TO KEEP THE FEATHERS IN

Rub the inside of ticks which are used for feathers with beeswax and they can not work out.

A HANDY STRAINER

By U. P. Prince, Wadsworth, Ohio

For straining anything through cloth, make a bag of needed size. run a narrow hem in the top, slip into the hem a piece of wire bent round to fit size of bag. Make a loop on each end of wire, one open so it will hook into other. This will hold the top open nicely and can be hung up or rested on something to drip easily. The wire can be slipped out to wash strainer. A small bag made this way is nice to slip into a teapot and remove with grounds when tea has drawn long enough, preventing it being over-steeped and full of tannin. If once tried it will be found useful in many ways.

HEMMING TABLE LINEN

By Mrs. F. L. Bosworth, Atlantic City, N. J.

In hemming table linen, turn the hem in the ordinary way, then fold the back against the goods and sew over-hand instead of hemming. The stitches will sink into the goods and not show when laundered.

TO REMOVE GRASS STAIN

To remove machine and grass stain, first wash the goods with soap and cold water before putting into hot water and the stains will disappear immediately.

EASILY SPREAD JELLY

If jelly to be used on cake or tarts is first slightly beaten it will spread much easier.

CURE FOR CHOLERA

By Mary Hunter Bixler, Meeker, Oklahoma

A poultice of smartweed, placed upon the stomach of a child suffering from cholera infantum, has been known to afford relief in a short time.

Peach leaves in the water the chickens drink will prevent cholera.

PERFUMED HANDKERCHIEFS

Handkerchiefs will have a faint scent of violets if a small piece of orris-root is put in the water in which they are boiled.

PAPER BAGS UNHEALTHY

Food of a damp, juicy nature should not be allowed to remain in paper bags. The bags are made of a compound containing chemicals, and when damp are unfit to touch any article of food.

CURE FOR INDIGESTION

A little salt sprinkled on a raw egg is splendid for indigestion.

REMEDY FOR SUMMER COMPLAINT

A splendid remedy for summer complaint is the common mullein leaf boiled in new milk and sweetened to taste.

REMOVES FEVER BLISTER

A fever blister will disappear almost like magic if touched with a drop of sweet spirits of nitre.

KEEPING FOOD WARM

Instead of putting food into the oven to keep hot for late comers, cover it closely and place over a pan of hot water. The steam will keep the food hot and at the same time prevent drying.

HOME-MADE CHERRY PITTER

By Mrs. F. A. Rose, Sioux Falls, S. Dakota

A simple cherry pitter is readily made by inserting the points of a wire hairpin in a small cork. A very little practice in manipulating this little device will make it a great success.

CANNING RECIPES

By Dora L. Kinney, Watkins, New York

To can peas or beans fill the jars with either (peas or beans) and seal tightly. Wrap each jar in a cloth; then pack in a boiler or steamer, cover with cold water and steam three hours. When done tighten the covers before setting away, and place each can in a paper sack.

CANNED CORN

Pack the jars with corn until the milk forms on top. Seal tightly as in canning peas and beans, and cook in same manner, also setting away in paper bags.

KEEPS HEELS FROM SLIPPING

By Mrs. D. C. Tomlinson, Savanna, Illinois

If your Oxford shoes slip up and down at the heel, glue a piece of velvet in the heel of the shoe, about two inches by three and a half, and you will discover no more holes in your hose from the slipping shoe wear.

LEMON EXTRACT

By Mrs. A. W. Perrin, San Antonio, Texas

When lemons are cheap, I find it desirable to lay in a stock. I grate the yellow outside into granulated sugar, which I use for flavoring cake or puddings as I would use lemon extract. The juice I squeeze, strain out the seeds let come to a boil for ten minutes, add about a tablespoonful of sugar to each lemon and let boil to dissolve the sugar thoroughly. It will keep indefinitely, even in a Texas summer. It is nice for lemonade or cooking. I put little sugar, as it enables you to sweeten to taste afterward, and it does not affect the keeping qualities.

TO KEEP YEAST FROM STICKING

By Miss Effie McDaniel, Greenwood, Texas

Take lard or butter and grease the vessel, then put your yeast to soak.

HOW TO RENDER BEE'S WAX

Having gathered your wax, wash it and let it drain, then put in a big dinner pot. Heat until it stirs well, then pour into a flour sack holding it over a pan of most any kind, the inch or two-inch pan being the best, as it will cool quickly. Always start it to cooking with about a half pint of water. Your wax will be first class, and sell readily for twenty-two and one-half cents upwards.

TO SEPARATE BOTTLES

By C. Liebenburg, Keeksdork, Transvaal

Bind a string soaked in paraffine in a straight line where desired to break the bottle. Light the string with a match; while it is burning keep turning it in a circle to make the fire burn even at all parts. When all the paraffine is burned off the string and the light is about to go out, dip it in a pail of cold water just as far as the string, when the bottle will crack off just where the string was burning around it.

TO GROW TENDER PLANTS

Set the little plants in tins, or where desired, and water them immediately; then take the above-described bottle turn it over the plant so as to allow at least an inch space around the plant. This gives it sufficient light and protects it from the cold at night.

THE SAFETY STROP

By F. B. Robinson, Rochester, New York

The last issue of your excellent publication (June) said that the use of the safety razor blade might be prolonged by honing it on a soft strop. The softest strop I have yet found is the palm of the hand. After using the blade, wipe it back and forth on the open palm and the desired result will be obtained, at no expense for the purchase of a strop and with a convenience that is always ready.

EIGHT "TRIED AND TRUE"

By Mrs. N. S. S., Johnson City, Tennessee

- 1 Turpentine when applied to burns gives instant relief.
- 2 Turpentine is also good for blisters on the hands, and prevents soreness.
- 3 Those who have tried it, say if heated turpentine be poured on a wound that has caused lock-jaw it will soon give relief.
- 4 Turpentine mixed with equal portions of vinegar and linseed oil makes a fine furniture polish.
- 5 Glass fruit jar covers that "stick" may be removed by setting them upside down in an inch of warm water for a short time.
- 6 Rotten apple poultice if applied to frosted feet and bruises, has been considered an excellent remedy for both.
- 7 To clean soiled furs, hot cornmeal rubbed thoroughly into the furs and left several hours, will clean nicely, collecting all grease and accumulations of dust. The meal can be shaken out, leaving the furs light and clean.
- 8 A pinch of soda and salt, each dissolved in half a glass of water and taken will prevent car-sickness.

VINEGAR AS A REMEDY

By H. K. H., Frankfort, Kansas

White wine vinegar will cure obstructions in the nose caused by catarrh. Is also helpful in curing boils or other sores, chigger bites, etc. Is beneficial in the bath. Have tested it thoroughly and could hardly do without it.



BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF NOME, FROM LANE'S DERRICK

NINE YEARS IN ALASKA

By Judge W. H. Bard

NOME, ALASKA

ALERT and aggressive as the American people are, I have been amazed at the widespread ignorance concerning Alaska during this, my first visit to the States, after an absence of nine years. With a view to acquainting the people concerning Alaska, I have been asked by the editor of the National Magazine to prepare an article that will give at least some idea of the wonderful resources of this district of Alaska, and if this is done, I am sure that justice will be done the aggressive, progressive and wide-awake people of this territory, who are now asking for the most simple form of territorial government.

Every visitor to Alaska soon reaches this one inevitable conclusion, that nowhere in the United States is the average of intelligence, initiative force, constructive ability, more acutely emphasized than among the citizens

of Alaska. The people of Alaska are chiefly composed of educated people from all parts of the United States. They were, as a rule, well versed in the political, educational and commercial affairs of the country before they went to Alaska, and of course have there attained a knowledge of that vast country and possess at least that much more information of the general affairs of this nation. A composite of the best citizenship of the country is to be found today in the permanent residents of Alaska. The stories of Alaska by Jack London, Rev. Mr. Beach and other sturdy Alaskan writers, have enjoyed world-wide popularity because they reflect types of character and traits of manhood, amid refreshing scenes that can be found nowhere except on the American frontier; and the frontier of our beloved country today extends to the ex-

treme northwest and includes the great peninsula which Seward purchased of Russia.

Ten years ago, I heard from various sources of the vast wealth and resources of Alaska. I started an inquiry as to the country, climate and various conditions found there, and came to the conclusion that, at that time, there was a chance for a young man to go there and do better than he could in the congested parts of the United States. Like other important events in human lives, the impulse to go to Alaska was the result of a passing incident. I was talking to a railroad man in a most casual way, and somehow or other he presented a picture of that great unknown and unexplored territory, in which the word, "OPPORTUNITY" was written in letters of gold. At that time I was ignorant of Alaska and had no direct information as to climatic conditions. The absorbing question in my mind was, what I should buy in the way of clothing in order to keep myself from freezing to death. I still adhered to the old idea, impressed on my mind in my school days, that Alaska was nothing but snow and ice, inhabited by the Esquimaux, and where there was six months of daylight and six months of darkness. Necessarily, I thought more of trying to get something to wear, to keep from perishing from ice and snow, than of anything else.

Never can I forget the morning when I first landed at Skagway. Large crowds were surging on the beach, unloading freight, and eager to immediately embark for the Eldorado interior of Alaska. Skagway at that time, was composed principally of saloons, dance halls and a few grocery stores and other places of supplies, and built principally of tents. It was a typical mining camp. Remaining in Skagway about a month, I was busy getting ready my supplies to hunt for gold. I started first for Dawson. Everybody was hustling to get away—to get there first. We went over the "pass" in the winter, my partner and I, and then started down the Yukon, crossing the lakes with sleighs on the ice. We had to pull the sleighs ourselves a great distance. We got down to Big Salmon river. My partner, Dr. Gibbitz of Portland, and I reached the river when it was getting soft, but it froze up again; but on reaching the Little Salmon, about thirty miles below, it began to get so soft that we had to wait until the ice went

out. We pitched our tents at a beautiful place, where there was plenty of timber, on the edge of the bank of the Yukon river. The bank at that point was about twenty feet above the ice. Timber was cut and our rafts made for the purpose of floating down to Dawson. One evening while we were sitting around our camp fire, we could hear the grinding of ice. It seemed like the roar of an express train, and we knew that the ice was coming. Our camp was at a big bend in the river. About one or two o'clock in the morning we heard the trees cracking. We got up and looked out of the tent and saw ice floating by us level with the tent. I could put out my hand and almost touch the ice. The river had risen twenty feet in a few hours. We had our raft back in the timber, and immediately put our tents and supplies on it. Soon after we were floating in water ten feet deep, covering our camping ground. We floated on down the river for two or three days; we shot through the "Five Finger" rapids at a perilous pace, nearly losing the rafts on the rocks. In fact the raft did go to pieces at the mouth of the Pelly river, and from there we reached Dawson in a small boat.

About the tenth of May, 1898, we first sighted Dawson—a typical cosmopolitan mining town at that time, with people pouring in from all parts of the world. At that time, Alaska was comparatively an unknown, undeveloped region, but when we arrived at Dawson we realized the richness of the country. The circulating medium was gold dust. While going down the river and in traversing it principally on foot, I had a chance to take particular notice of that portion of the interior for agricultural purposes, and I found that there were thousands upon thousands of acres—contiguous to the Yukon river, of the finest grazing land in the world. There was also a large portion of it heavily timbered, which will some day be the source of a great lumber interest, when the supply diminishes in the States and the question of transportation is settled.

Soon after arriving at Dawson and resting a few days, I started for Bonanza Creek and Eldorado, for the purpose of investigating the mines and prospects of that district. I washed my first pan of gold on No. 21 Above, on Bonanza Creek, stopping and working on that claim for several days.





\$28,000 CLEAN-UP ON BESSIE MINE, NOME, ALASKA, MAY 23, 1906.

Washing out gold is a process handed down from the days of '49. We fill a gold pan level full of gravel, and take it to a pool of water or running stream, and by a rotary motion of washing and rinsing, in which the miners soon become very expert, the gold is soon separated from the gravel. The gravel goes out and the gold clings to the bottom of the pan. There are certain ethics observed by the miner when panning gold. No miner would think of standing and watching another miner wash a pan of gold without first being invited, or without asking permission. This custom has been handed down for generations, and is still adhered to by all miners. Paradoxical, as it may seem, property rights are inherently more sacred on the wild frontier, than in the heavily policed and iron-barred centers of effete civilization.

Sometime during the month of July, 1898, while coming down Bonanza Creek, I stopped to rest, the trail being very bad, at a place about opposite "49 Below," discovered on Bonanza Creek. An idea occurred to me

while getting my breath, that there ought to be beach diggings on lower Bonanza Creek, knowing that they had found rich beach diggings on both upper Bonanza and Eldorado, namely French Hill and Gold Hill. While sitting there, it seemed to me I could see about where the rim of rock separated the mountain from the top gravels of the hill opposite "No. 49 Below" on Bonanza. I was so impressed with the idea, that I left my pack alongside the trail (and, by the way, a pack left by the side of the trail was as safe in those days as a package locked up in the steel safes in the large cities of the States.) and walked back up to "No. 46" to a miner's cabin, borrowed a pick and shovel and a gold pan, and climbed the mountain. Going up to where I thought the line of contact lay between the mountain and the top gravels of the hill, or where I thought the rim commenced, I began to dig. The ground had been burned over and formerly covered with small timber. I cleared away the old brush and sunk about two feet, finding gravel which resembled very much the gravel on

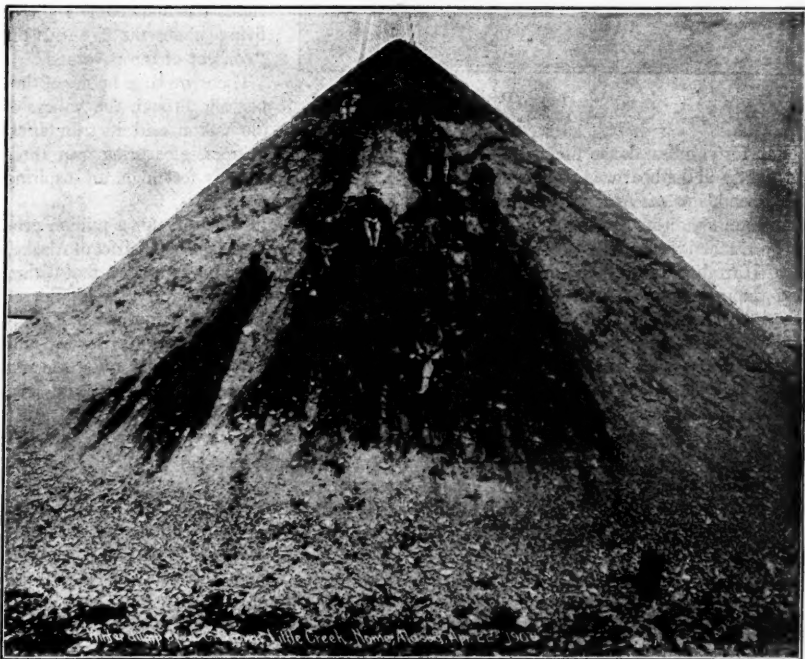
French Hill, opposite No. 21 Above, on the Eldorado. I filled a pan with the gravel and went down about 220 yards to a spring and "washed" it. There was "color," and this was the first discovery of gold on the lower Bonanza. On reaching Dawson, I found that I had panned sixty-eight cents to the pan. After washing the pan, I went back, filled up the hole and covered it all up, placing the rocks back as they were originally and covering it with brush, leaves and everything that was lying around, so that no one would find where I was working. At Dawson I got a "pardner," put a pack on a horse, went back to a cabin on No. 49 Gulch, and went up to my find and opened it up in feverish expectation. I dug a hole and the gentleman with me, a Mr. Wilkins, went down about a mile and got a "rocker," using it to separate the gold. We carried water up about 200 feet from the spring, and we rocked out over twelve dollars the first hour. I staked out the property and opened it up to a certain extent, afterward selling it for only \$8,000, on account of it being so

far away from water and so high. For personal reasons, I simply sold it for what I could get, and there has been probably a million dollars taken out of the claim which I discovered while resting that night. On my return to Dawson, I began to realize the great resources of the district of Alaska.

About this time the report came to us of the discovery of gold on the beach at Nome, on Seward peninsula, and we decided to go there.

Dawson is located in English territory, and being a thorough American, I was very anxious to identify myself with a mining camp under the Stars and Stripes. Today, my greatest ambition is to have the Stars and Stripes identify themselves with the richest mining possession that lies beneath any flag. I embarked on the steamer Hanna (bless the name), one of the best and speediest boats on the Yukon at that time, and characteristic of the great man for whom it was named.

Leaving Dawson about three o'clock in the afternoon, we reached the American line,



WINTER'S DUMP OF ORE ON LITTLE CREEK, NOME, ALASKA, APRIL 22, 1906.



W. H. BARD

about forty miles down the river. It was daylight, and the boat was laden with as loyal an assemblage of Americans as could be found anywhere on American soil. As soon as we reached the boundary, a rousing "Hip, Hip, Hurrah" from the Americans echoed and resounded up and down the river and the valley for miles. Old Glory was hoisted and we all sang "The Star Spangled Banner" with a hearty good will. We continued on down the river, about a week, to St. Michael's, passing through one of the best agricultural and grazing countries in the world. It even reminded me of the primeval splendors that must have greeted the eyes of the French *voyageurs* as they drifted down the Father of Waters. The rolling prairies are covered with rich grasses, every spear of which will furnish nutritious food for stock. In many places where we stopped were beautiful cultivated gardens, where they raised vegetables in abundance, among which were some of the largest and most delicious turnips, cab-

bage heads, onions and radishes that I have ever relished. Having been born and reared on the fertile prairies of Illinois, I feel that I am a pretty good judge of such things. This river trip furnished an unparalleled panorama of undeveloped agricultural resources such as this country does not possess elsewhere. If a flotilla of government boats could be provided, and every member of the senate and house and every member of the cabinet could take this trip down the Yukon, passing through the vast interior valley of Alaska, there would be no hesitation in granting us the territorial rights to which we are now justly entitled. The government should at least carry out the spirit of the Declaration of Independence in giving American citizens the right, the inalienable right, of living under the flag with the "consent of the governed."

There are large bodies of timber all through the valleys of the Yukon and its tributaries,

with many pine trees, measuring over three feet through and sixty feet high, an inspiring view of virgin forests.

There is ample territory for a million people to settle on farms in the District of Alaska, and I dare to make this prophecy, that within the next quarter of a century, the interior of Alaska will be provided with direct rail communications with the great Northwest, and this great undeveloped country, often sneered at by people ignorant of the real and true conditions existing, will be what the great Northwest Territory is today—a magnet attracting home seekers from all over the world.

It is in the same latitude as parts of Norway and Sweden but with the advantage of having the great warm Japan current, and here lies the opportunity for farms, even more fertile and productive than those which nestle beside the fjords of Norway, which have been supporting millions of people for centuries past.

We crossed St. Michaels Bay on the small steamer Dora, arriving at Nome on the morning of the thirty-first of August, 1899. What a scene was presented. The beach was lined for perhaps half a mile with tents, there being no buildings of any character made of lumber at this early period. What attracted our attention more than anything else was the large number of people along the beach, for miles up and down on either side of Nome, rocking and separating the gold from the beautiful ruby sands glistening in the morning sun on the beach of Behring sea. This brought back my early impressions of icebergs and seals of the far north, but here before my eyes, I witnessed the beginning of the greatest placer gold mining district that



CLUB ROOM FOR AERIE NO. 75, NOME, ALASKA

the world has ever known. I immediately went ashore and pitched my tent, and pinned on the side of it a sign, made from the bottom of a pasteboard box and printed with a lead

pencil, which read, "W. H. BARD, Attorney at Law." My office furniture consisted of a box for a table and two boxes to sit on. The library consisted of the Code of Oregon, and the Penal Code of the District of Alaska. With this outfit, I began to dispense the law and attend to my duties as assistant United States district attorney for the District of Alaska, which appointment I had just received. Consequently I enjoy the distinction of being the oldest continuous law practitioner on Seward Peninsula. After I was settled, I strolled up and down the beach and saw hundreds of people rocking gold from the sands—and it was no rocking-chair job, either. A rocker is a board box, made about eighteen inches wide and two and a half feet long with rockers placed on the bottom of the boards so that the miner can give the box a rocking motion and wash out the gravel and sand, leaving the golden grains on the bottom. The boxes con-

"Kobite Nove-aktoot, Emurukot, poland and Ab-la-and-ek."—Bliss Bros.

FIRST STAMPEDE

CAMP NO. 9, ARCTIC BROTHERHOOD NOME, ALASKA.

WILL occur at the beginning of the fifteenth sleep in April, 1901.

THIS is your invitation to the smash. Take the plain trail to the Standard Theatre and keep clear of the root-houses on the way.

YOU are to get on your fancy furs, your swell parka and mukluks, and have your "partner" put on a new hair ribbon, for it will be a swell affair. The malamutes will begin to howl at 9 o'clock by the moon, and you can dance till daylight. The size of your potlatch will be five "bucks" and if you are very "flush" ten more will procure you a box. Stables for dogs and sleighs.

No. 323

To *Mr. W. H. Bard*
Post Office 323

Invited at request of *Committee* A. B.

Kloosh miika chaco copa be be house Nika nomumuk. hiyu mukamuk. hiyu tiutin.
Niyu lebe

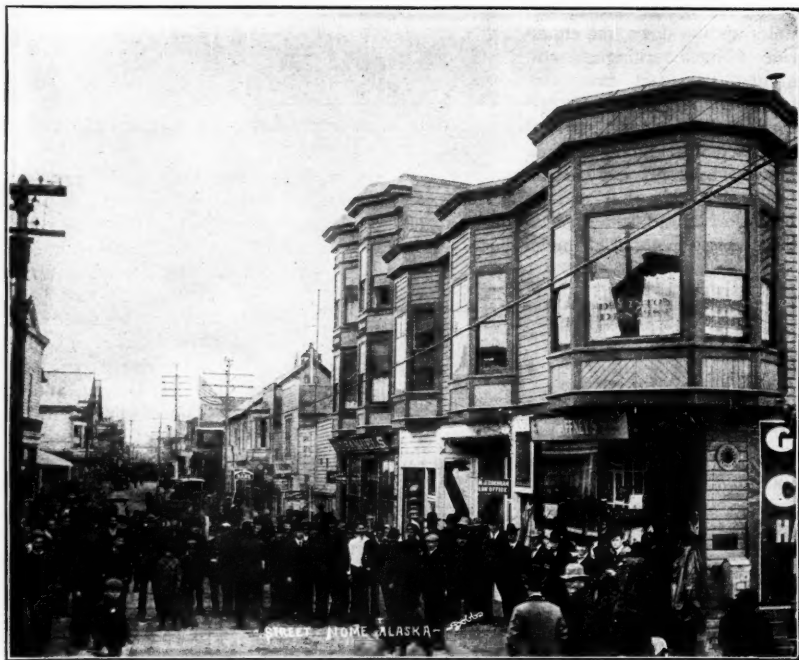
THE INVITATION TO A "STAMPEDE"

tain little riffles to hold the gold, which always sinks to the bottom, where pieces of gunnysack catch the particles of the precious metal. Some of them were fortunate enough to have quicksilver which placed in the bottom of these riffles, attracts the particles of gold.

If you could have lived, as I have lived from that earliest day to this, among the sturdy, self-reliant people of Alaska, you would not wonder why the interests of this great empire of the Northwest lies so closely

ple there on account of the scarcity of coal and some lines of commodities. Coal was sold at \$125 to \$150 per ton, and we felt as we sat around the burning coals, as though it were burning "real" money.

In the fall there was quite a number of the criminal class who had infested the shore of the peninsula, and some of them had been driven away from Dawson by the mounted police. The United States marshal with a few officers and myself rounded up eighteen very desperate characters, whose



to my heart. In those early struggles and associations, the spirit of comradeship and fellowship—the highest and noblest impulses of human nature, are more keenly developed than in any older settled sections, where people drift toward unconscious selfishness. Alaska stands for the superlative in everything she possesses.

* * *

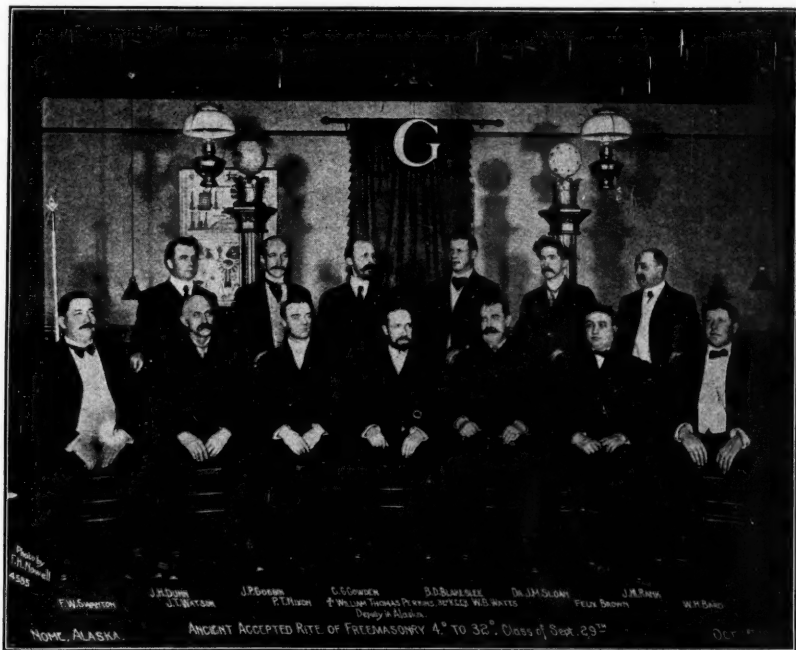
During the winter of 1899-1900 there were some hardships experienced among the peo-

ple there on account of the scarcity of coal and some lines of commodities. Coal was sold at \$125 to \$150 per ton, and we felt as we sat around the burning coals, as though it were burning "real" money. In the fall there was quite a number of the criminal class who had infested the shore of the peninsula, and some of them had been driven away from Dawson by the mounted police. The United States marshal with a few officers and myself rounded up eighteen very desperate characters, whose previous history was known, and sent them out on a revenue cutter, consequently we had very little trouble during that winter. The spring brought in about fifteen to twenty thousand people—gold seekers from the States. The report of the richness of the first beach that was struck at Nome had gone abroad, and thousands of people, many of whom had no business in rushing to a frontier country were landed at Nome, and, consequently, there were some sufferers during the next two seasons; owing to the large num-

ber of people coming to the country all at once, and through the inadequate mining laws which we had then and which still exist—laws which do not protect the honest miner in his holdings. There was an abundance of litigation by the unscrupulous, relocating and jumping the holdings of honest, hard-working miners.

At this time, we have on Seward Peninsula several thriving little towns along the Behring Sea, and in the interior. The largest is Nome, which is a beautiful little city on the Arctic Sea, having an average population

the ladies in their gorgeous gowns, you would think you were at a summer resort in Saratoga. The committee of United States senators said, when they visited us, that they "had never seen more intelligent, courteous and cultivated people anywhere, and more beautifully gowned ladies were rare to find." When the distinguished senatorial delegation visited Nome, and were unloaded from the lighter with a sweeping beam that extended out over Behring Sea, they felt (paradoxical as it is) for sure that they were at



of 7,500 people. The inhabitants of Nome represent every part of the United States, and the people living there will compare favorably with any class of society in the United States. The percentage of crime in the District of Alaska is smaller than at any place in the United States. If you could only have a glimpse at the social functions that continue night after night, from the time winter sets in until early in the spring—the banquets, balls, receptions—and see the gentlemen present in their evening dress and

this time being "loaded;" and one of the senators grimly remarked that if they were then voting on an appropriation for a wharf or levee at Nome, they would vote every dollar in the treasury vaults at Washington to have one constructed.

We have handsome, thriving churches and splendid schools. Our schools compare favorably with any in the States; are graded up to the high school grade, and they received the grand prize for excellency at the Portland Exposition in 1905. The Eagles

have erected quite a large club building, and have a membership of about 500. At this time, they are building a theater building, connected with their club house, at a cost of about \$20,000. The Anvil Masonic Lodge, which is the outgrowth of the old Anvil Masonic Club, and known and treasured in the hearts of almost every nation in the world, is now erecting a twenty-thousand dollar temple, which will be one of the ancient and historical landmarks of Masonry. Every organization during the early days was represented by a club, and any man belonging to any organization, who ever visited the shores of Alaska and met re-

and ending the fifteenth of April, and yet no summer ever passed that winter gaities and rest were not welcome. We do not wrap ourselves in clothes and hibernate, as some people suppose, but wear the same clothes worn in the United States, and at no time is the weather so disagreeable that we cannot accomplish our daily duties. The weather during the winter is very unchangeable, more so than the winters in a great many of the states of the United States. The atmosphere is very dry, and we enjoy it. I speak of this after having spent nine winters in Alaska and having two children born there, who are as healthy bairns as ever



THE BESSIE BENCH MINE, NOME, ALASKA

verses, was assisted by the orders, through the clubs. No member of any organization is buried in the potter's field in the District of Alaska. This speaks for the kindness and big-heartedness of our people.

An erroneous idea exists in the minds of most of the people of the United States, with reference to our winter climate in the District of Alaska. We do not have all darkness in the winter, having on the shortest day of the year at least five hours of daylight. Mining operations are carried on in the winter to the utmost capacity. The people of the north enjoy themselves; they are a congenial people. The winters are somewhat long, setting in about the first of November

were known. The winters pass quickly, as our time is occupied by so many parties and balls, and neighborly and homelike gatherings, that no one seems to realize that the winter is upon them until the shrill whistle of the steamer Corwin announces the opening of navigation in the spring.

* * *

The first government of Nome was conducted under a consent municipal government which elected its mayor, aldermen, municipal judge, city attorney and police officers, and was ruled and regulated as well as any of our chartered cities. In the early days, when we had no court at Nome, we

tried our cases in ejectment and other actions before the municipal judge, and some of the largest cases ever tried on Seward Peninsula were tried before the municipal judge and disposed of before him, and are still standing today. In the year 1902, we incorporated the city of Nome under the laws of Alaska, and had our first regular municipal government. I had the honor of being the third mayor of the city of Nome. The mode of election may be of interest. Several people put in their names to run for councilmen—never less than twelve or fourteen. The citizens vote on these candidates, which is a sort of a free-for-all election—everyone for himself. The seven receiving the highest number of votes, as councilmen for the ensuing year, are declared elected, and the unwritten law is, that the councilman receiving the highest number of votes is declared mayor. I have had the honor of being mayor, councilman, municipal judge and city attorney, also assistant United States district attorney, so you see we have politics up our way.

The summers of Alaska are very beautiful, beginning about the fifteenth of April and ending the first of November. The average temperature from the fifteenth of May until the first of October is about seventy degrees, sometimes falling to fifty-five at night. No one, who has not been among the hills of Alaska, can conceive of the different varieties of the beautiful flowers found there. Mrs. Bard and myself, in one afternoon, picked fifty-seven different varieties of flowers growing wild in the hills of Alaska—as luxurious, beautiful and fragrant blossoms as can be found anywhere. The foliage seems to be fresher and brighter than that of the States.

Nome has a railroad which was known as the Wild Goose Railroad, but now has the apt name of the Nome Arctic Railway. It extended sixteen miles from the city of Nome. This year they are extending it to the Koukrook District, a distance of about 125 miles.



THE THREE OWNERS OF THE BESSIE BENCH MINE

At this time there are employed possibly a thousand men constructing that railroad. It will penetrate into the interior, and open up transportation and shipping facilities to a rich district in the hills which has been heretofore practically unknown, except to those living in direct touch, for the simple reason that there was no way to get supplies into this section.

The mining resources of the district are beyond all computation. There is hardly any mineral that Alaska is not abundantly rich in. Among these are gold, silver, lead, copper, tin, cinnabar, bismuth, mica, platinum and various other metals, with coal in abundance. The coal interests of the country have not been opened up, for the reason that they have not had proper transportation facilities, but these mines are within a very short distance of Nome, and will soon be utilized for generating electricity, heating and for different commercial purposes along the coast and in the district. Quartz mines have lately been attracting considerable attention in the interior on Seward Peninsula. The Big Hurrah quartz mine, operated by the Lane people, being a true fissure vein, produces hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of gold, and has demonstrated that it will only be a short time until

we will have many large quartz mines opened up. The placer mines are the richest in the world. Anvil Creek startled the whole world by the amount of gold it has produced since 1899, and which it is still producing. Hardly had the excitement of Anvil Creek passed, when Little Creek was opened up, which produced very much more gold than had heretofore been discovered on any of the creeks in Seward Peninsula. The claim on Little Creek owned by J. C. Brown, has produced over a million dollars, which is another claim which will go down in history as the cause for another excitement and another stampede. This claim will compare favorably with any claim discovered in the District of Alaska. The excitement produced by the discovery of this rich claim had barely subsided, when the celebrated Portland Bench was struck by Peterson, Johnson and Anderson, which astonished the whole world, some \$480,000 being taken out in forty-five days. The finding of this claim was a notable event for the Seward Peninsula, for the reason that it opened up what is now known as the Third Beach Line in the district. Previous to the time of the finding of gold in the celebrated Portland, gold was discovered about 2,000 feet farther back on what is known as a tundra, about half a mile from the surf line or present beach line. This beach line has produced millions of dollars worth of gold. The first beach line produces millions, and the second beach line, back about half a mile, also produces millions. Now, the third beach attracted our attention on which was situated the Portland Bench. It is called the third beach line, and is probably the beach line which bordered on the foot-hills of the mountains, as it is now demonstrated beyond any question that the tundra lying back toward the foot-hills from Nome, a distance of from three and one-half to four miles, was at one time a portion of Behring Sea, and that at different times the beach, by erosions, has been extended farther out into the sea. The action of the water has left the ground rich in placer gold. The second mine, on what is now known as the third beach line, which attracted attention among the mining operators of Alaska, was the claim known as the Cyrus Noble, lying about one mile and a half directly east of the Portland Bench. By this time the people of Seward Peninsula had become greatly enthused over

the extension and the large amount of area covered by this third beach line, as it began to dawn upon them that this third beach, which is so rich in placer gold, extended for a distance of many miles. The opening up of this beach line is daily convincing the people, that a great amount of wealth is concentrated in that streak.

On the twenty-first day of February, 1906, great excitement prevailed, when the celebrated Bessie Bench was struck, in which the writer has the honor of owning a one-third interest. This bench has proved to be the richest ground in placer diggings ever discovered in the District of Alaska, and that means in the world. Within a few hours after it became known, the vast richness of this wonderful claim was heralded all over the world. The writer has been told that the greatest excitement prevailed on the streets of Seattle, when the message was flashed telling of this great strike. It was one of the great topics of conversation in London and Wall Street. At this time it might be well for me to try and answer the question asked by numerous friends in the States: "How did it seem to pass from practically nothing into riches within an hour?" This is a difficult question to answer intelligently, but I am going to try to tell my readers, as nearly as possible, my exact feelings at that time. On the afternoon when we were within a few feet of bed rock, we were all present, watching the dirt as it came from the shaft, examining every particle of gravel, every little rock, for that which we had so long sought, feeling in a sort of don't-care mood. This was only a continuation of a number of shafts which I had sunk during my nine years in Alaska, and I was certainly feeling interested, and hoping that this might be my opportune time. When about four feet from what we supposed was bed rock, I took a pan of gravel, washed it out as I had done thousands of times before, and discovered that I had about five cents in the pan. This was very discouraging, more discouraging from the fact that this was one of the deepest shafts that had ever been sunk in the Nome district, about 120 feet deep. About an hour later, I took another pan of gravel, rather hopelessly, which proved to be kind of a beach wash. I got about twenty cents out of the pan. This did not demonstrate anything, as I expected that within

the next six to eight inches to get to bed rock. Consequently, I then felt as though we had practically drawn another blank. About an hour afterwards I looked at a rock which came up in the bucket from below and noticed gold on the rock. I immediately took a pan of this gravel and panned it, finding I had about two dollars and seventy-five cents in the pan. You can imagine how my emotions jumped from despondency to ecstasy. We worked very late that afternoon, and we found that we had at least two feet of ground that would run better than a dollar per pan, and readily recognized then that we were in the third beach streak and into "pay" sure. We started immediately to drift, and we soon opened up one of the richest placer claims that the world ever knew. For days I could not realize my ownership in this great claim. In fact, I sometimes believed that it was a dream and was almost afraid of myself for fear that I would wake up and find it not true. Sometimes I felt like pinching myself to see whether I was in the flesh, but I soon became accustomed to this great mine, and looked upon it as one of the incidents that have happened in making Nome the greatest placer mining territory on earth.

Food and other commodities, such as clothing, and food supplies, is the very best that money can procure. The reason for this is, that it costs quite as much to freight a poor article into the country as a good one. The cost of transportation is one of the great problems of the district. Consequently no one can afford to ship poor or shoddy goods into the country. You will see while walking along the streets of Nome, what are probably, the finest draught horses in the world. The reason for this is, that it costs seventy-five dollars per head to ship horses from Seattle to Nome; and feed in Nome costs from forty to sixty dollars per ton.

No truer citizens live under the Stars and stripes than the citizens of the District of Alaska, and the people here are very patriotic. We have a few, a very few, of the old soldiers left among us at Nome; but the very few, always loyal to their country, sacredly observe Decoration Day and honor the dead, the same as in the States.

The menu card of a banquet given by the Arctic Brotherhood, contains some very interesting words and phrases of the Esquimaux language. In fact, when one has lived here for a number of years, many Esquimaux

words are mingled in conversation. Interesting races are found along the river, and in different places in Alaska, some of the Russian mission settlements. In fact, quite a number are still in existence and still maintained. Some Esquimaux schools in the interior are maintained by the government. One characteristic of the country is that the owl, the ptarmigan, and birds of all kinds become pure white in the winter, and black or brown in the summer. This is also true of the fox and some of the other animals. Nature has done her best to protect man and beast in this clime, which lies within the arctic circle and a shorter distance from the north pole than New York is from Chicago.

It is said that the name of Nome was the result of an error made by some Englishman in writing a letter. He evidently intended to write the word "home," but the makers of the maps read it Nome, and thus the name Nome belongs to history and the great district of Alaska. Some authorities claim that the word Nome is a corruption of the Indian phrase or word Knoma, meaning something like, "I know it."

Unlike almost any other section of this country, covering as large an area, the people of Alaska today stand united in their demands for their rights as American citizens. Such American citizens are amply able to govern their own territory, and while they feel a very kindly appreciation of the work and the interest taken in them by some of our great law-makers, including President Roosevelt, in permitting us a delegate in congress, we feel that it is but one step toward giving us the rights of territorial government.

Contrary to the general opinion, the various districts of Alaska are today in strict harmony and accord, as the election in August has evidenced. One thing apparent to Alaskans, is that a great many of our congressmen and senators do not understand the district as they ought to, and this is the reason that the strongest opposition to the bills presented for the benefit of this great district, has come from the senators and congressmen in parts of the United States which are the farthest away from us. We believe that what information these gentlemen may have had has been erroneous, and in writing this article it has been my simple aim to present facts, so that the people may understand this great country as they should.



Photo by J. R. Allis

COHOES, NEW YORK, LOOKING WEST

COHOES, NEW YORK

By William M. Goddard

COHOES, New York, is located at the junction of the Hudson and Mohawk rivers, and has a population of about 25,000.

This is the place where the poet Moore penned his famous lines of the Cohoes Falls, which are located a mile from the center of the city; they have a world-wide fame and are second only to Niagara in the United States.

The water is taken from the river above

the Falls and distributed through a system of canals to the various mills and manufacturing establishments; the power is never-failing, and several thousand more horse power can be had for additional industries at a price below any in this country.

Electric power is also furnished at a minimum price, and is a great saving over steam. The city is lighted by arc lamps, and anyone may be furnished gas and electricity.



COHOES FALLS, COHOES, NEW YORK